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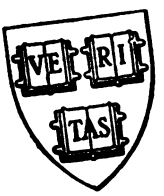
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ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY

Harvard Divinity School

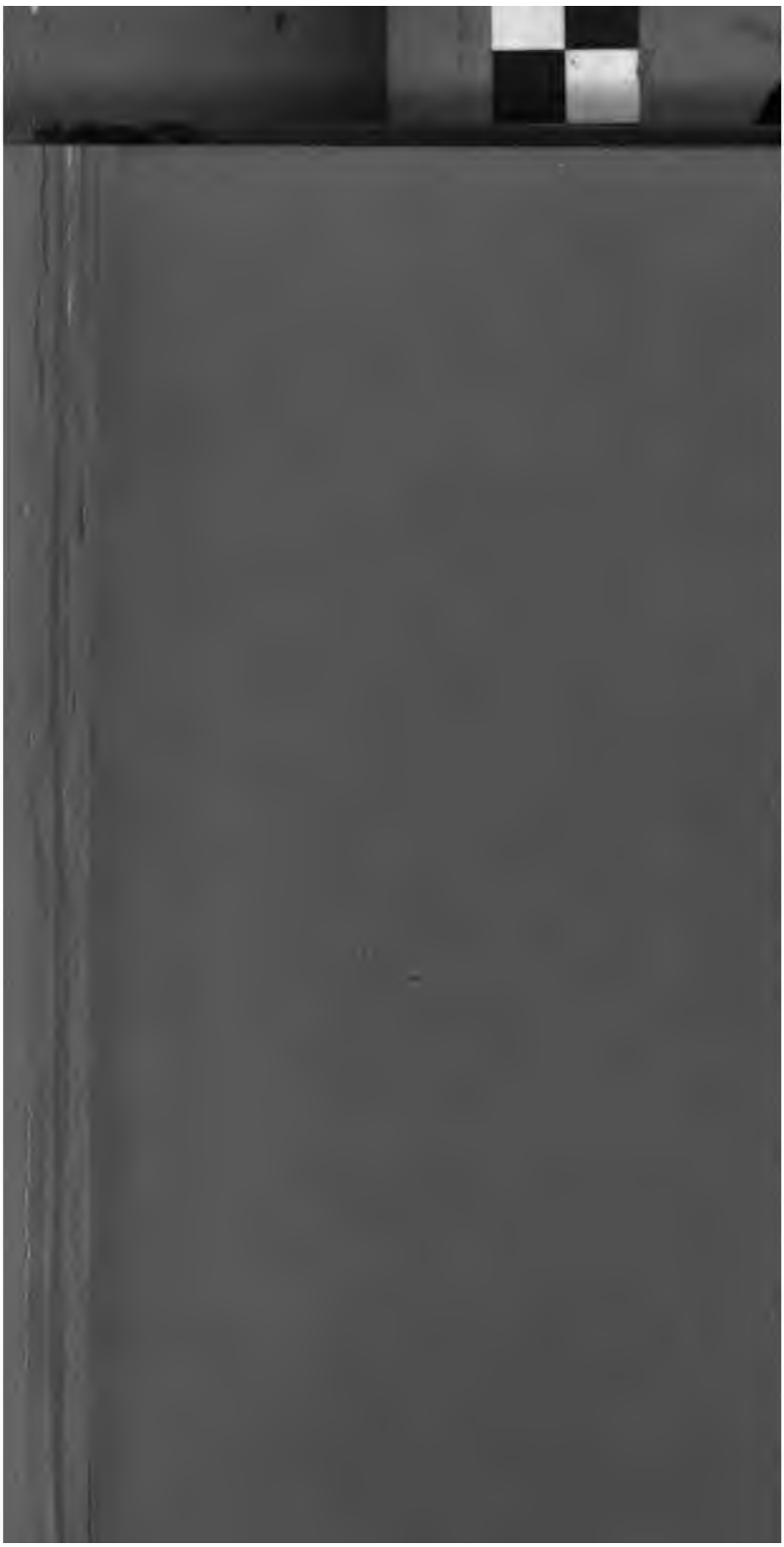


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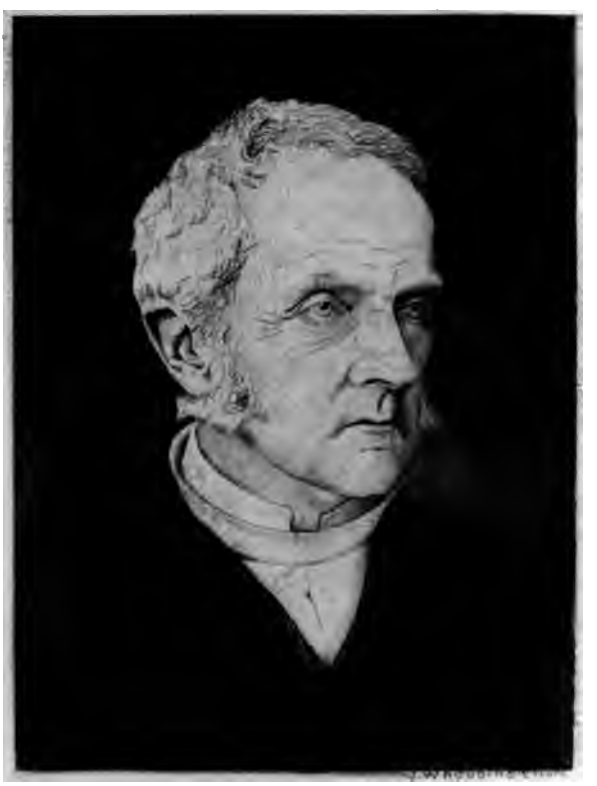


















ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY

HIS LIFE, WORK, AND TEACHINGS

BY

GRACE A. OLIVER
AUTHOR OF "MARIA EDGEWORTH," ETC., ETC.

"He wisest is who only gives,
True to himself, the best he can;
Who, drifting in the winds of praise,
The inward monitor obeys;
And, with the boldness that confesses fear,
Takes in the crowded sail, and lets his conscience steer"
WHITTIER.

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To My Father,

JAMES LOVELL LITTLE,

WITH

EVERY SENTIMENT OF AFFECTION,

GRATITUDE, AND RESPECT.





PREFACE.

WHEN I was asked, some time since, to prepare a sketch of Dean Stanley's life, giving the public the important events in his career, and a general account of his work, with the teaching embodied therein, I was unable, for several reasons, to attempt the work.

Several months later, finding that there was no immediate prospect of an extended work on the subject, and that the demand yet existed for such a book as this, I undertook the work.

Without attempting a large, elaborate memoir, a task for some friend of Stanley's, I have tried to give the reader the necessary setting and background to the portrait of my subject, in a sketch of his family and surroundings. Life is not long enough to spend it in toiling through long volumes on all subjects; the world wants portraits of its heroes, saints, and martyrs, in a compact form.

For the general public this sketch is written, — a larger volume or volumes will meet the wants of those who love to ponder a life in all its aspects.

Much of the controversial strife which raged in England, and about Stanley, may be uninteresting to American readers, but some mention of it is necessary, as throwing full light on his work.

Claiming to belong to those who profess liberal Christianity, I have not thought that this unfitted me for the task. I fancy the portrait of Stanley, as drawn by a Ritualist or an Evangelical member of his own Church, would have had less impartiality shown it, and prejudice would certainly have given an unpleasant tinge to this sunny character.

I have tried faithfully to put myself in sympathy with Stanley's views, and my whole thought, as I have read his various writings, and the articles and reviews they called forth, has been one of increasing admiration and respect for the true Christianity, liberality, and catholicism of the churchman, while seeing the simple charm of the historian, poet, and teacher. One must rise from a study of the Dean's work with a wiser head and happier heart.



The rare combination of mind and heart, the refined personality of Dean Stanley, has endeared him to a wide circle of readers, who want to know just what he has done and why he did it. What the future holds in store, what other generations will think of him, is not for us to anticipate. Enough to chronicle the events of his beautiful life, to name his earnest, thoughtful work, his elevated teaching — that all these shall cheer and elevate the mind.

The many phases of thought, the distracting doubts, and the unrest of this age, require that special emphasis shall be given to the pure lives of all, who, like Stanley, have passed on 'unspotted from the world.'

GRACE A. OLIVER.

'RED GABLES,' SWAMSCOT, Nov. 22, 1884.



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ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.



ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION. — THE STANLEY ANCESTRY. — EDWARD STANLEY. — HIS INFLUENCE IN HIS PARISH. — OTHER INTERESTS.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY was descended from the ancient and historic house of Stanley, and distantly connected with many families of that name, notably the other branch which held the earldom of Derby.

The name of Stanley is one full of historic memories for Englishmen. It was a Stanley who on the field of Bosworth placed the crown of England on the head of his own step-son, the first Tudor king, — the crown so often reproduced, sometimes with the bush on which it was found hanging, in the stately Chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey. The recollection of Flodden Field, with 'the fatal battle where Scotland saw so many of her bravest sons fall,' is full of the prowess of another

Stanley. The reader will be interested to hear of the only place where one descendant of that race recalled his connection with his ancestor's deeds. It is that in which, after describing the marvellous promise of Alexander Stuart, the shortlived son of James IV., the pupil of Erasmus, Dean Stanley, at St. Andrews, spoke of his 'gentle manners and playful humor,' adding 'he was keen as a hound in the pursuit of knowledge.' The dean goes on to say of 'the young Marcellus of the Scottish Church,' 'If he fell in the memorable charge of my namesake on that fatal day, may he accept, thus late, the lament which a kinsman of his foe would fain pour over his untimely bier.' 'Stout Stanley' led the English right in the battle of Flodden Field.

'Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
With Chester charge, and Lancashire.
.
And STANLEY was the cry,
Charge, Chester, charge, On, Stanley, on!
Were the last words of Marmion'
.
On 'Flodden's fatal field.
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!'

The Stanleys had their home at the old ancestral estate of Alderley, in Cheshire. Arthur Stanley's grandmother was the heiress of Hugh Owen, Esq., of Penrhos, Anglesea. Sir John Thomas Stanley, his grandfather, was the representative of his own branch of the Stanley family, and a man of considerable influence in the county, being the sixth baronet of the name. He made some pretensions to literature, publishing in 1799 an account of a voyage he made to the Hebrides. He translated from Bürger the 'Leonora' on which several people tried their hand; William Taylor of Norwich, Pye, and Spencer being among the number.

Sir J. T. Stanley was succeeded in his title and property by his eldest son, who was created in 1839 Baron Stanley of Alderley. The present holder of the title is well known in England and America for his liberal views, and a very fair literary ability. He was Secretary of Legation at Athens in 1854, and succeeded to the title in 1869.

He has published several works; among them Rouman Anthology, a collection of Moldavian and Wallachian ballads; an original and interesting book, 'The East and the West,' the result of extensive travel; with other works on public questions.

The father of Arthur Stanley was the second son and seventh child of Sir J. T. Stanley, and his wife Margaret, the Welsh heiress. Some mention is proper of one who was a marked man in England during his time. Edward Stanley, rector of Alderley and bishop of Norwich, was born the 1st of January, 1779, at his father's residence in London. In his early years he had a perfect passion for the sea, and always retained the most ardent interest in all matters relating to the navy. His son says, 'A cheerful and sanguine temper, readiness of decision, fertility of resource, activity and quickness of mind and body, and a spirit of enterprise that knew no danger, no impossibility, no difficulty, could hardly have failed to ensure success in that sphere to which his tastes had been thus early turned.'

A good family living, with almost certain provision for life, was probably the important factor in his father's mind, and young Stanley, who wept at the sight of a ship which he was not allowed to enter, and slept on the shelf of a wardrobe in order to fancy himself at sea, was destined for a very different career.

He was unfortunate in frequent changes in

schools and tutors, and, on his entrance at St. John's College, Cambridge, found he was obliged to begin his studies almost from the earliest point. Greek he was totally ignorant of, Latin he knew a little, and mathematics he had studied in a desultory manner without any plan. He made great efforts to remedy these deficiencies, and acquired enough classical knowledge for ordinary purposes. To mathematics he so applied himself that he was a wrangler in the mathematical tripos of 1802.

In the interval between his college life and ordination he travelled for a year in Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, from whence he returned, at his brother's request, to command the 'Alderley Volunteers,' raised by him on the family property at the time of the expected French invasion.

In 1805, after three years spent as curate of Windlesham, in Surrey, he was presented by his father to the family living of Alderley; and in 1810 he married Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Oswald Leycester, rector of Stoke-upon-Tern, by whom he had five children. Alderley was a spot which, as well by its natural beauty as by its



enough to make a congregation. The rector used to boast that he had never set foot in a sick person's cottage.' And although this was probably a more than usually unfavorable specimen of ministerial neglect, the average standard of the neighboring clergy was not likely to present a high model of excellence to a new-comer. All who could afford it hunted; few, if any, rose above the ordinary routine of the stated services of the Church. An ardent and generous nature would, under any circumstances, have been excited to energy by the very neglect and indifference which surrounded, or which had preceded him; and in his case was superadded that strong sense of duty.

'To him the call of duty was not merely a command, but an encouragement, — the voice of a trumpet which cheered and inspired him at the same time that it compelled him to act.' He ruled his little kingdom with kindly sway, even incurring the charge of 'Methodism' by his devotion to the cause of religion. He established improved village schools, inaugurating a system of examinations twice a year. Little rewards and a kindly word were powerful incentives.

'No task' (these are the words of one once amongst their number) 'seemed too difficult for them to learn; and if well learned, they knew that they were sure to be rewarded by the rector's well-known smile and expression of approbation, and his gentle tap on the head of each.'

On these examination days he regaled them at his own house with a good dinner and various amusements. Sometimes, to their great delight, he allowed them to accompany him in his boat (on Alderley Mere) and spent the afternoon on the water with them himself.

Weekly rounds of visits were made by Mr. Stanley, and among the villagers he spoke to them of their common pursuits and cares as if he were one of themselves; and the result was that they were cheered and animated by his presence and his active interest in their welfare, as well as warned and consoled by his constructions. When he looked into the schools, it was not merely to glance round the classes, or to ask a few formal questions, to see that all was in order, but he had something to say to each individual scholar, of encouragement or rebuke. In his rides round the parish, the children used to run out of the houses to catch the wonted

smile, or gesture, or call, of the rector as he passed, or to claim the cakes and gingerbread that he brought with him for those whose hands and faces were clean; and the poor cottagers long afterwards described how their hearts beat with pleasure as they heard the short, quick tramping of his horse's feet as he went in. When he entered a sick chamber he never failed to express the joy which neatness and order gave him, or to reprove where he found it otherwise. Whatever was to be done in the parish for their good, they were sure to find in him an active supporter. He took so much trouble, they said, in whatever he did — never sparing himself for whatever he took in hand. The Rectory became the home of the parish.

He tried hard to check the prevailing vice of the rural neighborhood, drunkenness, visiting the beer shops, and placarding in them short, simple exhortations to a sober life. He denounced in strong language the 'crying sin' of Cheshire, the love of drink, and it was said afterwards, 'Whenever,' — such was the homely expression of the people, — 'whenever there was a drunken fight down at the village, and he knew of it, he would always come out to stop it — there was such a spirit in him.'

On one of these occasions, word was brought to him of a riotous crowd which had assembled to witness a desperate prize-fight, adjourned to the outskirts of his parish, and which the respectable inhabitants were unable to disperse. 'The whole field (so one of the humbler neighbors represented it) was filled, and all the trees round about — when in about a quarter of an hour I saw the rector coming up the road on his little black horse as quick as lightning, and I trembled for fear they should harm him. He rode into the field and just looked quick round (as if he thought the same) to see who there was that would be on his side. But it was not needed — he rode into the midst of the crowd, and in one moment it was all over; there was a great calm; the blows stopped; it was as if they would all have wished to cover themselves up in the earth — all from the trees they dropped down directly — no one said a word, and all went away humbled.' The next day he sent for the two men, not to scold them, but to speak to them, and sent them each away with a Bible. Dissent never flourished in this worthy man's day, and his church was full.

He studied the phenomena of the animal crea-

tion, and took special pleasure in ornithology. Some years after, Mr. Stanley, in describing some habits of birds, described his own home most charmingly as the home of the starling, saying, — 'Close before the window of the scene of our observation, a well-mown, short-grassed lawn is spread. Close at hand, within half a stone's-throw, stands an ivy-mantled parish church, with its massy gray tower, from the turreted pinnacle of which rises a tall flag staff, crowned by its weathercock; under the eaves and within the hollows and chinks of the masonry of this tower are his nursery establishments. On the battlements and projecting grotesque tracery of its Gothic ornaments he retires to enjoy himself, looking down on the rural world below; while, at other times, a still more elevated party will crowd together on the letters of the weathercock, or, accustomed to its motion, sociably twitter away their chattering song, as the vane creaks slowly round with every change of wind.'

In another place he says of Alderley: 'Not far from the church we have mentioned, there is a considerable sheet of water, occupying nearly thirty acres — the mere — flanked and feathered

on the eastern side by the old beech-wood already spoken of as the abiding place of the jackdaws. Its western margin is bounded by an artificial dam, which, as the water is upon a much higher level, commands an extensive view over a flat, rich country, the horizon terminated by the faint outline of the first range of the Welsh mountains. This dam, on the finer evenings of November, was once the favorite resort of many persons, who found an additional attraction in watching the gradual assemblage of the starling. About an hour before sunset, little flocks, by twenties or fifties, kept gradually dropping in, their numbers increasing as daylight waned, till one vast flight was formed, amounting to thousands, and at times we might almost say to millions. Nothing could be more interesting or beautiful than to witness their graceful evolutions.'

He used to say of the observations he made in natural history, 'The perversions of men would have made an infidel of me, but for the counteracting impressions of Divine Providence in the works of nature.' He embodied his observations in a small book, published in 1836 by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and entitled it

'A Familiar History of Birds, their Nature, Habits, and Instincts.'

One very close observer and near relation, Augustus Hare, has given a delightful picture of Alderley which cannot fail to interest the reader. There are few country places in England which possess such a singular charm as Alderley. 'All who have lived in it have loved it, and to the Stanley family it has ever presented the ideal of that which is most interesting and beautiful. There the usually flat pasture lands of Cheshire rise suddenly into the rocky ridge of Alderley Edge, with its Holy Well under an overhanging cliff; its gnarled pine-trees, and its storm-beaten beacon-tower, ready to give notice of an invasion, looking far over the green plain to the smoke of Stockport and Macclesfield, which indicates the presence of great towns on the horizon. Beautiful are the beech woods which clothe the western side of the Edge, and feather over mossy lawns to the mere, which receives a reflection of their gorgeous autumnal tints, softened by a blue haze on its waters.'

'Beyond the mere and Lord Stanley's park, on the edge of the pasture-lands, are the church

and its surroundings — a wonderfully harmonious group, encircled by trees, with the old timbered inn of the Eagle and Child, at the corner of the lane which turns up to them. In later times the church itself has undergone a certain amount of restoration; but sixty years ago it was marvellously picturesque, its chancel mantled in ivy of massy folds, which, while they concealed the rather indifferent architecture, had a glory of their own very different to the clipped, ill-used ivy which we generally see on such buildings; but the old clock-tower, the outside stone staircase leading to the park pew, the crowded groups of large, square, lichen-stained gravestones, the disused font in the churchyard, overhung by a yew-tree, and the gable-ended schoolhouse at the gate, built of red sandstone, with gray copings and mullioned windows, were the same.'

'Close by was the rectory, with its garden, — the Dutch garden, of many labyrinthine flower-beds, — joining the churchyard. A low house, with a verandah, forming a wide balcony for the upper story, where bird-cages hung among the roses; its rooms and passages filled with pictures, books, and the old carved oak furniture, usually little

sought or valued in those days, but which the rector took delight in picking up among his cottages.'

Mr. Hare, in speaking of his uncle, — for Mrs. Hare, his mother, was sister of Mrs. Stanley, — describes his appearance thus: 'He was a little man, active in figure and in movement, with dark, piercing eyes, rendered more remarkable by the snow-white hair which was his characteristic even when very young. With the liveliest interest on all subjects, — political, philosophical, scientific, theological; with inexhaustible plans for the good of the human race in general, but especially for the benefit of his parishioners and the amusement of his seven nieces at the park, he was the most popular character in the country-side.

'To children he was indescribably delightful. There was nothing that he was not supposed to know — and, indeed, who was there who knew more? — of insect life, of the ways and habits of birds, of fossils and where to find them, of drawing, of etching on wood and lithographing, of plants and gardens, of the construction of ships and boats, and of the thousand home manufactures of which he was a complete master.'

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While at Alderley he contributed more or less to the periodicals of the day the results of his studies, or more frequently, of the rapid six weeks excursions which he used to make in the summer months; of these perhaps the most remarkable is an account, afterwards reprinted from 'Blackwood's Magazine,' of an adventure in the Alps on the 'Mauvais Pas,' interesting both as illustrative of his own character, and also as having in all probability suggested to Sir Walter Scott the opening scene in the romance of 'Anne of Geierstein.' He was also one of the earliest and most regular attendants of the meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at one of which he was, in 1836, appointed vice-president.

His son says 'a lecture on geology, which he delivered at an institution in the neighboring town of Macclesfield, was, it is believed, one of the first contributions of the kind from any minister of the Church of England. Amongst his hearers were eight barefooted boys, who wandered in by chance. It awakened in them the first spark of intellectual ardor. One of them, fifty years later, stated to the writer of these pages, whom he met return-



ing from a Continental journey, how, from the impulse then given, he had entered on a prosperous commercial life, and still retained, from the grateful sense of the good then received, an undying interest in his benefactor and his benefactor's son.'

CHAPTER II.

THE RECTORY. — CATHERINE STANLEY. — THE STANLEY CHILDREN. — OWEN. — MARY.

SOMETHING must be said of the inmates of the pleasant home where the rector of Alderley carried his young bride, Catherine, when he married in 1810. This lady was the eldest daughter of the rector of Stoke-upon-Tern. The Leycesters were of an old Cheshire family which had been near and dear neighbors of the Stanleys through generations. Toft, the family home, delightful, cosy — the old seat of the Leycesters, was but a few miles from Alderley.

Catherine Leycester was only sixteen years old at the time of her engagement, and eighteen when she married Edward Stanley. She was a truly noble woman. Early thrown much on her own resources, by the ill-health of her mother, she was wont to think for herself, reading much

and considering well, in the quiet of her home, the ideas she imbibed from the great minds of the past. Maria Leycester, afterwards Mrs. Hare, was several years younger than Catherine, who was entrusted with the responsibility of her training and education.

Augustus Hare says of his aunt: She was the best of listeners, fixing her eyes upon the speaker, but saying little herself, so that her old uncle, Hugh Leycester, used to assert of her, Kitty has much sterling gold, but gives no ready change. 'To the frivolity of an ordinary acquaintance, her mental superiority and absolute self-possession of manner must always have made her somewhat alarming; but those who had the opportunity of penetrating beneath the surface were no less astonished at her originality and freshness of ideas, and her keen, though quiet, enjoyment of life, its pursuits and friendships, than by the calm wisdom of her advice, and her power of penetration into the characters—and consequently the temptations and difficulties—of others.'

Arthur Stanley paid a beautiful tribute to his mother's memory when he inscribed on her tombstone the 'firm faith, calm wisdom, and tender

sympathy, speaking the truth in love,' with which she 'counselled, encouraged, and comforted' him and others. He also drew her portrait in a few words in the preface to the memorials of his father and mother which he prepared for the public. He wrote: 'Catherine Stanley was thirteen years younger than her husband, and was married at the early age of eighteen. Throughout his course she was his constant stay and support, and in his influence and labors she took an unfailing interest and pride. She survived him for twelve years, during which the happiness and energy of her existence were concentrated on the son and the two daughters who were still left to her.

'She was one of those women of whom Wordsworth's lines, with a slight variation, were singularly true —

'Nobly planned,
To warn, to counsel, to command.'

'There was a quiet wisdom, a rare unselfishness, a calm discrimination, a firm decision, which made her judgment and her influence felt through the whole circle in which she lived.

'To the outside world she was comparatively unknown. It might well have been, therefore, that

such a character should have passed away like a fragrance that nothing can recall. But it so happens that, in her earlier life, she left, in journals or in letters, remarks which have been thought worth preserving, not only as the genuine reflection of herself, but also as products of a culture such as a simple country life in the first years of this century could furnish.

'It was of her that Sydney Smith said, Hers is a porcelain understanding. It is in this porcelain delicacy of intelligence that the main interest of these extracts consists: and they will not be deemed less instructive because, like her husband's activity, her own spiritual insight belonged to that larger sphere of religion which is above and beyond the passing controversies of the day.'

In writing from her new home, shortly after her marriage, one finds the following bit of word-painting by Catherine Stanley, which graphically describes her impressions of the scene before her, while at the same time it gives the reader an idea of the young wife's clear and powerful mind. How few young women of eighteen are either capable of feeling or describing the charms of

nature so vividly. She is writing of Alderley Mere, and says, —

'The purplish brown of the wood rising above the softened reflection of it in the water; a few touches of brighter brown in the shrubs and ferns near the edge; the boat-house, relieved by the dark wood behind it; a line of yellowish-brown reeds breaking the reflection of it in the water; and another still brighter yellow-and-brown island coming immediately before it; the soft blue haze spread over the water and softening the reflected outlines of the wood without weakening the effect, contrasted here and there with the vivid and determinate outline of a few leaves or weeds lying on the surface of the water; the scene enlivened now and then by a wild duck darting from the reeds across the lake, making a flutter and foam before her, and leaving a line of clear light behind her on her path, her wild cry distinctly echoed from the wood, and sometimes both from the wood and deer-house together, — such a simplicity, yet variety of tint, such a force of effect, and such a softness of shade and color! Artists, one and all, hide your diminished heads!'

The Alderley rectory was a very happy home

for the young wife and mother. Five children came to brighten the days, and we have constant references in diaries, notes, and letters to the little ones, — their growth, development, pleasures, and trials. Owen, born first, lived to distinguish himself in the royal navy, his father's early ambition living in him.

After his Charter House studies were ended, his passionate love for the sea was indulged by his father, who must have recalled the painful efforts of his own youth to forget his early ambition for a sailor's life. When the training of Owen Stanley in several vessels was ended, he served in the 'Adventure,' and assisted in the exploration of the Straits of Magellan. After a survey of the Gulf of Lepanto, and scientific work in the Mediterranean, he was appointed, in 1836, to the 'Terror' on her expedition, in charge of Sir George Back, in search of Sir John Ross, having charge of the astronomical and magnetic operations. And we shall later take up the story of his too brief career in its proper place.

Then came Mary, the comfort of the home, and widely known for her benevolence and judicious charities. Born in 1813, two years before

Arthur, she always lived much at Alderley, to which spot she was greatly attached, with the exception of short visits to friends and a journey now and then. When her father was called to the see of Norwich, she first was able to show her executive ability and capacity for organization of charitable work, for which she afterwards become so well known in the Crimean hospitals, where she labored in sympathetic co-operation of Florence Nightingale's work. She carried the second detachment of lady nurses across the stormy Mediterranean to Constantinople; Florence Nightingale having preceded her with the first, after the tidings of Alma thrilled the English heart.

At Constantinople she labored for some weeks in the naval hospital, aided by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, then at the height of his great career as ambassador in that city, later taking charge of the military hospital at Koulalee. From her own words the following extracts are taken, to show her personal interest in this work: — 'In January we began work at the hospital at Koulalee. There we realized what protracted war was. The battles were over. It was not the wounded we were called upon to tend, but those

who were stricken down with fever, dysentery, and frost-bites, from long exposure in the trenches. From these patient, heroic sufferers we learned what war entailed; and it is a gratifying thought that, during an attendance of months at that hospital, going, as we did, into the wards at all hours, no words of complaint, no oaths, no coarse language, ever were heard by us from the lips of our British soldiers.

'Some days and scenes are specially stamped upon one's memory. Who will forget the arrival of the first batch of invalids who were to be located in the upper hospital, only vacated by the Turks a week before? There was the huge wood fire in the stoveless kitchen, the large cauldrons of water set on, the basins of arrowroot mixed, thrown in and stirred with a long wooden pole for want of better implements. Then was the melancholy procession up the hill; worn-out men dragging their weak and weary frames along, some supported on each side, some carried on stretchers. Who will forget the sensation caused by salutes fired at Constantinople, reverberating, as they did, across the Bosphorus till the old walls of Koulalee shook again? In the wards the effect was

electric. Had Sebastopol fallen? Dying men sat up in their beds and clasped their hands, unable to utter more than the one word, Sebastopol! Has it fallen? Would that I had been in at the last!

'Perhaps one of the most memorable days was that of the arrival of the news of the unexpected death of the Emperor of Russia. The excitement in the wards was great. From bed to bed the words travelled round, Nicholas is dead, Nicholas is dead, The Emperor of Russia is dead. The remarks were varied—Thank God! All blessings be with you for bringing us such blessed news. What! Nicholas? Nicholas is dead? Well, one should not be glad at anyone's death, but we can't help it now. How did he die? Well, I'd rather have that news than a month's pay—I hope it is true. He's a deal to answer for; he's been the death of thousands. One man burst into tears, and, slowly raising his hands, he clasped them in fervent prayer, exclaiming, Thank God!—and then, after a pause, The Lord have mercy upon his soul!' In one letter she wrote home, she said, 'It is worth coming out from England to see the glad smiles which

welcome us now when we go in, and to hear the blessings with which we are dismissed.'

The quiet, unobtrusive work of Mary Stanley was little known outside the walls of the hospital, but her efficient assistance, and the faithful spirit in which she labored was thoroughly appreciated by the medical and military men who saw her unremitting devotion to her duties. A brooch given her by the Sultan, who thus showed his appreciation of the labors of this faithful band of workers, each of whom received a similar mark of recognition from him, with the wardrobe she used at Koulalee, were bequeathed by her as heirlooms, the first to the family, the other to her beloved Alderley home.

To use the words of the gifted historian of the Crimean war,—Kinglake,—who highly valued her, 'the spirit of her large and resolute benevolence never seemed, as is sometimes the case, to chill her affections or weaken the ties of friendship. The halo that her good deeds threw around her was never pale in my eyes, but always radiant.' The feeling that her public labors were for the most part unacknowledged and almost unknown — a circumstance due to various causes —

cast something of a shade over her life, but she toiled on with that indomitable purpose and quiet energy which were among her chief characteristics. Sometimes she remarked to her friends, 'My mother used to say to me, Remember, Mary, your lot in life is to sow for others to reap. She was right, and I am contented that it should be so.' And she would also say 'I never forget the last entry in Dr. Arnold's journal. When I first read it I used to wonder what it could mean; I have learned to know its truth, and I repeat it to myself twice a day. Let me labor to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others if God disapproves of my doing it.'

Lady Strangford, widely known by her own hospital labors in the East, and noble home charities, has also given the world a sympathetic sketch of Mary Stanley and her good works. After Mary Stanley's return to London she busied herself with flower missions, hospital works, and savings institutions for the poor. She always retained her interest in the scene of her Eastern experiences, and in 1861 she revisited Koulalee, where she found that in the interval the barracks had been

laid waste; the walls only remained, with the single exception of the corner tower where the nurses were first quartered. This was untouched; even the cupboards remained, recalling the gifts of kind and distant friends in England, with which they had been so constantly filled. One wing still retained its upper gallery. Through these ruined and deserted courts, each corner telling its bygone tale, she was allowed to wander undisturbed, and to look again at the view from 'the shore walk,' even more beautiful in its bright summer garb than when it used to act as a restorative in the dark days of that dismal winter. On the occasion of her first visit, in 1854, she had never been able to leave her post for the actual scene of war in the Crimea. Day by day she described the intense eagerness with which they saw the crowded war steamers pass constantly under their windows, backwards and forwards, to and from the Black Sea. 'Once only,' she says, 'did we look upon its waters — once we went to the top of the Giant's Mountain, and felt then that nothing intervened between us and the one point of interest. But on the second visit she had the deep enjoyment of traversing the scenes in the Crimea

itself, every name of which, during her former stay, had awakened such inspiring thoughts; and she never ceased to watch with jealous vigilance every report which came to her of the care or neglect with which the soldiers' graves on those famous heights were treated.' She left an interesting record of that visit in 'Ten Days in the Crimea,' printed in Macmillan's Magazine in 1862.

She had, previous to her Crimean hospital work, published some observations on hospitals and the nursing incidental to charity. Some years earlier she printed recollections of her early days in a simple tale, 'True to Life,' wherein she embodied the incidents of an adventurous trip over the mountains of Spain, through snowdrifts and torrents of rain. She had sailed with her sister on Owen's ship, the 'Rattlesnake,' to Madeira, and on their return they halted at Gibraltar, and were forced by stress of weather to undertake the midwinter ride she then recorded.

In 1814 Mrs. Stanley gave a little picture of the home life at the rectory, where these two little children already filled her thoughts and gladdened her heart. It is dated July 1: 'How unaccountable are the sources of our enjoyment. To-day

mine has been innocent, simple enjoyment, without the interference of variety, interest, or novelty — the mere pleasure of using all my faculties of mind and body with no restraint or curb, and the disposition to use them. I walked with the girls: I swung with them and I drew with them, and I believe the power of sympathy makes me feel younger with them; and it is so delightful to be able to be a girl again; the moments are really too precious to be lost. Then came our walk this evening, our returning and playing at cricket, drinking tea on the lawn, and breathing the sweet evening air in the garden; and the cheerful, happy group drawing round the table with books and pencils, the armchair in sight of the moon, and then the being made miserable by Mrs. Opie's Father and Daughter. All these things I have enjoyed, and I have felt happy, and they have caused pleasant thoughts and imaginations to pass through my mind. In short, my body and mind have been in perfect health, and everything has tasted well to them, for I believe that is the secret of all happiness; the mind is alive to the circumstances which suggest ideas of ease, elegance, refinement, and freedom, as well as to

those which suggest the wilder images. It is as much influenced in its way by the luxuries and comforts of a large place as by the beauties of nature in their different forms; and this, without by any means finding or feeling the same circumstances necessary to one's own possession of happiness, any more than it makes one miserable to live out of a fine country, because it makes one happy to be in it.'

She was, after all, only a girl of twenty-two, this beloved, light-hearted, happy young mother, who wrote thus of the day just passed.

CHAPTER III.

ARTHUR'S BIRTH.—EARLY YEARS.—MRS. STANLEY'S CARE.—PECULIARITIES OF TEMPERAMENT.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY was born at Alderley, Dec. 13, 1815, the famous Waterloo year, and the name of Arthur recalls the 'Iron Duke,' whose military skill checked the further advances of Napoleon, and crushed the despot power which had held all Europe in awe. Arthur's birth was followed by that of two more children in the rectory: Charles, who became an officer in the Royal Engineers, and Catherine, who became the wife of Arthur's dear friend, Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple Church, London, and Dean of Llandaff.

Arthur was a very delicate little creature, and gave his young mother great anxiety. He was as precocious about his mental development as possi-

ble. From his earliest years he showed a perfect passion for poetry and historical investigation. His mother made it her special care to watch with tender and untiring interest the unfolding of this young mind. In 1818, in May, Mrs. Stanley tells her sister Maria, in a long letter, all about the Alderley life, saying of the children, —

'How I have enjoyed these fine days, — and one's pleasure is doubled, or, rather, I should say trebled, in the enjoyment of the three little children basking in the sunshine on the lawns, and picking up daisies, and finding new flowers every day, — and in seeing Arthur expand like one of the flowers in the fine weather. Owen trots away to school at nine o'clock every morning, with his Latin grammar under his arm, leaving Mary with a strict charge to unfurl his flag, which he leaves carefully furled, through the little Gothic gate, as soon as the clock strikes twelve. So Mary unfurls the flag, and then watches till Owen comes in sight, and as soon as he spies her signal, he sets off full gallop towards her, and Mary creeps through the gate to meet him, and then comes with as much joy to announce Owen's being come back, as if he was returned from the North Pole.

Meanwhile, I am sitting with the doors open into the trellis, so that I can see and hear all that passes.'

In the same year, after a little visit, Mrs. Stanley wrote, Sept. 14, 1818, of her return, —

'What happy work it was getting home! The little things were as happy to see us as we could desire. They all came dancing out, and clung round me, and kissed me by turns, and were certainly more delighted than they had ever been before to see us again. They had not only not forgot us, but not forgot a bit about us. Everything that we had done, and said, and written, was quite fresh and present to their minds, and I should be assured in vain that all my trouble in writing to them was thrown away. Arthur is grown so interesting, and so entertaining, too, — he talks incessantly, runs about, and amuses himself, and is full of pretty speeches, repartees, and intelligence; the dear little creature would not leave me, or stir without holding my hand, and he knew all that had been going on quite as much as the others. He is more like Owen than ever, only softer, more affectionate, and not what you call so fine a boy.'

Long after this happy time, Arthur Stanley, in preaching a sermon at Glasgow, after enlarging on the sacred and beneficent institution of a married clergy, spoke of his own recollections of a happy and peaceful childhood spent under the shade of the tower of a parish church, and under the roof of a parish parsonage; still, he said, 'after all the vicissitudes of a chequered life, familiar, dear, and sacred beyond any other spot on the surface of the earth.'

There is something very lovely in the glimpses afforded the reader by the letters of Catherine Stanley, wherein she describes to her sympathetic sister the daily household life of the rectory. Nothing can be more beautiful, more touching than English home life under its best conditions, with 'neither poverty nor riches,' but enough of quiet for reflection, of action for development; and, over all, the peace and happiness of a well-ordered Christian influence of such a mother and a good father.

In a little sketch of village life, left by Mrs. Stanley, one comes across the following passage, so peculiarly autobiographical that it is a picture of their own home, though unnamed, —

'A mile further up the road you come to the parish church, where lives the patron and the rector. The rectory, with all the comforts and ornament that people with any taste and money bestow on the place where they live solely and constantly. You see that every stick and flower about the house is an object of care and interest, — that these make the events of their life. Here is the happy domestic life peculiar to England — its comforts, its quiet, its innocence.

'Here is a remarkable instance of a man whose taste is perfect *dans son genre*, a taste for the picturesque as well as the comfortable — who yet cannot bring it forward for any of the purposes of conversation, or make any use of it except in pure active business.'

When Arthur was four years old, Mrs. Stanley wrote her sister: —

'Jan. 30, 1820.

'As for the children, my Arthur is sweeter than ever. His drawing fever goes on, and his passion for pictures and birds, and he will talk sentiment to Mademoiselle about *le printemps*, *les oiseaux*, and *les fleurs*, when he walks out. When we went to

Highlake, he asked — quite gravely — whether it would not be good for his little wooden horse to have some sea-bathing!'

In the following summer we have another glimpse of the home life.

'I have been taking a domestic walk with the three children and the pony to Owen's favorite cavern, Mary and Arthur taking it in turns to ride. Arthur was sorely puzzled between his fear and his curiosity. Owen and Mary, full of adventurous spirit, went with Mademoiselle to explore. Arthur stayed with me and the pony, but when I said I would go, he said, coloring, he would go, he thought; But, mamma, do you think there are any wild dogs in the cavern? Then we picked up various specimens of cobalt, etc., and we carried them in a basket, and we called at Mrs. Barber's, and we got some string, and we tied the basket to the pony with some trouble, and we got home very safe, and I finished the delights of the evening by reading Paul and Virginia to Owen and Mary, with which they were much delighted, and so was I.

'You would have given a good deal for a peep at Arthur this evening, making hay with all his

little strength — such a beautiful color, and such soft animation in his blue eyes.'

As Arthur grew older, the extreme delicacy which early troubled his mother continued. His precocious intellect was all afire with poetry and sentiment. He was full of the legends of the neighborhood, and while the active Owen was building and sailing ships on the clear brook which dashed through the rectory garden, Arthur was dreaming of the wizard of Alderley Edge, who with a hundred horses was sleeping in an enchanted cavern, and of the church bell which fell down a steep hill into Rostherne Mere, and which is tolled by a mermaid, and may be heard booming faintly under its waters when any member of a great neighboring family dies.

He indulged in poetry and verse-making at an early age, and there are lines of his written at eleven years old, on seeing the sunrise from the top of Alderley church tower, and at twelve years old, on witnessing the departure of the "Ganges," bearing his brother Owen, from Spithead, which gave evidence of poetical power, more fully shown two years later in his longer poems on "The

Druids" and on "The Maniac of Betharan." When he was old enough to go to school, his mother wrote an amusing account of the turn-out of his pockets and desk before leaving home, and the extraordinary collection of crumpled scraps of poetry which were found there.

In March, 1821, the family budget of news contains the following picture of a great event in a boy's life, and some testimony in favor of Miss Edgeworth's moral influence. Mrs. Stanley wrote: —

'Arthur is in great spirits and looks, well prepared to do honor to the jacket and trousers preparing for him. He is just now opposite to me, lying on the sofa reading Miss Edgeworth's Frank to himself (his lesson being concluded) most eagerly. I must tell you his moral deductions from Frank. The other day, as I was dressing, Arthur, Charlie, and Elizabeth were playing in the passage. I heard a great crash, which turned out to be Arthur running very fast, not stopping himself in time, and coming against the window at the end of the passage so as to break three panes. He was not hurt, but I heard Elizabeth remonstrating with him on the crime of

breaking windows, to which he answered with great *sang-froid,* Yes, but you know Frank's mother said she would rather have all the windows in the house broke than that Frank should tell a lie; so now I can go and tell mamma, and then I shall be like Frank. I did not make my appearance, so when the door opened for the *entrée* after dinner, Arthur came in first, in something of a bustle, with cheeks as red as fire, and eyes looking —as his eyes do look, — saying, the instant the door opened, Mamma! I have broke three panes of glass in the passage window! — and I tell you now 'cause I was afraid to forget. I am not sure whether there is not a very inadequate idea left on his mind as to the sin of glass-breaking, and that he rather thought it a fine thing having the opportunity of coming to tell mamma something, like Frank; however, there was some little effort, *vide* the agitation and red cheeks, so we must not be hypercritical.'

When Arthur was about eight years old, his mother, who had watched him with great care and thoughtful interest, saw he became more shy, and, even when alone with her, he would never speak if he could avoid it. As a large public

school is the usual destination of English boys after a certain age, Mrs. Stanley was troubled about the companionship of other boys in a great school, fearing that they would, instead of drawing him out, make him more unsocial, more retiring. In his parents' visits to the seaside at Highlake, it was noticed that the boy always recovered his spirits, and moved about gayly, climbing over the sand hills, playing on the shore.

It was finally decided that a small boarding-school near the seashore was the proper place for both the mental and physical growth of the little fellow, and Mr. Rawson, the vicar of Seaforth, five miles from Liverpool, and only half a mile from the sea, undertook the care of him. Mr. Rawson had nine little boys in his school, and in 1824 Arthur joined them.

Maria Leycester wrote in August a letter which tells of the way in which Arthur behaved:—

'Arthur liked the idea of going to school, as making him approach nearer to Owen. We took him last Sunday evening from Crosby, and he kept up very well till we were to part; but when he was to separate from us to join his new companions, he clung to us in a piteous manner,

and burst into tears. Mr. Rawson very good-naturedly offered to walk with us a little way, and walk back with Arthur, which he liked better, and he returned with Mr. R. very manfully. On Monday evening we went to have a look at him before leaving the neighborhood, and found the little fellow as happy as possible, much amused with the novelty of the situation, and talking of the boys' proceedings with as much importance as if he had been there for months. He wished us good-by in a very firm tone, and we have heard since from his uncle Penrhyn that he had been spending some hours with him, in which he laughed and talked incessantly of all that he did at school. He is very proud of being called 'Stanley' and seems to like it altogether very much. The satisfaction to mamma and auntie is not to be told, of having disposed of this little sylph in so excellent a manner. Every medical man has always said that a few years of constant sea air would make him quite strong, and to find this united to so desirable a master as Mr. R., and so careful and kind a protectress as Mrs. R., is being very fortunate.'

CHAPTER IV.

ARTHUR AT SCHOOL. — PROGRESS THERE. — VACATIONS. — POETIC TASTE. — CHOICE OF A PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR HIM. — FIRST CONTINENTAL JOURNEY.

DURING a visit made by Maria Leycester in the summer of 1825, she writes of Arthur's return from school for the holidays, and how his progress was noted by the family.

'July, 1825.

'You know how dearly I love all these children, and it has been such a pleasure to see them all so happy together. Owen, the hero upon whom all their little eyes were fixed, and the delicate Arthur, able to take his own share of boyish amusements with them, and telling out his little store of literary wonders to Charlie and Catherine. School has not transformed him into a rough boy yet. He is a little less shy, but not much. He brought back from school a beautiful prize book for history, of

which he is not a little proud; and Mr. Rawson has told several people, unconnected with the Stanleys, that he never had a more amiable, attentive, or clever boy than Arthur Stanley, and that he never has had to find fault with him since he came. My sister finds, in examining him, that he not only knows what he has learned himself, but that he picks up all the knowledge gained by the other boys in their lessons, and can tell what each boy in the school has read, etc. His delight in reading Madoc and Thalaba is excessive.'

Again the same hand takes up the pen to describe her little circle of nieces and nephews, of whom the young aunt was very proud. Arthur's name is prominent.

'STOKE, Aug. 26, 1826.

'My Alderley children are more interesting than ever. Arthur is giving Mary quite a literary taste, and is the greatest advantage to her possible, for they are now quite inseparable companions, reading, drawing, and writing together. Arthur has written a poem on the life of a peacock-butterfly, in the Spenserian stanza, with all the old words, with references to Chaucer, etc., at the bottom of the page! To be sure it would be singular if they

were not different from other children, with the advantages they have where education is made so interesting and amusing as it is to them. I never saw anything equal to Arthur's memory and quickness in picking up knowledge: seeming to have just the sort of intuitive sense of everything relating to books that Owen had in ships, — and then there is such affection and sweetness of disposition in him. You will not be tired of all this detail of those so near my heart. It is always such a pleasure to me to write of the rectory; and I can always do it better when I am away from it, and it rises before my mental vision.'

There is extant and carefully preserved by the family a small manuscript volume, written, from beginning to end, in a boyish, — but strange as it may seem to those who knew him later, — a singularly clear hand. On the title-page are inscribed the words, 'The Poetical Works of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Vol. II.,' and beneath is a drawing, — his own handiwork — of Neptune in his chariot, with Amphitrite and the sea nymphs sporting around. The volume contains thirteen or fourteen poems in various metres and on various subjects; not only odes to the humming-bird,

to the owl, to the stork, but to such abstract ideas as to superstition, to time, to forgiveness, to death, to sleep, to justice. It includes a poem on the destruction of the Druids, written in a tripping dactylic metre, and a ballad on a strange legend of King Harold.

This, remember, is Volume II., and the poems, which are carefully dated, were written in the years 1826–27, when the young poet was of the age of ten and eleven.

Arthur continued to do well at his Seaforth school, and wrote home long, animated letters telling the events of the little world of school; how he was reading and working and playing, describing his drilling-sergeant at one time as telling him to 'put on a bold swaggering, and not to look sheepish,' greatly to his amusement. He astonished both teachers and friends by rapid acquirement of knowledge and his excellent retentive memory. His twelfth birthday found him giving his mother as much uneasiness as ever about his want of ease in society, his shyness, and the total indifference he showed to all boyish sports and pursuits.

In 1826, among the events of the year for the

Stanleys, was the marriage of Isabella Stanley to Captain Parry, the Arctic explorer. His mother 'could not resist sending for her little Arthur' to be present on this joyful occasion. Reginald Heber, tenderly loved by the Stanleys, was taken from them during the same year. Mrs. Stanley put in writing a beautiful character of Bishop Heber, from which the following few lines are taken, showing how much she admired and appreciated his character: 'If ever there was a man of whom it might be said, as of Nathanael, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile, Reginald Heber was that man. In him was realized the simplicity and singleness of purpose brought before one's mind so perfectly by the description, Be ye as little children. His was the charity which thinketh no evil, which vaunteth not itself, seeketh not her own, which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things. His mind seemed as completely unspotted from the world as a child's, and for the same reason: it seemed never to have come in contact with it. All his interests, pleasures, and pursuits lay so completely out of the sphere of worldly affairs,

that he was as a being who had no concern in them.'

In Scott's Introduction to Canto Sixth of Marmion, he pays a delightful tribute to Heber:

> 'Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
> Delight, amusement, science, art,
> To every eye and ear impart.'

The mother's heart was full of anxious hours for her little boy when she wrote, in 1828: 'Oh, it is so difficult to know how to manage Arthur. He takes having to learn dancing so terribly to heart, and enacts Prince Pitiful; and will, I am afraid, do no good at it. Then he thinks I do not like his reading because I try to draw him also to other things, and so he reads by stealth and lays down his books when he hears people coming; and, having no other pursuits or anything he cares for but reading, has a listless look, and I am sure he is often unhappy. I suspect, however, that this is Arthur's worst time, and that he will be a happier man than a boy.'

In the same month and year Mrs. Stanley wrote Augustus William Hare, one of the authors of 'Guesses at Truth,' soon to marry her sister,—

'I have Arthur at home, and I have rather a puzzling card to play with him — how not to encourage too much his poetical tastes, and to spoil him, in short, — and yet how not to discourage what in reality one wishes to grow, and what he, being timid and shy to a degree, would easily be led to shut up entirely to himself; and then he suffers so much from a laudable desire to be with other boys, and yet, when with them, finds his incapacity to enter into their pleasures of shooting, hunting, horses, and theirs for his. He will be happier as a man, as literary men are more within reach than literary boys.'

Mr. Hare, by his long intimacy with the Stanleys, his interest in his future wife's family, and his own admirable qualities of mind and heart, was well qualified to advise the mother of Arthur Stanley in the difficult matter of deciding where to place her darling and gifted boy, and, on being asked by Mrs. Stanley in the following month for advice as to Arthur's future, soon made reply. Mrs. Stanley wrote him from Alderley, Feb. 8, 1828: —

'Now, I am going to ask your opinion and advice, and perhaps your assistance on my own

account. We are beginning to consider what is to be done with Arthur, and it will be time for him to be moved from his small school in another year, when he will be thirteen. We have given up all thoughts of Eton for him, from the many objections, combined with the great expense.

'Now, I want to ask your opinion about Shrewsbury, Rugby, and Winchester; do you think, from what you know of Arthur's character and capabilities, that Winchester would suit him, and vice versa.'

Augustus Hare, then in Naples, immediately answered:—

'March 26, 1828.

'Are you aware that the person of all others fitted to get on with the boys is just elected master of Rugby? His name is Arnold. He is a Wykehamist and Fellow of Oriel, and a particular friend of mine—a man calculated beyond all others to engraft modern scholarship and modern improvements on the old-fashioned stem of a public education. Winchester, under him, would be the best school in Europe; what Rugby may turn out I cannot say, for I know not the materials he has there to work on.'

Oriel College, founded in the fourteenth century by the almoner of Edward II, by throwing open its doors to competitive examinations, raised its standard of scholarship very high, and it boasted more distinguished scholars on its list of fellows than almost any other in Oxford; under Dr. Hawkins it well sustained its reputation. Dr. Hawkins, in Arnold's day, held, besides the office of Provost of Oriel, the Ireland Professorship, and in virtue of being Provost of Oriel was a canon of Rochester Cathedral.

A few weeks later Mr. Hare wrote more at length from Florence, —

'I am so little satisfied with what I said about Arthur in my last letter, that I am determined to begin with him, and do him more justice. What you describe him to be I once was; and I have myself suffered too much and too often from my inferiority in strength and activity to boys who were superior to me in nothing else, not to feel very deeply for any one in a similar state of school-forwardness and bodily weakness. Parents in general are too anxious to push their children on in school and other learning. If a boy happens not to be robust, it is laying up for him a great

deal of pain and mortification. For a boy must naturally associate with others in the same class; and consequently, if he happens to be forward beyond his years, he is thrown at twelve (with perhaps the strength of only eleven or ten) into the company of boys two years older, and probably three or four years stronger (for boobies are always stout of limb). You may conceive what wretchedness this is likely to lead to, in a state of society like a school, where might almost necessarily makes right. But it is not only at school that such things lead to mortification. There are a certain number of manly exercises which every gentleman, at some time or other of his life, is likely to be called on to perform, and many a man who is deficient in these would gladly purchase dexterity in them, if he could, at the price of those mental accomplishments which have cost him in boyhood the most pains to acquire. Who would not rather ride well at twenty-five than write the prettiest Latin verses? I am perfectly impartial in this respect, being able to do neither, and therefore my judgment is likely enough to be correct. So, pray, during the holidays, make Arthur ride hard and shoot often,

and, in short, gymnasticize in every possible manner. I have said thus much to relieve my own mind, and convey to you how earnestly I feel on the subject. Otherwise I know Alderley and its inhabitants too well to suspect any one of them of being what Wordsworth calls an intellectual all-in-all. About his school, were Rugby under any other master, I certainly should not advise your thinking of it for Arthur for an instant; as it is, the decision will be more difficult.

'When Arnold has been there ten years he will have made it a good school, perhaps in some respects the very best in the island; but a transition state is always one of doubt and delicacy. Winchester is admirable for those it succeeds with, but it is not adapted for all sorts and conditions of boys, and sometimes fails. However, when I come to England, I will make a point of seeing Arthur, when I shall be a little better able, perhaps, to judge.'

The year 1828 was a marked one for Arthur: in that summer he made his first foreign tour. Accompanied by Maria Leycester and Lucy Stanley from the Park, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley took Arthur and Mary to the Pyrenees. They trav-

elled by the way of Bordeaux, and made a most delightful trip. Mr. Stanley wrote of the children as being almost as much intoxicated with delight on first landing at Bordeaux as their faithful maid Sarah Burgess, who 'thinks life's fitful dream past, and that she has, by course of transmigration, passed into a higher sphere.' It is recollected how, when he first saw the majestic summit of the Pic du Midi rising above a mass of cloud, Arthur Stanley, in his great ecstasy, could say nothing but 'What shall I do! What shall I do!'

Arthur had already seen something of England, and was inspired to write a poem about the departure of his brother Owen, when he visited Spithead to see him sail on the 'Ganges;' but the grandeur of the mountains was a marvel to his impressionable and poetic mind. His journal was worthy of the future author of Mt. Sinai and Palestine. A discerning woman, who was an entire stranger to the Stanley family, was shown this journal in the following November, and she recorded her impressions as follows. The words seem almost prophetic.

'Much pleased and still more surprised by the perusal of a journal during a tour in the Pyrenees

made in the last summer by an English family. The writer is a boy of twelve years old, who, if he attains manhood, and keeps the promise he has hitherto given, will, I do not doubt, hereafter be classed amongst the distinguished literary characters of this country. His mind appears to have been open to all the beauty and wonders he saw, which he describes in language always good and often poetical. The account he gives of their expedition to the Maladetta is one of the very best I ever read of similar excursions in any book of travels.'

Emerson calls travelling 'a fool's paradise,' qualifying this broad statement by naming the various mitigating causes which lessen the offence in his eyes: among these he names study. The travelling of Arthur Stanley was always done with open eyes and a singularly receptive mind. He probably never saw a new scene, and gazed with awe on Nature's wonders or the antiquities of former races, without its deeply impressing his thoughtful mind. Nature and art ministered to that busy brain. He was a born traveller, finding help in his work wherever he went.

Childhood was ended, and the youth of Arthur

Stanley dates from his entrance to the Rugby school. He himself has put much on record concerning Rugby in his own life of Arnold, and it was like a home to him during his eight years of residence.

Mrs. Stanley wrote in October of 1828 a long and full letter explaining Arthur's peculiarities to Dr. Arnold, and asking his candid advice about the Rugby school, and as to the probability of Arthur's doing well there. After she had Dr. Arnold's reply she wrote her sister: —

'October 10, 1828.

'Dr. Arnold's letter has decided us about Arthur. I should think there was not another schoolmaster in his Majesty's dominions who would write such a letter. It is so lively, agreeable, and promising in all ways. He is just the man to take a fancy to Arthur, and for Arthur to take a fancy to.'

Mrs. Stanley was right in her opinion of the influence Dr. Arnold would acquire over Arthur. He won his heart, and with Arthur Stanley that was a sure passport to his whole nature.

CHAPTER V.

RUGBY. — ARTHUR ENTERS THE SCHOOL. — DR. ARNOLD. — HIS PECULIAR POWER. — THE LIFE AT RUGBY IN HIS TIME.

ARTHUR entered Rugby school in January, 1829. He himself has attributed so much to the power of Dr. Arnold over himself and others for their growth and development; so much to his inspiration, and faith drawn from the master, that we must speak somewhat at length of Dr. Arnold's position, and his remarkable influence over all the earnest young men who were his pupils.

Thomas Arnold's college career, and life as a Fellow of Oriel, had marked him as a man of note, and afterwards he had shown his great capacity for educating and training boys at Laleham, where he opened a school, when he resigned his fellowship at the time of his marriage.

Dr. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel, hearing of Arnold's application for the position of master of

Rugby, wrote a letter to the trustees of Rugby which resulted in his election. There were many other applications, and his was very late, but the statement of Dr. Hawkins was so strong that it carried conviction with it. He gave as his opinion that, 'if Mr. Arnold were elected, he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England.' He nobly redeemed this pledge so boldly given.

The school became a place where men were trained, not only in classical and general learning, but moral and intellectual discipline was taught, strong characters were formed, and men trained for the duties and cares of life. It has been truly observed by one who knew him well: 'His Thucydides, his history, his sermons, his miscellaneous writings, are all proofs of his ability and goodness. Yet the story of his life is worth them all.'

Rugby has now become famous throughout the English-speaking world, — sacred to the memory of Arnold, and endeared to many by the new life which was there given to the dry bones of the public-school system. Not favored as Winchester, and some of the other great schools in ancient associations and a venerable foundation,

the school was comparatively modern, having been founded by one Lawrence Sheriff, a London shopkeeper, in 1567. It was little known, and of small repute beyond the midland counties of England, till Dr. Arnold brought his breezy vigor and strong character to animate and enlarge the purpose of the school.

Rugby was situated in a county not calculated to stir the imagination or inspire the mind. The midland flats were very depressing to Dr. Arnold, who wrote in 1833, after he had thoroughly lost the influence of Laleham,—a place of great beauty, 'As far as scenery goes, I would rather have heath and blue hills all the year, than mountains for three months and Warwickshire for nine, with no hills, either blue or brown, no heaths, no woods, no clear streams, no wide plains for lights and shades to play over; nay, no banks for flowers to grow upon, but one monotonous undulation of green fields and hedges and very fat cattle.'

He gives another glimpse of Warwickshire some years after, which shows the love he had for nature.

'My wife, thank God, is very well, and goes out on the pony regularly, as usual. We went to-day

as far as the turnpike on the Dunchurch Road, then round by Deadman's Corner to Bilton, and so home. Hoskyns, who is Sandford's curate at Dunchurch, walked with us as far as the turnpike. The day was bright and beautiful, with gleams of sun, but no frost. You can conceive the buds swelling on the wild roses and hawthorns, and the pussy catkins of the willows are very soft and mouse-like; their yellow anthers have not yet shown themselves. The felling of trees goes on largely, as usual, and many an old wild and tangled hedge, with its mossy banks, presents at this moment a scraped black bank below, and a cut and stiff fence of stakes above; one of the minor griefs which have beset my Rugby walks for the last twelve years at this season of the year.'

As each year brought the entire change offered by his lovely Westmoreland home, Arnold did more justice to the quiet country beauty of Rugby; and Stanley says: 'In his daily walk to his bathing-place in the Avon, he was constantly calling the attention of his companions to the peculiar charm of this season of the year, when everything was so rich without being parched; the deep greens, of a field of clover, or of an old elm on the rise of

a hill on the outskirts of Rugby, or of a fine oak, which called forth many old recollections of its associates in the adjoining hedges, of which it was one of the few survivors. And these walks were enlivened by those conversations in which his former pupils took so much delight; in which he was led on through the various topics of which his mind was full.'

Arthur, in letters to his former schoolmaster, describes himself as domiciled for a time in a small boarding house of fourteen boys, each having his own small study, 'which,' he says, 'is a very great advantage.' The 'towers and turrets' he compares to those of some stately castle; the 'close' with its many tall trees, was always a joy to him. Years after, on his return from Greece, he spoke of them with renewed pleasure. The surrounding country, with its sluggish streams of cloudy waters, the numerous branches of the Avon, winding through extensive meadows, recalled to him the memories of Shakespeare and Wycliffe. Early in life he showed his peculiar love of historic association. He always felt, not only the beauty of a scene, the grandeur of a building, but the coincidence of the beauty;



the grandeur and antiquity recalled to his fertile mind any great event connected therewith.

One old Rugby boy speaks of this historic spot, and the fun the boys found in bathing. 'The River Avon at Rugby is a capital river for bathing, as it has many nice small pools, and several good reaches for swimming, all within about a mile of one another, and at an easy twenty minutes' walk from the school. This mile of water is rented, or used to be rented, for bathing purposes, by the trustees of the school, for the boys. The footpath to Brownsover crosses the river by the 'Planks,' a curious old single-plank bridge running for fifty or sixty yards into the flat meadows on each side of the river, — for in the winter there are frequent floods. Above the Planks were the bathing places for the smaller boys; Sleath's, the first bathing-place, where all new boys had to begin, until they proved to the bathing men (three steady individuals who were paid to attend daily through the summer to prevent accidents) that they could swim pretty decently, when they were allowed to go on to Anstey's, about one hundred and fifty yards below. Here there was a hole about six feet deep and twelve feet across, over which the



puffing urchins struggled to the opposite side, and thought no small beer of themselves, for having been out of their depths. Below the Planks came larger and deeper holes, the first of which was Wratislaw's, and the last Swift's, a famous hole ten or twelve feet deep in parts, and thirty yards across, from which there was a fine swimming reach right down to the mill. Swift's was reserved for the sixth and fifth forms, and had a spring-board and two sets of steps; the others had one set of steps each, and were used indifferently by all the lower boys, though each house addicted itself more to one hole than to another.'

The character of Arthur in 'Tom Brown's' is very much what one can fancy of Arthur Stanley: the shrinking, yet fearless purity of heart; the strong moral courage which animated a fragile form, — all seem coincident with that of our subject. One writer, who knew many anecdotes of the Rugby days, particularly names the dormitory scene as descriptive of this remarkable resemblance. The courage of Arthur, and his good example are well pictured.

'It was bedtime. On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and un-



dressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear; the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he did n't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child and the strong man in agony.'

There are so many clever descriptions of Rugby life and the buildings in 'Tom Brown's School-days' that one cannot help recalling more or less of Hughes's genial book. The guard's description is at least vivid and lifelike.

'What sort of a place is it, please? says Tom. Guard looks at him with a comical expression. Werry out-o'-the-way place, sir; no paving to streets nor no lighting. 'Mazin' big horse and cattle fair in autumn — lasts a week — just over now. Takes town a week to get clean after it. Fairish hunting country. But slow place, sir, slow place; off the main road, you see — only three

coaches a day, and one on 'em a two-oss wan, more like a hearse nor a coach — Regulator — comes from Oxford. Young genl'm'n at school calls her Pig and Whistle, and goes up to college by her (six miles an hour) when they goes to enter. . . .

'And so here's Rugby, sir, at last, and you'll be in plenty of time for dinner at the school-house, as I tell'd you, said the old guard, pulling his horn out of its case and tootletooing away; while the coachman shook up his horses, and carried them along the side of the school close, round Deadman's Corner, past the school gates, and down the High Street, to the Spread Eagle; the wheelers in a spanking trot, and leaders cantering, in a style which would not have disgraced Cherry Bob, ramping, stamping, tearing, swearing Billy Harwood, or any other of the great coaching heroes.

'Tom's heart beat quick as he passed the great school field or close, with its noble elms, in which several games at football were going on, and tried to take in at once the long line of gray buildings, beginning with the chapel, and ending with the school-house, the residence of the head-master, where the great flag was lazily waving from the highest round tower.'



The great hall of the 'School-house,' as the large building was termed, opening into the quadrangle, 'was a great room thirty feet long and eighteen high, or thereabouts, with two great tables running the whole length, and two large fireplaces at the side, with blazing fires in them, at one of which some dozen boys were standing and lounging.' Having passed through numerous dark passages, Tom was led into a Rugby study. He had n't been prepared for separate studies, and was not a little astonished and delighted with the palace in question.

'It was n't very large, certainly, being about six feet long by four broad. It could n't be called light, as there were bars and a grating to the window; which little precautions were necessary in the studies on the ground-floor looking out into the close, to prevent the exit of small boys after locking-up, and the entrance of contraband articles. But it was uncommonly comfortable to look at, Tom thought. The space under the window at the further end was occupied by a square table covered with a reasonably clean and whole red and blue check tablecloth; a hard-seated sofa covered with red stuff occupied one side, running up to the

end, and making a seat for one, or by sitting close, for two, at the table; and a good stout wooden chair afforded a seat to another boy, so that three could sit and work together. The walls were wainscoted half-way up, the wainscot being covered with green baize, the remainder with a bright-patterned paper, on which hung three or four prints, of dog's heads.' The favorite race horse of the day, a Waverley print of Amy Robsart, a picture of Tom Crib, the noted prize-fighter, ornamented the room. 'Shelves filled with such articles as a mouse trap, straps, brass candlesticks, a bag, climbing irons, and other articles such as boys affect, completed the picture, with a cricket-bat and fishing rod thrown into a corner.' This was one Rugby boy's study, or sanctum; and probably the description would answer for many, slightly varying the list to suit the individuality of the occupant.

Mr. Hughes says of the boys as a whole, and their appearance at dinner: —

'In they came, some hot and ruddy from football or long walks, some pale and chilly from hard reading in their studies, some from loitering over the fire at the pastrycook's, dainty mortals, bringing with them pickles and sauce-bottles to help



them with their dinners. And a great big bearded man, whom Tom took for a master, began calling over the names, while the great joints were being rapidly carved on a third table in the corner by the old verger and the housekeeper.'

Arthur Stanley's entrance into the school was hardly as happy as that of the hero of the story. He wrote his teacher, Mr. Rawson, after quite a time, that he had not yet fixed on any one whom he should like as a friend. Years afterwards he drops what was only a hint of intense suffering in those early days, on the eve of contesting for the Balliol scholarship, when he wrote a friend already at Oxford: —

'I recollect when I first came here, and was much bullied at my first house, that I one day walked disconsolately up to the school, where I met ——, who took me round the close, and asked me how I liked the place? I, being too broken-spirited to enter into a detail of my grievances, said, in the very bitterness of my heart, that I liked it very much.'

After some time he wrote again, evidently wishing to amuse his early teacher; and he certainly



surprises his later friends by informing him that 'he has been chosen to write out one of the præpostor's prize-essays, *on account of writing such a good hand*,'—carefully underlining the now almost incredible statement. He tells him 'how the school now numbers 167 boys, but is rapidly increasing with Dr. Arnold's fame.'

He wrote of his own good health, that he was favored very much. 'My health is almost perfect. From one half year to another I pass with scarcely a day's sickness.' He rose rapidly in the school, thanks to good health and the careful instruction at Seaforth. He wrote of himself to the same friend that he was 'keen as a hound in the pursuit of knowledge;' and his power to indulge his love of reading unquestioned was a great pleasure, and he says, 'I am reading to myself chiefly history. I have got through all Mitford and all Gibbon, and several smaller ones, with greater success than I could have expected.'

His mother wrote her sister, two months after his entrance, of visiting Rugby, for a little glimpse of her boy, as they were returning from Cheshire to London.

'March, 1829.

'We arrived at Rugby exactly at twelve, waited to see the boys pass, and soon spied Arthur with his books on his shoulder. He colored up and came in, looking very well, but cried a good deal on seeing us, chiefly I think from nervousness. The only complaint he had to make was that of having no friend, and the feeling of loneliness belonging to that want, and this, considering what he is, and what boys of his age usually are, would and must be the case anywhere. We went to dine with Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, and they are of the same opinion, that he was as well off and as happy as he could be at a public school, and on the whole I am satisfied, — quite satisfied, considering all things, for Dr. and Mrs. Arnold are indeed delightful. She was ill, but still animated and lively. He has a very remarkable countenance, something in forehead, and again in manner, which puts me in mind of Reginald Heber, and there is a mixture of zeal, energy, and determination tempered with wisdom, candor, and benevolence, both in manner and in everything he says. He had examined Arthur's class, and said Arthur had done very well, and the class generally. He said he was

gradually reforming, but that it was like pasting down a piece of paper — as fast as one corner was put down another started up. Yes, said Mrs. A., but Dr. Arnold always thinks the corner will not start again. And it is that happy sanguine temperament which is so particularly calculated to do well in this, or indeed, any situation.'

Arthur Stanley in his life of Arnold naturally devotes considerable attention to the state of things at Rugby as Dr. Arnold found them, and the reforms he introduced. He conceals nothing as to the bitter opposition Arnold met, and tries impartially to weigh the value of his beloved master's work. He wrote years before, to Mr. Rawson, when but a boy just entered, 'I don't know whether you have heard much of Dr. Arnold, or conceived bad opinions of him. It is possible that you may have heard him abused in every way. He has been branded with the names of Sabbath-breaker and infidel. But seeing so much of him as I do, I may safely say that he is as thorough a Christian as you can anywhere find. His sermons are certainly the most beautiful that I ever heard, and rendered doubly impressive by his delivery. He has reformed the school in every possible way,



introducing history, mathematics, modern languages, examinations, prizes, etc.'

It will surprise readers of to-day to hear that the introduction of these branches of learning was then considered as a rash innovation, and fraught with danger to soul and mind. 'I am afraid,' he adds, 'that you would not find many in the school to give him as good a character as this, as perhaps he has got a little more than the usual odium attached to a head-master, but I think there are few who would question his talents or his sermons. *I* am, as you may perceive, thoroughly prejudiced in his favor. The common report is that he will be a bishop. I hope it will not be before my departure.'

CHAPTER VI.

STATE OF PUBLIC EDUCATION IN ENGLAND. — DR. ARNOLD'S METHOD OF TEACHING. — ARTHUR'S IMPRESSIONS OF ARNOLD. — HUGHES'S PICTURE OF ARNOLD. — ARNOLD'S MORAL INFLUENCE. — HIS CONFIDENCE IN THE SIXTH-FORM BOYS. — CLASSICAL EDUCATION VALUED BY ARNOLD. — SYMPATHY OF ARTHUR AND ARNOLD. — ARTHUR'S ACCOUNT OF DR. ARNOLD'S DAILY LIFE. — HIS SERMONS. — HUGHES'S PICTURE OF THE PREACHING OF ARNOLD. — THE ARNOLD HOME. — ARTHUR'S LIFE AT RUGBY. — FRIENDS MADE THERE. — STUDIES AND PROMOTION. — FAGS AND FAGGING. — VACATION. — SCHOOL.

In 1827 the state of education in England in the great public schools was very unsatisfactory. Stanley says of this condition of affairs: —

'The range of classical reading, in itself confined, and with no admixture of other information, had been subject to vehement attacks from the liberal party generally, on the ground of its alleged narrowness and inutility. And the more undoubted evil of the absence of systematic attempts to give a more directly Christian character to what con-

stituted the education of the whole English gentry, was becoming more and more a scandal in the eyes of religious men, who at the close of the last century and the beginning of this — Wilberforce, for example, and Bowdler — had lifted up their voices against it. A complete reformation, or a complete destruction of the whole system, seemed to many persons sooner or later to be inevitable.

'It was at this juncture that Dr. Arnold was elected head-master of a school which, whilst it presented a fair average specimen of the public schools at that time, yet by its constitution imposed fewer shackles on its head, and offered a more open field for alteration than was the case at least with Eton or Winchester.' Stanley adds, this position suited well 'to his love of tuition,' and the desire of carrying out his favorite ideas of uniting things secular with things spiritual, and of introducing the highest principles of action into regions comparatively uncongenial to their reception.

Even his general interest in public matters was not without its use in his new station. What a pity, it was said on the one hand, that a man fit to be a statesman should be employed in teaching schoolboys. What a shame, it was said on the

other hand, that the head-master of Rugby should be employed in writing essays and pamphlets.

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'In entering upon his office he met with difficulties, many of which have passed away, but were by no means insignificant or obvious when he came to Rugby. Nor did his system at once attain its full maturity. He was constantly striving after an ideal standard of perfection which he was conscious that he had never attained. His mind was constantly devising new measures for carrying out his several views.' The school, he said, on first coming, 'is quite enough to employ any man's love of reform; and it is much pleasanter to think of evils which you may yourself hope to relieve, than those with regard to which you can give nothing but vain wishes and opinions. There is enough of Toryism in my nature, he said, on evils being mentioned to him in the place, to make me very apt to sleep contentedly over things as they are, and therefore I hold it to be most true kindness when any one directs my attention to points in the school which are alleged to be going on ill.'

'The perpetual succession of changes which resulted from this was by many objected to as

excessive, and calculated to endanger the stability of his whole system. He wakes every morning, it was said of him, with the impression that everything is an open question. But rapid as might be the alterations to which the details of his system were subjected, his general principles remained fixed. The unwillingness which he had, even in common life, to act in any individual case without some general law to which he might refer it, ran through everything.'

One feels that Stanley's account of Arnold's work and influence is impartial, when he is known to have confessed to an Oxford undergraduate, years after, that, though at first charmed with his master, there was a time in his schoolboy experience when he looked at him as 'fierce and alarming,' and was disposed to think that what he heard of him at home was exaggerated, and the Rugby boys' idea of his harshness the true one. Then came the change as he saw the man in his real aspect, and he added: 'It was after my getting into the fifth form, and during my three and a half years under him in the sixth, that I began to feel what Arnold really was. During all the time that he was being publicly abused, and while nobody befriended him,

I was perfectly satisfied in my own mind that I was in intercourse with one of the most remarkable men of the age. What anxiety there was among some of us to hear him preach! When Sunday came round — when he went from his seat up to the pulpit, and we saw that he was going to preach — I and Vaughan used to nudge each other with delight. When I came back from the examination at Balliol, we posted home late at night, in order to avoid missing his sermon.'

Dr. Arnold believed in an absolute standard of right, fixed and immovable, and this he sought to inculcate. The poet Whittier says, 'Truth should be the first lesson of the child, and the aspiration of manhood,' and the truth is often harsh and uncompromising in its rigid enforcement. Matthew Arnold says in his 'Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse:' —

> 'For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
> And purged its faith and trimmed its fires
> Showed me the high white star of truth,
> There bid me gaze, and there aspire.'

This influence, felt by the son of Arnold, was doubtless the same as that which ruled the early

years of Stanley. Both appreciated in after years the true, unswerving hand which guided their youthful natures so wisely and with the happiest results; and could even at the time see that justice, love, and hope animated the teacher. Long after, Arthur wrote:—'The human intellect has had placed before it, by Him who made it, one object and one only worthy of its efforts, and that is Truth, — truth, not for the sake of any ulterior object, however high or holy, but truth for its own sake.

Dr. Arnold had perfectly amicable relations with the trustees during the time of trial and the storm of abuse he encountered. Stanley says:—

'He, from the first, maintained that in the actual working of the school he must be completely independent. On this condition he took the post, and any attempt to control either his administration of the school, or his own private occupations, he felt bound to resist as a duty, he said on one occasion, not only to himself, but to the master of every foundation school in England.'

Arnold so concentrated his mind on the relation he held towards his pupils that he would sometimes call the school 'our great self.'

At the end of Old Brooke's speech in 'Tom Brown,' Hughes makes him say:—

'One other thing I must have a word about. A lot of you think and say, for I 've heard you, there's this new doctor has n't been here so long as some of us, and he 's changing all the old customs. Rugby, and the school-house especially, are going to the dogs. Stand up for the good old ways, and down with the doctor! Now I 'm as fond of old Rugby customs and ways as any of you, and I 've been here longer than any of you, and I 'll give you a word of advice in time, for I should n't like to see any of you getting sacked. Down with the Doctor 's easier said than done. You 'll find him pretty tight on his perch, I take it, and an awkwardish customer to handle in that line. Besides now, what customs has he put down? There was the good old custom of taking the linchpins out of the farmers' and bagmen's gigs at the fairs, and a cowardly, blackguard custom it was. We all know what came of it, and no wonder the Doctor objected to it. But, come now, any of you, name a custom that he has put down.

'The hounds, calls out a fifth-form boy, clad in

a green cutaway, with brass buttons and cord trousers, the leader of the sporting interest, and reputed a great rider and keen hand generally.

'Well, we had six or seven mangey harriers and had beagles belonging to the house, I 'll allow, and had them for years, and that the Doctor put them down. But what good ever came of them? Only rows with all the keepers for ten miles round; and big-side hare and hounds is better fun ten times over. What else?

'No answer.

'Well, I won't go on. Think it over for yourselves; you 'll find, I believe, that he don't meddle with any one that 's worth keeping. And mind now, I say again, look out for squalls, if you will go your own way, and that way ain't the Doctor's, for it 'll lead to grief. You all know that I 'm not the fellow to back a master through thick and thin. If I saw him stopping football, or cricket, or bathing, or sparring, I 'd be as ready as any fellow to stand up about it; but he don't — he encourages them; did n't you see him out to-day for half an hour watching us (loud cheers for the Doctor)? and he 's a strong, true man, and a wise one, too, and a public-school man, too (cheers); and

so let's stick to him, and talk no more rot, and drink his health as the head of the house (loud cheers),' etc.; and then they all drank; 'the dear old school-house, too, the best house of the best school in England!'

Stanley said of the softened and elevated tone of the school, after the pure and Christian influence of Arnold had been felt and appreciated:—

'Whatever peculiarity of character was impressed on the scholars whom it sent forth, was derived, not from the genius of the place, but from the genius of the man. Throughout, whether in the school itself, or in its after-effects, the one image we have before us is not Rugby, but Arnold.'

It was just this state of things for which Arnold prayed and labored — 'the hope of making the school a place of really Christian education.'

'In proportion as he disliked the assumption of a false manliness in boys, was his desire to cultivate in them true manliness, as the only step to something higher, and to dwell on earnest principle and moral thoughtfulness as the great and distinguishing mark between good and evil. Hence, his wish that as much as possible should

be done *by* the boys, and nothing *for* them. Lying to the masters he made a great moral offence; placing implicit confidence in a boy's assertion, and then, if a falsehood was discovered, punishing it severely, — in the upper part of the school, when persisted in, with expulsion. Even with the lower forms he never seemed to be on the watch for boys; and in the higher forms any attempt at further proof of an assertion was immediately checked: If you say so, that is quite enough — *of course* I believe your word: and there grew up in consequence a general feeling that it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie — he always believes one.'

'At the very sight of a knot of vicious or careless boys gathered around the great schoolhouse fire, it makes me think, he would say, that I see the Devil in the midst of them. From first to last, it was the great subject to which all his anxiety converged. No half year ever passed without his preaching upon it — he turned it over and over in every possible point of view — he dwelt on it as the one master-fault of all. If the spirit of Elijah were to stand in the midst of us, and were we to ask him. What shall we do then? his answer would be, Fear not, nor heed one an-

other's voices, but fear and heed the voice of God only.'

The system of fagging and the power vested by the school authorities in the sixth-form boys he fully believed in as a help to the masters. At Winchester and the other great schools the system prevailed. The abuse of fagging did not, in his opinion, undermine the good of the plan, and he strenuously opposed the popular outcry for the abolition of the system.

'The power, which was most strongly condemned, of personal chastisement vested in the præpostors over those who resisted their authority, he firmly maintained as essential to the general support of the good order of the place; and there was no obloquy which he would not undergo in the protection of a boy who had by due exercise of this discipline made himself obnoxious to the school, the parents, or the public.'

'But the importance which he attached to it arose from his regarding it not only as an efficient engine of discipline, but as the chief means of creating a respect for moral and intellectual excellence, and of diffusing his own influence through the mass of the school. Whilst he made the

præpostors rely upon his support in all just use of their authority, as well as on his severe judgment of all abuse of it, he endeavored also to make them feel that they were actually fellow-workers with him for the highest good of the school; upon the highest principles and motives, — that they had, with him, a moral responsibility, and a deep interest in the real welfare of the place.' . . .

'He determined to use, and to improve to the utmost, the existing machinery of the sixth form, and of fagging; understanding, by the sixth form, the thirty boys who composed the highest class — those who, having risen to the highest form in the school, will probably be at once the oldest and the strongest, and the cleverest, and, if the school be well ordered, the most respectable in application and general character; and by fagging, the power given by the supreme authorities of the school to the sixth form, to be exercised by them over the lower boys, for the sake of securing a regular government amongst the boys themselves, and avoiding the evils of anarchy, — in other words, of the lawless tyranny of physical strength.

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'Nothing, accordingly, so shook his hopes of

doing good, as weakness or misconduct in the Sixth. You should feel, he said, like officers in the army or navy, whose want of moral courage would, indeed, be thought cowardice. When I have confidence in the Sixth, was the end of one of his farewell addresses, there is no post in England which I would exchange for this; but if they do not support me, I must go.

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'I felt, he said once of some great fault of which he had heard in one of the sixth form, and his eyes filled with tears as he spoke, as if it had been one of my own children, and, till I had ascertained that it was really true, I mentioned it to no one, not even to any of the masters.'

'Till a man learns that the first, second, and third duty of a schoolmaster is to get rid of unpromising subjects, a great public school, he said, will never be what it might be, and what it ought to be.' The remonstrances which he encountered, both on public and private grounds, were vehement and numerous. But on these terms alone had he taken his office.

It is interesting to notice that classical education

was violently assailed during the time of Arnold, and his judgment was materially altered in regard to the value of languages for the formation of the mind. On his arrival at Rugby he discarded much of the old method of teaching; but the experience of years proved to him, he always said, that the classics must remain the basis of intellectual culture. —

'To the use of Latin verse, which he had been accustomed to regard as one of the most contemptible prettinesses of the understanding, I am becoming, he said, in my old age more and more a convert.'

Stanley claims for Dr. Arnold that 'among other admirable reforms he was the first Englishman who drew attention in our public schools to the historical, political, and philosophical value of philology and of the ancient writers, as distinguished from the mere verbal criticism and elegant scholarship of the last century. And beside the general impulse which he gave to miscellaneous reading, both in the regular examinations and by encouraging the tastes of particular boys for geology or other like pursuits, he incorporated the study of Modern History, Modern Languages, and Mathematics

into the work of the school, which attempt, as it was the first of its kind, so it was at one time the chief topic of blame and praise in his system of instruction.

'The recollections of the head-master of Rugby are inseparable from the recollections of the personal guide and friend of his scholars. They will at once recall those little traits which, however minute in themselves, will to them suggest a lively image of his whole manner. They will remember the glance with which he looked round in the few moments of silence before the lesson began, and which seemed to speak his sense of his own position and of theirs also, as the heads of a great school; the attitude in which he stood, with his eye fixed upon the boy who was pausing to give an answer; the well-known changes of his voice and manner, so faithfully representing the feeling within. They will recollect the pleased look and the cheerful 'Thank you,' which followed upon a successful answer or translation; the fall of his countenance with its deepening severity, the stern elevation of the eyebrows, the sudden sit down, which followed upon the reverse; the courtesy and almost deference to the boys as to his equals

in society, so long as there was nothing to disturb the friendliness of their relation.'

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'Intellectually, as well as morally, he felt that the teacher ought himself to be perpetually learning, and so constantly above the level of his scholars. I am sure, he said, speaking of his pupils at Laleham, that I do not judge of them, or expect of them as I should, if I were not taking pains to improve my own mind. 'For nineteen out of twenty boys,' he said once to Archbishop Whately, in speaking of the importance not only of information, but real ability in assistant masters, 'ordinary men may be quite sufficient, but the twentieth, the boy of real talents, who is more important than the others, is liable even to suffer injury from not being early placed under the training of one whom he can, on close inspection, look up to as his superior in something besides mere knowledge.'

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'But for mere cleverness, whether in boys or men, he had no regard. 'Mere intellectual acuteness,' he used to say, in speaking (for example) of lawyers, 'divested as it is, in too many cases, of all that is comprehensive and great and good, is to

me more revolting than the most helpless imbecility, seeming to be almost like the spirit of Mephistopheles.'

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'A mere plodding boy was above all others encouraged by him. At Laleham he had once got out of patience, and spoken sharply to a pupil of this kind, when the pupil looked up in his face and said, Why do you speak angrily, sir? — indeed I am doing the best that I can. Years afterwards he used to tell the story to his children, and said, I never felt so much ashamed in my life — that look and that speech I have never forgotten. And though it would of course happen that clever boys, from a greater sympathy with his understanding, would be brought into closer intercourse with him, this did not affect his feeling, not only of respect, but of reverence to those who, without ability, were distinguished for high principle and industry. If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated. In speaking of a pupil of this character, he once said, I would stand to that man *hat in hand.*'

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'Traits and actions of boys, which to a stranger would have told nothing, were to him highly significant. His quick and far-sighted eye became familiar with the face and manner of every boy in the school. Do you see, he said to an assistant master who had recently come, those two boys walking together; I never saw them together before; you should make an especial point of observing the company they keep, — nothing so tells the changes in a boy's character.'

Arthur says: —

'Perhaps the scene which, to those who knew him best, would bring together the recollections of his public and private life in the most lively way, was his study at Rugby. There he sat at his work, with no attempt at seclusion, conversation going on around him — his children playing in the room — his frequent guests, whether friends or former pupils, coming in or out at will — ready at once to break off his occupations to answer a question, or to attend to the many interruptions to which he was liable; and from these interruptions, or from his regular avocations, at the few odd hours or minutes which he could command, would he there return and recommence his writing, as if it had

not been broken off. Instead of feeling my head exhausted, he would sometimes say, after the day's business was over, it seems to have quite an eagerness to set to work. I feel as if I could dictate to twenty secretaries at once.

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'Yet, almost unfailing as was this unhasting, unresting diligence, to use the expression of a keen observer, who thus characterized his impression of one day's visit at Rugby, he would often wish for something more like leisure and repose. We sometimes feel, he said, as if we should like to run our heads into a hole — to be quiet for a little time from the stir of so many human beings, which greets us from morning to evening. And it was from amidst this chaos of employments that he turned, with all the delight of which his nature was capable, to what he often dwelt upon as the rare, the unbroken, the almost awful happiness of his domestic life.

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'Enough, however, may perhaps be said to recall something at least of its outward aspect. There were his hours of thorough relaxation, when he would throw off all thoughts of the school and

of public matters — his quiet walks by the side of his wife's pony, when he would enter into the full enjoyment of air and exercise, and the outward face of nature, observing with distinct pleasure each symptom of the burst of spring, or of the richness of summer — feeling like a horse pawing the ground, impatient to be off — as if the very act of existence was an hourly pleasure to him. There was the cheerful voice that used to go sounding through the house in the early morning, as he went round to call his children; the new spirits which he seemed to gather from the mere glimpses of them in the midst of his occupations — the increased merriment of all in any game in which he joined — the happy walks on which he would take them in the fields and hedges, hunting for flowers — the yearly excursion to look in a neighboring clay-pit for the earliest coltsfoot, with the mock siege that followed. Nor, again, was the sense of his authority as a father ever lost in his playfulness as a companion.

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'In the afternoon he took his ordinary walk and bathe, enjoying the rare beauty of the day, and he stopped again and again to look up into the un-

clouded blue of the summer sky, the blue depth of ether, which had been at all times one of his most favorite images in nature, conveying, as he said, ideas so much more beautiful, as well as more true, than the ancient conceptions of the heavens as an iron firmament.'

One pupil, whose intercourse with Arnold never went beyond the instruction he gave the boys preparatory to confirmation, said 'He appeared to me to be remarkable for his habit of realizing everything that we are told in Scripture. You know how frequently we can ourselves, and how constantly we hear others, go prosing on in a sort of religious cant or slang, which is as easy to learn as any other technical jargon, without seeing, as it were, by that faculty, which all possess, of picturing to the mind, and acting as if we really saw things unseen, belonging to another world. Now he seemed to have the freshest views of our Lord's life and death that I ever knew a man to possess. His rich mind filled up the naked outline of the gospel history; it was to him the most interesting *fact* that has ever happened, — as real, as *exciting* (if I may use the expression), as any recent event in modern history of which the actual effects are visible.'

Another said of his sermons:—

'I used to listen to them from first to last with a kind of awe, and over and over again could not join my friends at the chapel door, but would walk home to be alone; and I remember the same effects being produced by them, more or less, on others, whom I should have thought hard as stones, and on whom I should think Arnold looked as some of the worst boys in the school.

'The boys were thoroughly inspired by the sense of the manliness and straightforwardness of his dealings, and still more by the sense of the general force of his moral character; by the belief (to use the words of different pupils) in his extraordinary knack, for I can call it nothing else, of showing that his object in punishing or reproving was not his own good or pleasure, but that of the boy — in a truthfulness — an εἰλικρίνεια — a sort of moral transparency; in the fixedness of his purpose, and the searchingness of his practical insight into boys, by a consciousness, almost amounting to solemnity, that, when his eye was upon you, he looked into your very inmost heart; that there was something in his very tone and outward aspect,

before which anything low, or false, or cruel, instinctively quailed and cowered.

'And the defect of occasional over-hastiness and vehemence of expression, which, during the earlier period of his stay, at times involved him in some trouble, did not materially interfere with their general notion of his character.

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'But as boys advanced in the school, out of this feeling of fear grew up a deep admiration, partaking largely of the nature of awe, and this softened into a sort of loyalty, which remained even in the closer and more affectionate sympathy of later years. 'I am sure,' writes a pupil who had no personal communications with him whilst at school, and but little afterwards, and who never was in the sixth form, 'that I do not exaggerate my feelings when I say that I felt a love and reverence for him as one of quite awful greatness and goodness, for whom I well remember that I used to think I would gladly lay down my life; adding, with reference to the thoughtless companions with whom he had associated, I used to believe that I, too, had a work to do for him in the school, and did for his sake labor to raise the

tone of the set I lived in, particularly as regarded himself.'

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One of Arnold's descriptions of a thoroughly courageous man is characteristic of his own nature: 'He fears God thoroughly, and he fears neither man nor Devil beside.'

His breezy nature welcomed all new improvements, all influences which were likely to sweep away old superstitions, old prejudices. Once, as he stood watching the great Birmingham railroad recently opened to Rugby, he said:—

'I rejoice to see it,' as he stood on one of its arches, and watched the train pass on through the distant hedgerows,—'I rejoice to see it, and think that Feudality is gone forever. It is so great a blessing to think that any one evil is really extinct. Bunyan thought that the giant Pope was disabled forever—and how greatly was he mistaken.'

Arthur Stanley's pictures of Arnold and Rugby are necessary as making up his own portrait, a summary of his own life and character. As he truly observes, Rugby was Arnold and Arnold Rugby, fifty years ago; and the good seed sown

there has born a thousandfold, and influenced countless lives. One unfriendly critic says of Rugby and Stanley, 'Thenceforward his best life blood was infected with Arnoldian poison.'

Hughes's description of the first sermon from the Doctor says of his powerful influence:—

'More worthy pens than mine have described that scene. The oak pulpit standing out by itself above the school seats. The tall, gallant form, the kindling eye, the voice, now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light infantry bugle, of him who stood there Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of righteousness and love and glory, with whose spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke. The long lines of young faces, rising tier above tier down the whole length of the chapel, from the little boy's who had just left his mother to the young man's who was going out next week into the great world, rejoicing in his strength. It was a great and solemn sight, and never more so than at this time of year, when the only lights in the chapel were in the pulpit, and at the seats of the præpostors of the week, and the soft twilight stole over the rest of the

chapel, deepening into darkness in the high gallery behind the organ.'

Arthur took notes of the Doctor's sermons, and we find Mrs. Stanley writing in 1833:—

'It was too damp to go out this evening, so I stayed at home, with Arthur's notes of Arnold's sermons.'

She wrote again, after a talk with Arthur about Dr. Arnold's views during his last vacation at Rugby:—

'Arthur was a running commentary upon Arnold's Church Reform—knowing so well what he meant by this, what led him to that, and recognizing his illustrations and references.'

A pretty picture is given of the home life at Rugby, when Mrs. Arnold received the boys. She was a worthy assistant in her husband's work, and amid all her household cares—and nine children brought their usual accompaniments of care and labor—she found time to welcome the '*fellows*,' as Arnold called them, to their pleased surprise, often and cordially. One young visitor long after said of her: 'The lady who presided there is still living, and has carried with her to her peaceful home in the North the respect and love of all

those who ever felt and shared that gentle and high-bred hospitality. Aye, many is the brave heart now doing its work and bearing its load in country curacies, London chambers, under the Indian sun, and in Australian towns and clearings, which looks back with fond and grateful memory to that school-house drawing-room, and dates much of its highest and best training to the lessons learnt there.'

'Besides Mrs. Arnold and one or two of the elder children, there were one of the younger masters.'

The boy adds, 'How frank and kind and manly' was the Doctor's greeting, as he joined the party by his fireside. Such remembrances carry with them the inspiration of a lifetime for the young. A cordial welcome in such a home is a bright and wholesome inspiration for future work and days.

Rugby soon became to Arthur Stanley a second home. He has shown, by the description given of the school and Arnold and his work, that he perfectly grasped the plan of teaching, and the development of mind and soul which Arnold made his aim and object. Arthur made good friends among

the boys, after a time, finding one or two chosen companions, and gradually increasing his circle as his acquaintances penetrated the shyness of his nature. Charles Vaughan, his life-long friend and his brother-in-law, was among the first intimates he found at school.

He rapidly rose in his studies, and at mid-summer was placed in the fifth form, which brought him into more personal relations with Dr. Arnold, gave him the entrance to the library, greatly prized by the young reader, and freed him from the terrors of præpostors and the fagging system.

Arthur's removal into the shell at Easter preceded his elevation to the fifth form. The mid-summer holidays found him at Alderley well and happy, living much more the boyish life natural to his age. Rugby had already done this for him, as we see him 'striding about upon the lawn on stilts,' with his brothers and sisters.

In September of 1829 he gave his mother a picture of his occupations, and she seems to have had more pleasure in hearing of some of his adventures than of his studies. His accounts of foot-ball, and of a hare-and-hounds hunt in which he 'got left

behind with a clumsy boy and a silly one' at a brook, which, after some deliberation, he leaped, and '*nothing happened,*' would look as if he, also, enjoyed the sport. Mrs. Stanley wrote:—

'I have had such a ridiculous account from Arthur, of his sitting up with three others, all night, *to see what it was like!* They heartily wished themselves in bed before morning. He also writes of an English copy of verses given to the fifth form,—Brownsover, a village near Rugby, with the Avon flowing through it, and the Swift flowing into the Avon, into which Wickliffe's ashes were thrown. So Arthur and some others instantly made a pilgrimage to Brownsover to make discoveries. They were allowed four days, and Arthur's was the best of the thirty in the fifth form, greatly to his astonishment, but he says: Nothing happened, except that I get called Poet now and then, and my study Poet's Corner. The master of the form gave them another subject to write upon in an hour, to see if they had each made their own, and Arthur was again head. What good sense there is in giving these kind of subjects to excite interest and inquiry, though few

would be so supremely happy as Arthur in making the voyage of discovery. I ought to mention that Arthur was detected with the other boys in an unlawful letting off of squibs, and had one hundred lines of Horace to translate!'

CHAPTER VII.

STUDIES AND LETTERS. — PRIZES. — MRS. STANLEY SEES GREAT PROGRESS IN ARTHUR'S WORK. — HER LETTER. — RUGBY MAGAZINE. — ARTHUR AN EDITOR. — HIS REMINISCENCES. — THOMAS HUGHES'S ACCOUNT OF MEETING ARTHUR. — MRS. STANLEY'S LETTERS, AND A VISIT TO RUGBY. — THE ARNOLDS AT ALDERLEY. — WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. — GRAY'S POEMS.

In 1830 the letters of Mrs. Stanley give glimpses of progress and work in Arthur's school life. In February he began mathematics, and wrote his mother he 'did not wonder Archimedes never heard the soldiers come in, if he was as much puzzled over a problem as he is.'

June found Mrs. Stanley at Rugby for a look at Arthur, 'to his great delight and surprise, and had two most comfortable hours with him. There is just a shade more of confidence in his manners, which is very becoming. He talked freely and fluently, looked well and happy, and came the next morning at six o'clock with his Greek book and his note-book under his arm.'

The last of the month Arthur wrote a letter telling his mother of his disappointment, 'saying that his verses on Malta had failed in getting the prize. There had been a hard contest between him and another. His poem was the longest and contained the best ideas, but, he says, that is matter of opinion; the other was the most accurate. There were three masters on each side, and it was some time in being decided. The letter expresses his disappointment (for he had thought he should have it), and his vexation (knowing that another hour would have enabled him to look over and probably to correct the fatal faults) so naturally, and then the struggle of his amiable feeling that it would be unkind to the other boy, who had been very much disappointed not to get the essay, to make any excuses. Altogether it is just as I should wish, and much better than if he had got it.'

This early failure to win a prize was followed by so many distinctions of the kind that he was probably consoled for this first disappointment. One letter written some years later records his winning the prizes for a Greek poem and a Latin essay, carrying off these two, with others, all the honors

then known at Rugby. He was only rivalled once in this achievement, and that by Arthur H. Clough, whose name is dear to old Rugby boys, and well known to the public. One friend of his says of this remarkable feat: 'The most definite school tradition that I, as a schoolboy there myself, found attached to his name was, that on handing to him the very last of these five prizes, his master and ours broke for the first time the profound, the almost grim silence which, strange as it may sound to modern ears, he invariably maintained on the annual Speech-Day, to utter the expressive words, Thank you, Stanley; we have nothing more to give you.'

July found Arthur again at home, and his mother said he began 'to look like a young man.' After his return to Rugby in the fall, he received 'the remarkable distinction of not being examined at all except in extra subjects. Dr. Arnold called him up before masters and school, and said he had done so perfectly well it was useless.'

Mrs. Arnold was so interested in this that she wrote Mrs. Stanley herself to congratulate her. Mrs. Arnold was already attracted to Arthur, for his peculiarities engaged her sympathies, and she

watched him with affectionate solicitude long before she was gratified by seeing his devotion to her husband.

Mrs. Stanley's three boys were a constant source of pleasure and interest to her. She was greatly occupied in studying their development, and the marked differences in their character. She wrote in 1830 of being 'amused the other day on taking up the memorandum-books of my two boys. Owen's full of calculations, altitudes, astronomical axioms, etc.; Arthur's of Greek idioms, Grecian history, parallels of different historical situations. Owen does Arthur a great deal of good by being so much more attentive and civil; it piques him to be more alert. Charlie profits by both brothers. Arthur examines him in his Latin, and Charlie sits with his arm round his neck, looking with the most profound deference in his face for exposition of Virgil.'

A few weeks after she heard from the third, Charlie, who wrote from his school:—

'I am very miserable, not that I want anything, except to be at home.' 'Arthur does not mind going half so much. He says he does not know why, but all the boys seem fond of him, and he

never gets plagued in any way like the others; his study is left untouched, his things unbroke, his books undisturbed. Charlie is so fond of him and deservedly so. You would have been so pleased one night, when Charlie all of a sudden burst into violent distress at not having finished his French task for the holidays, by Arthur's judicious good-nature in showing him how to help himself, entirely leaving what he was about of his own employment.'

In July of 1831 Mrs. Stanley had her children with her, and says:—

'I am writing in the midst of an academy of art. Just now there are Arthur and Mary drawing and painting at one table; Charlie deep in the study of fishes and hooks, and drawing varieties of both at another; and Catherine with her slate full of houses with thousands of windows. Charlie is fishing mad, and knows how to catch every sort, and just now he informs me that to catch a bream you must go out before breakfast. He is just as fond as ever of Arthur. You would like to see Arthur examine him, which he does so mildly and yet so strictly, explaining everything so *à l'Arnold.*'

A few days later we find her busy teaching 'Arthur to drive, row, and gymnasticize, and he finds himself making progress in the latter; that he can do more as he goes on — a great encouragement always. Imagine Dr. Arnold and one of the other masters gymnasticizing in the garden, and sometimes going out leaping — as much a sign of the times as the chancellor appearing without a wig, and the king with half a coronation.'

Arthur continued to work very hard, and while he enjoyed the country walks about Rugby, some of which he took with Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, yet he never really entered into the athletic sports which are so largely associated in the minds of most people with the great public schools of England. He wrote an article for the old 'Rugby Magazine,' which he assisted in editing, in which he speaks of himself and his brother editors as starting out with heated brains for a ten minutes' walk about the 'close' before the hour for 'locking up,' and how they met the greater part of the school coming in from the summer's afternoon cricket game.

His quiet and studious habits, which endeared him to the heads of the school, prevented his being

as widely known and understood by the majority of his schoolfellows. A little anecdote, which he told some years after at a Rugby dinner with much humor, rather described the disgust the boys then felt at seeing one among them sitting at home to read instead of joining their sports. He said, 'As I sat in that study reading Mitford, a stone thrown at me by a schoolfellow came through the window, struck me on the forehead here, striking his forehead as he spoke, and left an almost indelible scar.'

One, who was only a very little boy when Arthur Stanley was 'præpostor,' says:—

'Not being marked out from others in any game, —not even to the extent of Clough's prowess as goal-keeper at football, his name passed away very quickly at his house, save for the holidays which he won for us at Oxford.' But another friend said he 'found his name, after the lapse of three years from his leaving Rugby, surrounded by the halo of departed genius; and I may add that I for one could say by heart most of his Oxford prize poem before I had ever seen its author.'

Thomas Hughes says:—

'My first meeting with Arthur Stanley—the

name by which the Dean always wished to be known—was in the month of January, 1834, in which I went to Rugby, a somewhat scared boy eleven years old. I carried in my pocket a note of introduction to him from a boy who had been a friend of his at school, but who had left, and whose home was near ours in the country. When giving it, he took care to impress upon me the great position, in the new world to which I was bound, of the person to whom it was addressed—by far the most distinguished boy in the Sixth, the favorite pupil of the Doctor—and that I should gain credit in the eyes of all the fags, amongst whom my lot would be cast, if he should deign to throw me a word or two on delivery of the letter, and a nod or two afterward when I chanced to meet him in close or quadrangle.

'Impressed with this discourse, I duly left the document at his boarding-house on the day the Sixth Form returned, and was amazed, as well as delighted, when an almost immediate answer, asking me—a new boy he had never seen or heard of—to breakfast in his study.

'I appeared at the named hour, not without slight trepidation, as of the modest man who is going for

the first time to eat his meat in the presence of the Lord's anointed. This feeling, however, gave way almost instantly in the presence of our host, who made the smallest and shyest of us all feel at home by the sympathetic kindness of his greeting to each of us. If I remember rightly, we were six in number, all small new boys, and one big boy besides our host himself—either Arthur Clough, I think, or his friend and brother poet, Burbage. The study, being that of head of the house, held us all, and it need not be added that we were plentifully regaled. Even then Arthur Stanley was himself almost without taste or smell, so that all viands were much the same to him, if only they were tender, but he was already given to bountiful hospitality to his friends.

'He was at that time (and indeed always remained) very slight of his age, of rather florid complexion, and with a singularly bright, quick, and yet often dreamy expression. He wore his hat rather on the back of his head, and walked with queer little short scuffling paces, rather on his heels, so that you could tell him by his gait at any distance—a singular contrast to the Doctor's long shambling strides, as they walked along by

the side of Mrs. Arnold's gray pony on half-holiday afternoons.'

'From the day of the breakfast, from which he dismissed us with the rare injunction to come to him if we got into trouble or wanted advice—a privilege, however, that I for one never ventured to avail myself of—up to Easter, when he left school, his occasional smile and nod were always ready when I chanced to meet him, anywhere but out of bounds, for under those circumstances he was a disciplinarian, and enforced strictly, and in extreme cases, even with the cane, the ancient but somewhat unmeaning practice of shirking.'

The Arnolds were in constant intercourse with the Stanleys, and Mrs. Stanley often went to Rugby, while the Arnolds, after they had settled their vacation home in Westmoreland, would occasionally break their journey there by stopping at Alderley. In November, Mrs. Stanley speaks of 'sleeping at Rugby on Monday night, where she had had a comfortable evening with Arthur, and next morning breakfasted with Dr. Arnold. What a man he is! He struck me more than before, even, with the impression of power, energy, and singleness of heart, aim, and purpose. He was very

indignant at the *Quarterly Review* article on cholera—the surpassing selfishness of it, and spoke so *nobly*—was busy writing a paper to state what cholera is, and what it is not. . . . Arthur's veneration for him is beautiful; what good it must do to grow up under such a tree!'

A little later she met Arthur at Knutsford and carried him home with her proudly. She found, she said, he was 'classed first in everything but composition, in which he was second, and mathematics, in which he did not do well enough to be classed, nor ill enough to prevent his having the reward of the rest of his works. I can trace the improvement from his having been so much under Dr. Arnold's influence; so many inquiries and ideas are started in his mind, which will be the ground-work of future study. . . .

'Charlie is very happy now in the thought of going to Rugby and being with Arthur, and Arthur has settled all the study and room concerns very well for him. I am going to have a sergeant from Macclesfield to drill them these holidays, to Charlie's great delight and Arthur's patient endurance. The latter wants it much. It is very hard always to be obliged to urge that which is against the

grain. I never feel I am doing my duty so well to Arthur as when I am teaching him to dance, and urging him to gymnasticize, when I would so much rather be talking to him of his note-books, etc. He increasingly needs the free use of his powers of mind, too, as well as of his body. The embarrassments and difficulty of getting *out* what he knows seems so painful to him, while some people's pain is all in getting it in; but it is very useful for him to have drawbacks in everything.'

That the influence of Dr. Arnold was the very right one in all ways may be seen when one finds Stanley gradually losing that painful shyness which weighted down his spirits and expression in earlier years. In writing a pupil of his, then at Oxford, the Doctor said of this failing, 'you should, I am sure, make an effort to speak *out*, as I am really grateful for your having *written out* to me. Reserve and fear of committing one's self are, beyond a certain point, positive evils; a man had better expose himself half a dozen times, than be shut up always; and, after all, it is not exposing yourself, for no one can help valuing and loving what seems an abandonment to feelings of sympathy, especially when, from the character of him who

thus opens his heart, the effort is known to be considerable.'

He drew out Arthur's powers of expression, his latent fund of genial humor, and each year saw the increase of that wonderful adaptability for which Dean Stanley was celebrated. Dr. Arnold, with his whole-souled nature and hearty sympathy, had a rare insight into boy-nature; he had no desire to pry into his young friend's affairs, but was on the alert for all that could rouse and strengthen their highest nature. He himself wrote of this feeling: —

'It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation, — that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation, — but I want a sign, which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life, — whither tending, and in what cause engaged; and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly, and with as fresh a sympathy, as when I was twenty years younger. I feel this in talking to you, and in writing to you; and I feel that you will neither laugh at me, nor be offended with me for saying it.'

When, in 1832, Arthur received several prizes, he sent them to his mother, and she says: —

'One copy he had illustrated in answer to my questions, with all his authorities, to show how he came by the various bits of information. In this parcel he sent an Ancient Ballad, showing how Harold the king died at Chester, the result of a diligent collation of old chronicles he and Mary had made together in the winter. Arthur put all the facts together from memory.'

The cloud on Arthur's nature sometimes returned, for she said in one of the later visits made by him at Alderley :—

'Arthur has not shaken off his first fit of shyness yet. I think he colors more than ever, and hesitates more in bringing out what he has to say. I am at my usual work of teaching him to use his body, and Charlie his mind.'

In a letter to Dr. Greenhill, then an undergraduate, in speaking of the approach of the time when he must leave Rugby, Arthur called the school, 'the place where I have spent five happy years, learned knowledge human and divine, as probably I shall never learn it again.' He speaks also of Rugby as 'the place, too, of my several friendships (forgive me, he inserts, for the word *several*) to last, I hope, none lessened by the existence of

others, to the latest hour of my life.' And well he might extol Rugby, for it is evident that he was greatly helped by the life there. Mrs. Stanley, visiting him at school in the spring of 1833, says:—

'I never found Arthur more blooming than when we saw him at Rugby on Monday. Mrs. Arnold said she always felt that Arthur had more sympathy with her than any one else, that he understood and appreciated Dr. Arnold's character, and the union of strength and tenderness in it, that Dr. Arnold said he always felt that Arthur took in his ideas, received all he wished to put into him more in the true spirit and meaning than any boy he had ever met with, and that she always delighted in watching his countenance when Dr. Arnold was preaching.'

When the school broke up for the midsummer vacation, the Arnolds, in going to Westmoreland, stopped at Alderley, and the visit is duly chronicled by Mrs. Stanley, to whom it was a great pleasure. 'At eight o'clock last night the Arnolds arrived. Dr. Arnold and Arthur behind the carriage, Mrs. Arnold and two children inside, two more with the servant in front, having left the other chaiseful at Congleton. Ar-

thur was delighted with his journey,— said Dr. Arnold was just like a boy — jumped up, delighted to be set free, — had talked all the way of the geology of the country, knowing every step of it by heart, — so pleased to see a common, thinking it might do for the people to expatiate on. We talked of the Cambridge philosophers — why he did not go there — he dared not trust himself with its excitement or with society in London. Edward said something of the humility of finding yourself with people so much your superior, and at the same time the elevation of feeling yourself of the same species. He shook his head — I should feel that in the company of legislators, but not of abstract philosophers. Then Mrs. Arnold went on to say how De Ville had pronounced on his head that he was fond of *facts*, but not of abstractions, and he allowed it was most true; he liked geology, botany, philosophy, only as they are connected with the history and well-being of the human race. . . . The other chaise came after breakfast. He ordered all into their places with such a gentle decision, and they were all off by ten, having ascertained, I hope, that it was quite worth while to halt here even for so short a time.'

While Arthur was at Rugby he heard of the future Prime Minister's rising reputation at Oxford, and speaks of 'William Gladstone,' with interest, for he had been a pupil in early years of his own first teacher. His first meeting with Mr. Gladstone was at the senior Mr. Gladstone's home, when William was a boy of fifteen, and he himself was a few years younger. He related this incident some years after. They got into conversation, not on the usual topics of boyish interest, but on the subject of books. 'Have you ever read Gray's poems?' said the future statesman. 'No,' replied his young acquaintance. 'Then do so at once,' said the elder vehemently, and produced the volume. It was taken home, read at once, and enjoyed.

This early acquaintance with Gray's works greatly affected Arthur and when he alluded to the scenery of Greece, or showed the tombs of the earlier kings in his rounds with friends through the older parts of the Abbey, he was constantly quoting from his early favorite's verses, so appropriate in their subject, and perfect in their finish.

CHAPTER VIII.

OXFORD EXAMINATIONS. — ARTHUR'S DESCRIPTIONS OF HIS ANXIETY. — ANNOUNCES HIMSELF CHOSEN 'SCHOLAR AND EXHIBITIONER' OF BALLIOL. — ARNOLD'S LETTER TO MRS. STANLEY. — ANOTHER TERM AT RUGBY. — VACATION. — HURSTMONCEAUX. — JULIUS HARE. — FOX HOW.

In November of 1833 Arthur went to Oxford for his examination for the Balliol scholarship, and gained the first scholarship against thirty competitors from the other great schools. He wrote his old schoolmaster, to whom he was still loyally attached after all the years of Rugby life:

'It is a great triumph,' he says, 'a great triumph to us; for Rugby has hitherto been kept rather in the background by other schools, who this year were entirely defeated.'

In the same letter he enthusiastically renews his expressions of love and gratitude to Dr. Arnold, as he felt that a great deal was due to the master whose broad culture had enabled him to

compete successfully against so large a number of opponents. The examination was well calculated to show Arnold's method of education, and its breadth and comprehensive thoroughness; it *was* a great triumph as Arthur said, for Rugby and its master.

Arthur wrote from Oxford to his own home:—

'Nov. 26, 1833.

'On Monday our examination began at 10 A. M., and lasted to 4 P. M.—a Latin theme, which, as far as four or five revivals could make sure, was without mistakes, and satisfied me pretty well. In the evening we went in from 7 P. M. till 10, and had a Greek chorus, to be translated with notes and also turned into Latin verses, which I did not do well. On Tuesday, from 10 to 1, we had an English theme and a criticism on Virgil, which I did pretty well, and Greek verses from 2 to 4—middling, and we are to go in again to-night at 9. I cannot the least say if I am likely to get it. There seem to be three formidable competitors, especially one from Eton.'

The next letter tells its own story; of the modesty of the writer, and his deep anxiety for

himself, the family, and his honored master's fame.

'Friday, Nov. 29, 7 1-4 P. M.

'I will begin my letter in the midst of my agony of expectation and fear. I finished my examination to-day at two o'clock. At eight to-night the decision takes place, so that my next three quarters of an hour will be dreadful. As I do not know how the other schools have done, my hope of success can depend upon nothing, except that I think I have done pretty well, better, perhaps, from comparing notes than the rest of the Rugby men. Oh, the joy if I do get it! and the disappointment if I do not. And from two of us trying at once, I fear the blow to the school would be dreadful if none of us get it. We had to work the second day as hard as on the first, on the third and fourth not so hard, nor to-day — Horace to turn into English verse, which was good for me; a divinity and mathematical paper, in which I hope my copiousness in the first made up for my scantiness in the second. Last night I dined at Magdalen, which is enough of itself to turn one's head upside down, so very magnificent. . . . I will go on now. We all as-

sembled in the hall, and had to wait an hour, the room getting fuller and fuller with Rugby Oxonians crowding in to hear the result. Every time the door opened, my heart jumped, but many times it was nothing. At last the dean appeared in his white robes, and moved up to the head of the table. He began a long preamble — that they were well satisfied with all, and that those who were disappointed were many in comparison with those who were successful, etc. All this time everyone was listening with the most intense eagerness, and I almost bit my lips off till — The successful candidates are — Mr. Stanley — I gave a great jump, and there was a half shout amongst the Rugby men. The next was Lonsdale from Eton. The dean then took me into the chapel where the Master and all the Fellows were, and there I swore that I would not reveal the secrets, disobey the statutes, or dissipate the wealth of the college. I was then made to kneel on the steps, and admitted to the rank of Scholar and Exhibitioner of Balliol College, *nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus.* I then wrote my name, and it was finished. We start to-day in a chaise and *four* for the glory of it. You may think of my joy,

the honor of Rugby is saved, and I am a scholar of Balliol!'

Arthur's mother received the following letter from Dr. Arnold himself on this happy event, in which he said:—

'I do heartily congratulate you, and heartily thank Arthur for the credit and real benefit he has conferred on us. There was a feeling abroad that we could not compete with Eton or the other great schools in the contest for university honors, and I think there was something of this even in the minds of my own pupils, however much they might value my instruction in other respects, and those who wish the school ill for my sake were ready to say that the boys were taught politics and not taught to be scholars. Already has the effect of Arthur's success been felt here in the encouragement which it has given to others to work hard in the hope of treading in his steps, and in the confidence it has given them in my system. And yet, to say the truth, though I do think that, with God's blessing, I have been useful to your son, yet his success on this occasion is all his own, and a hundred times more gratifying than if it had been gained by my examining; for I have no

doubt that he gained his scholarship chiefly by the talent and good sense of his compositions, which are, as you know, very remarkable.'

The winter of 1833–34 was passed at Rugby by Arthur's own wish, and he felt that he gained more during that last school term than at any other time from Dr. Arnold, with whom he was in constant intercourse. Augustus Hare did not advise this arrangement when his opinion was asked; for, he said, 'though most boys learn most during their last year, it is when they are all shooting up together, but Arthur must be left a high tree among shrubs.'

Mrs. Stanley wrote after Arthur's return for the last school season:—

'Feb. 3, 1834.

'I have just lost Arthur, and a great loss he is to me. The latter part of his time at home is always so much the most agreeable, he gets over his reserve so much more. He has been translating and retranslating Cicero for his improvement, and has been deep in Guizot's essay on the civilization of Europe, besides being chiefly engaged in a *grand* work, at present a secret, but of which you may perhaps hear more in the course of the spring. I

have generally sate with him or he with me, to be ready with criticisms when wanted, and it is delightful to be so immediately and entirely understood—the why and wherefore of an objection seen before it is said. And the mind is so logical, so clear, the taste so pure in all senses, and so accurate. He goes on so quietly and perseveringly as to get through all he intends to get through without the least appearance of bustle or business. He finished his studies at home, I think, with an analysis of the Peninsula battles, trying to understand thereby the *pro* and *con* of a battle.'

The future chronicler of Canterbury, Westminster, and the Holy Land, was happy in his instructors. We have seen Mrs. Stanley's method of education in history; and Dr. Arnold's manner of giving lessons in geography and history was most stimulating and helpful to his pupils; the analysis of battles, and practical instruction on geographical subjects, which he combined into history, gave his scholars something to really interest them.

Arthur, speaking of this power of inspiring and stimulating the mind he so admired in Arnold, said that some, 'who lamented not having made

more use of his teachings while with him, felt that 'a better thought than ordinary often reminded them how he first led to it; and in matters of literature almost invariably found, when any idea of seeming originality occurred to them, that its germ was first suggested by some remark of Arnold' — that 'still, to this day, in reading the Scriptures, or other things, they could constantly trace back a line of thought that came originally from him, as from a great parent mind.'

In March came the sad news to the Stanleys, of the death of Augustus Hare, in Rome. Mrs. Hare, the dear 'Auntie' of the Stanley children, came back to England; and her making Hurstmonceaux her home led to Arthur's being placed with Julius Hare, then rector of Hurstmonceaux, for a few months before he went to Oxford, Julius Hare, who, with his brother Augustus, the rector of Alton Barnes, had written the 'Guesses at Truth,' was a man of enthusiastic and energetic character, a noble nature, and fine scholarship. Both Augustus and Julius Hare were lifelong friends of Arnold, who wrote Julius in March of 1834: 'I will not trouble you with many words; but it seemed unnatural to me not to write, after the

account from Rome, which Arthur Stanley this morning communicated to me. I do not attempt to condole, or to say anything further, than that, having known your brother for more than twenty-five years, and having experienced unvaried kindness from him since I first knew him, I hope that I can in some degree appreciate what you have lost.' The letter concluded briefly with some beautiful and discriminating words expressive of his brother's character.

Julius Hare was an accomplished classical scholar, and one who knew his mind well said the reader can 'imagine how he delighted in reopening for Arthur Stanley the stores of classical learning which had seemed laid aside forever in the solitude of his Sussex living.'

Before Arthur left Rugby his mother made another flying visit there in May. She wrote: 'I have taken the opportunity of spending Sunday at Rugby. Arthur met us two miles on the road, and almost his first words were how disappointed he was that Dr. Arnold had influenza and would not be able to preach! However, I had the compensation of more of his company than under any other circumstances. There were only he and

Mrs. Arnold, so that I became more acquainted with both, and altogether it was most interesting. We had the Sunday evening chapter and hymn, and it was very beautiful to see his manner to the little ones, — indeed to all. Arthur was quite as happy as I was to have such an uninterrupted bit of Dr. Arnold; he talks more freely to him a great deal than he does at home.'

In June he left Rugby. In one of his own letters there is a graphic account of his final school examination, which was conducted on behalf of Oxford by the Bishop of Salisbury, then tutor of Balliol, and for Cambridge by Dr. Wordsworth, afterwards Canon of Westminster, and later Bishop of Lincoln. After relating how his own name was found to be first on the list, and explaining that his dear friend, Charles Vaughan, was bracketed with him, and was his equal in all except his seniority at school, he hopes his friend 'will not think it affected in him to say that he could not possibly have wished it better.' 'There is all,' he writes, 'that was necessary to gratify every individual feeling of vanity; all to make me happy for Vaughan, to whom I should not at all have grudged the first place; all to make me happy for

the school.' 'For now,' he adds, with a dash of public spirit which every public-school boy or man will appreciate, 'let no one say of me, whether in my successes or failures at Oxford, that I was the first at Rugby, and therefore must be taken as a specimen for better or worse of the school. The answer is ready in black and white — that there was and is another equal, who would, had it not been for his long illness before the examination, have most probably been before me.'

Hughes says of Arthur's success: 'When he went up to receive his books from the doctor's hands, they were such a load that he could not take them at once, and, I rather think, a fag was summoned to carry the remainder, while the doctor was specially emphatic in the words with which he presented them, congratulating him on having taken everything in the school that there was to take, and having already done that school high honor outside these walls, at the university, where, at his first attempt, he had gained the red ribbon of Oxford, the Balliol scholarship.'

In a letter to a friend, Arthur describes the parting between himself and Dr. Arnold, called felicitously by one who knew both well, the hero-

schoolmaster and the hero-pupil: 'I saw him,' he writes, 'but for a few minutes, but those few minutes were worth much;' and after describing their brief conversation, the promises of introduction to his old pupil, the late Bishop of Salisbury, and to a newer friend, afterwards Lord Chancellor of England, and then the parting words, the very tones of the twice-repeated 'God bless you, Stanley;' he goes on, 'and so we parted, and so that constant and delightful and blessed intercourse I have had with him for three years closed forever. My comfort is that I shall see him now, when I do see him, with greater ease; but even that may and must be soon broken off, by his becoming, what every year makes more inevitable, a bishop. I see I have said forever. God grant not forever literally, though it may be so on earth.'

A few weeks found Arthur at the Arnolds' in Westmoreland. Dr. Arnold wrote a little while before this, of his place of abode:—

'RYDAL !!! Dec. 23, 1831.

'It is only a house by the road-side, just at the corner of the lane that leads up to Wordsworth's house, with the road on one side of the garden,

and the Rotha on the other, which goes brawling away under our windows with its perpetual music. The higher mountains that bound our view are all snow-capped, but it is all snug, and warm and green in the valley,—nowhere on earth have I ever seen a spot of more perfect and enjoyable beauty, with not a single object out of tune with it, look which way I will. Close above us are the Wordsworths; and we are in our own house a party of fifteen souls, so that we are in no danger of being dull. And I think it would be hard to say which of us all enjoys our quarters the most. We arrived here on Monday, and hope to stay here about a month from the present time.'

Arthur says of the feeling which prompted Dr. Arnold to break away from Warwickshire in the holidays,—

'It was now that, with the thirst for a lodge in some vast wilderness, which in these times of excitement, he writes to a friend, is almost irresistible, he began to turn his thoughts to what ultimately became his home in Westmoreland. It was now, also, that as he came more into contact with public affairs, he began to feel the want of sympathy and the opposition which he subsequently

experienced on a larger scale. I have no man like-minded with me, he writes to Archbishop Whately, — none with whom I can cordially sympathize; there are many good men to be found, and many clever men; some, too, who are both good and clever; but yet there is a want of some greatness of mind, or singleness of purpose, or delicacy of feeling, which makes them grate against the edge of one's inner man.'

The Allan Bank house was merely an experiment on the way of living, and it was followed by another and more permanent arangement. Arthur often saw him later at Fox How, a small estate between Rydal and Ambleside, which he purchased in 1832.

'I feel,' he said, 'that I love Westmoreland, but I care nothing for Warwickshire, and am in it like a plant sunk in the ground in a pot, my roots never strike beyond the pot, and I could be transplanted at any minute without tearing or severing of my fibres. To the pot itself, which is the school, I could cling very lovingly, were it not that the laborious nature of the employment makes me feel that it can be only temporary, and

that, if I live to old age, my age could not be spent in my present situation.'

Fox How became more and more the centre of all his local and domestic affections. 'It is with a mixed feeling of solemnity and tenderness,' he said, 'that I regard our mountain nest, whose surpassing sweetness, I think I may safely say, adds a positive happiness to every one of my waking hours passed in it.'

It was on this first visit of Arthur's at Allan Bank that he made an attempt to see Southey, vainly watching, as he says, like a cat, outside Greta Bank in Keswick for a glimpse of Southey; whose 'Thalaba,' and 'Kehama,' he always loved, and whose poetic charms he praised to his latest days. He saw Wordsworth to his delight, Hartley Coleridge, made the acquaintance of Captain Hamilton, the author of 'Cyril Thornton,' 'Men and Manners in America' and other books of note, 'still lame,' Arthur, fresh from the study of 'Napier's History,' says 'from a wound received at Albuera;' in fact he saw the whole delightful and quaint circle of the Lakeside in their simple country homes. His dear old friend Mrs. Fletcher had not yet settled herself at Lancrigg in her mountain

home, where he often visited her later with Mrs. Arnold.

As we have already seen, the months previous to Stanley's residence at Oxford were spent in the stimulating and invigorating society of Julius Hare, at Hurstmonceaux. Arthur Stanley wrote, long after, of this influence.

Mrs. Stanley wrote of the excellent results of the Hurstmonceaux visit: —

'I cannot speak of the blessing it has been to have Arthur so long with you. He says he feels his mind's horizon so enlarged, and that a foundation is laid of interest and affection for Hurstmonceaux, which he will always henceforward consider as one of his homes, one of the many places in the world he has to be happy in. He writes happily from Oxford, but the lectures and sermons there do not go down after the food he has been living on at Hurstmonceaux and Rugby.'

Arthur himself fully appreciated the unique influence of Julius Hare, and wrote: —

'Who is there that has ever seen the old church of Hurstmonceaux with its yew-tree, and churchyard, and view over sea and land, and will not feel that it has received a memorial forever in the

touching allusions to the death of Phillis Hoad, to the grave of Sina Deimling, to the ancient church on the hill top?

'To pass from common clerical society, however able and instructive, to Hurstmonceaux Rectory, was passing into a house where every window was fearlessly open to receive air and light and sound from the outer world, even though for the moment unwelcome, dazzling, startling.

'Children, says Julius Hare in one of his apothegms, always turn to the light; O that grown up men would do likewise!'

CHAPTER IX.

BALLIOL COLLEGE. — ARNOLD'S CONTINUED INTEREST IN STANLEY, AND STANLEY'S GRATITUDE TO ARNOLD. — THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT. — ARTHUR'S STUDIES.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, founded in the thirteenth century by John Balliol, father of John Balliol King of Scotland, has some valuable privileges and a rich foundation from various benefactors. Wycliffe was master in 1361. Among its scholars are numbered John Evelyn, Sir William Hamilton, and J. G. Lockhart. Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, enjoyed its educational advantages, and Arthur Stanley's name will also grace the list in future. While at Balliol he was in constant communication with his former master, and to Arnold he naturally turns in all his perplexities. He wrote of the strong feeling which Dr. Arnold showed for his scholars, that, 'to any pupil who ever showed any desire to continue his connection with him, his house was always open, and his advice and sympa-

thy ready. No half-year, after the first four years of his stay at Rugby, passed without a visit from his former scholars. Some of them would stay in his house for weeks.' He never shrank from adding to his already large correspondence by writing them long and friendly letters. The names of Dr. Greenhill, Arthur Stanley, Gell, and other old pupils are among his correspondents. He would turn from a letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, Whately or Baron Bunsen, on some weighty subject, to discuss some matter which troubled their young lives. Arthur wrote: —

'To him they turned for advice in every emergency of life, not so much for the sake of the advice itself, as because they felt that no important step ought to be taken without consulting him.'

This wide-awake man was full of interest on daily affairs. He turned from his Thucydides to the Tractarian movement and the topics of the day with great ease.

'All the new influences which so strongly divide the students of the nineteenth century from those of the last had hardly less interest for himself than for them; and, after the dullness or vexation of business or of controversy, a visit of a few days

to Rugby would remind them (to apply a favorite image of his own), how refreshing it is in the depth of winter, when the ground is covered with snow, and all is dead and lifeless, to walk by the seashore, and enjoy the eternal freshness and liveliness of ocean. His very presence seemed to create a new spring of health and vigor within them.'

So much has been said about the creation of a 'faultless monster,' named Arnold, who was really Stanley, by ill-natured critics, that we must carefully weigh all the utterances of Arthur on this subject.

'What a wonderful influence,' he says in a letter written while still at Rugby, 'that man has over me! I certainly feel that I have hardly a free will of my own on any subject on which he has written or spoken. It is, I suppose,' he goes on to say, 'a weak and unnatural state to be in; for,' he adds, with instinctive insight, 'I do not at all consider myself to be naturally of the same frame as he is.'

Dean Stanley's body lay still unburied when the 'Church Times' allowed itself to speak of 'the romantic biography wherein and whereby he created the Arnold myth, and elevated a man who, with much force of personal character, had a very

poor, narrow, and ragged quality of intellect, into a hero, and a demi-god, in the very teeth of the rebutting evidence abundantly supplied by that noxious product of forty-five years ago, the average Rugby prig.' The strong hand of Arnold certainly helped the peculiarities of Arthur Stanley, whose own mother, sensible, intellectual, and tender, could not influence him. Stanley often rebuked the so-called religious press, and this attack shows the style and license of the article he would have checked. The fervid radicalism of Dr. Arnold has been continued by a distinguished pupil who never took orders. This man, with his desire for the elevation of the working classes, did what Stanley would never have thought of doing, — founded, edited, and wrote a weekly register for the instruction of working men in politics.

In a long letter to a friend, Arthur makes a searching analysis of a striking hymn of Dr. Arnold's, which had come into his hands, criticising it quite severely in places, showing that he could see his master's faults as well as his power. Dr. Vaughan, the Dean of Landaff, in his funeral sermon on his life-long friend and brother-in-law, recalled the rapt expression of

Arthur's face as he sat in chapel listening to Arnold preaching, and the absorbed manner in which he walked home after such events, to record his impressions of these ever memorable addresses.

He himself was fully conscious of the master-hand of Arnold, and always bore testimony to his influence. 'Arnold at Rugby,' he said, late in life, 'was my idol and oracle, both in one. Afterwards, well — he was not exactly my oracle, but I reverenced him wholly to the end — I have never felt such reverence for any one since.'

While he was in America, speaking at Baltimore as late as 1878, he said earnestly: —

'The lapse of years has only served to deepen in me the conviction that no gift can be more valuable than the recollection and the inspiration of a great character working in our own. I hope that you may all experience this at some time of your life, as I have done.'

One who knew them both well, and reverenced the very diverse powers of each great mind, said: 'No two men could have been in many points more unlike each other. In stature, in manners, in appearance, in voice, in conversational powers, in much of their general tone of mind, the differ-

ence between them amounted almost to contrast; and however strong were the bonds of sympathy and agreement on the most important subjects, however undying the effects of that contact with so vigorous and impressive a teacher in the most impressible stage of the pupil's life, yet those who knew them both are not very careful to answer otherwise than with a smile of incredulity the suggestion that Stanley was in any way the creation of his teacher. They feel quite sure that he had a genius all his own, and an individuality, and an independence, and a power of marking out his own course, not inferior to that of his master.'

Again, as to the impression given by some writers, that Dr. Arnold, the strong power that created a new Rugby, the teacher, thinker, and historian, was Stanley. A protest must be made against such injustice to a true man, one of England's brave and progressive thinkers. It has been boldly asserted in later years that the friend of Bunsen, Archbishop Whately, the Oxford professor, the first man who dared reform the English public-school system, long neglected, by his own strong power, was a mythical being, a figment of Arthur Stanley's fancy. One of his Rugby boys

says of this strange attempt to undermine a noble character: 'We, his pupils, are fast passing away. Let one of those who still remain record his emphatic protest against these extravagances of incredulity, this entire misreading of the character of two such men.'

And continuing his observations, he notes the care of Stanley as 'unsparing of pains to verify every touch and every line, as determined to check every impression of his own mind by careful comparison with that made on others; above all, content to let the subject of his work speak for himself, in his own words, and almost in his own tones, as Arnold speaks in his letters and journals, and to keep his own impressions, his own views, as carefully in the background as Stanley keeps his in that memorable biography.'

Arthur Stanley was at Oxford, in his undergraduate course, when the Tractarian Movement, headed by Newman, was raging. The influence of Arnold kept his mind clear on the subject. Arthur Hugh Clough, another Rugby boy, and its poet, 'took Oxford much too hard for his happiness,' and allowed the surging billows of this controversy to almost sweep him away.

The life of Arthur Stanley there was, as a rule, serene, undisturbed alike by the pleasures of other students, and the contest about him. A letter of Clough's says of Matthew Arnold in those days, 'M. has gone fishing when he ought to be reading.' Arthur was never distracted by such pursuits. He was a hard student, and greatly absorbed by his reading, which was indispensable for his success. It must be encouraging to students who are not brilliant, to find him writing his eldest brother, during his last summer vacation, while reading hard at Oxford, that he is 'looking forward to November to free me at once and forever from the great burden which has been hanging over me for the last three years.'

In Greek and Latin composition, Vaughan had easily been his superior at Rugby, and for the more abstract branches of mental philosophy he had no particular capacity. He himself said, late in life, to an American audience, of his deficiency in this department, 'Were I a citizen of this State,' — it was one in which an educational test was enforced, — 'I should never enjoy the franchise.'

He felt deeply the debt he owed his private

tutor, afterwards Bishop of St. Albans, who assisted him to surmount his shortcomings in Latin verse-writing. He never found it easy work, but the perfection of his study in that branch gained him finally the Ireland Scholarship, which was the highest distinction offered by the university for Greek and Latin scholarship. In after years he used to tell his pupils at Oxford, to their amusement, of his tremendous efforts to overcome the difficulties which presented themselves in classical learning. He was not a brilliant scholar, but made up by persistent and well-directed work for natural deficiencies.

Early in his undergraduate career, a letter from Arnold, in reply to his, telling him how much he enjoys his work and Oxford, having become accustomed to the new life, says: —

'RUGBY, March 4, 1835.

'I am delighted that you like Oxford, nor am I the least afraid of your liking it too much. It does not follow because one admires and loves the surpassing beauty of the place and its associations, or because one forms in it the most valuable and most delightful friendships, that therefore

one is to uphold its foolishness, and to try to perpetuate its faults. But I hope you will be at Oxford long enough to have one year at least of reading directly on the middle ages or modern times, and of revelling in the stores of the Oxford libraries. I have never lost the benefit of what I enjoyed in this respect, though I have often cause to regret that it is no longer within my reach.'

Again, in the same year, he welcomes the prospect of a visit from Arthur, saying: —

'RUGBY, Oct. 7, 1835.

'I am delighted to find that you are coming to Rugby; in fact, I was going to write to you to try whether we could not get you here either in your way to or from Oxford, — as I supposed that, even after all the length of the long vacation, you will be at liberty before us at Christmas.

'I shall be glad to talk over all things with you when we meet: be sure that you cannot come here too often. I never was less disposed than I am at this moment to let drop or to intermit my intercourse with my old pupils, which is to me one of the freshest springs of my life.'

CHAPTER X.

THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT. — ARTHUR'S INTEREST IN IT. — HE BECOMES AN ADVISER OF LORD MELBOURNE — HAMPDEN CONTROVERSY. — THE REVIVAL OF RELIGIOUS INTEREST IN ENGLAND AS STATED BY ARTHUR STANLEY. — PRIZE POEM AND ITS DELIVERY.

So much has been said, written, and thought about the Tractarian movement at Oxford and the names of its leaders, Newman, Keble, Williams, Pusey, that more than a brief mention of the exciting religious life of Oxford is needless. Unlike Clough, who was greatly affected by the religious stir, the influence of Dr. Arnold on Stanley was so strong that he heard much, but kept the even tenor of his way undisturbed by the views on 'Church Authority,' 'Apostolic Succession,' 'The Primitive Church,' 'Sacramental Grace,' etc., which filled the minds of these restless agitators. They wrote tracts, preached most eloquent sermons, and talked most persuasively of their

interpretation of the Church Articles, but neither their arguments nor the purity of their lives affected the simple candor of Arthur's mind. Principal Shairp, in a paper on Keble in his 'Studies in Poetry and Philosophy,' has well described the power of those men and their effect on the Oxford undergraduates. He was a student of Balliol after Stanley left. Among Arthur's friends, as we have seen, there were many who were drawn to Newman and his school.

Dr. Arnold wrote of the Oxford movement, when at its height, in a letter to Dr. Hawkins, 'I have been reading the Pusey and Newman tracts with no small astonishment; they surpass all my expectations in point of extravagance, and in their complete opposition to the Christianity of the New Testament. But there are some beautiful things in Pusey's Tracts on Baptism, much that is holy, and pure, and truly Christian, till, like Don Quixote's good sense in ordinary matters, it all gets upset by some outbreak of his particular superstition.'

Arnold was in constant correspondence with Arthur on all topics. Many letters written in 1836 indicate his careful study of the work of

Newman, and his desire to guard Arthur's mind against the fascination of the leaders of this movement. He says: —

'Now with regard to the Newmanites. I do not call them bad men, nor would I deny their many good qualities; . . . I judge of them as I do commonly of mixed characters, where the noble and the base, the good and the bad, are strangely mixed up together,' etc.

After Arthur's return to Oxford in the fall, Dr. Arnold replied to his letter regretting his inability to visit Rugby: —

TO A. P. STANLEY, ESQ.

RUGBY, Oct. 21, 1836.

. . . 'As long as you read moderately, and not voraciously, I can consent that your reading should even prevent your coming to Rugby; and I am glad that, by beginning in time, you will escape all excessive pressure at last. You will be rejoicing at the meeting of the scattered members of your society after the Long Vacation. I can well recall the same feeling, deeply associated in my mind with the October tints of the Nettlebed beech woods, through which my road to Oxford,

from Kensington and Hampton, always lay. The separation had been long enough to make the meeting more than joyous, and some of my most delightful remembrances of Oxford and its neighborhood are connected with the scenery of the latter autumn, — Bagley Wood in its golden decline, and the green of the meadows, reviving for awhile under the influence of a Martinmas summer, and then fading finally off into its winter brown.'

One is more and more impressed by the breadth and capacity of Arnold's mind as his range of thought and interest is seen in his letters. We see him writing Bunsen about this time that he is 'working at two main things, the Roman History and the Nature and Interpretation of Prophecy. For the first I have been working at Hannibal's Passage of the Alps. How bad a geographer is Polybius, and how strange that he should be thought a good one! Compare him with any man who is really a geographer, — with Herodotus, with Napoleon.'

Stanley felt a great interest in the controversy which raged over the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity, held for some years by Dr. Burton. Dr. Hampden's

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Bampton Lectures in 1832 had exposed him to severe criticism and the suspicion of his unfitness as a teacher of theology, from the vagueness and looseness of his statements in those lectures, was enhanced by his course in supporting the Ministerial proposals for admitting dissenters to the University. This opinion, which recommended him to the government of the day, was ill calculated to increase the desire to receive him at the University. Seventy-three Fellows and tutors of colleges signed a remonstrance to the King, in which nine Heads of the houses joined. Official action followed this shortly, and a most bitter storm was the result. Dr. Hampden was, later, the cause of more opposition, when in 1847 he was nominated by Lord John Russell to the Queen for the See of Hereford, in which he was confirmed after much controversy.

Lord Melbourne did not withdraw his nomination, and it is understood that, as a friend of Arthur's uncle, Lord Stanley, and his father, he consulted the young student as to his views on the subject. His brief and characteristic words of praise of Arthur must have been very pleasant to his young adviser's friends. Even then Arthur

was emphatically a Church of England man, he called himself always an 'Erastian of the Erastians.'

He protested against all attempts to thrust the Tractarians and Ritualists from the church. While their sacerdotalism was as abominable to him as it would have been to any Quaker, their feeling about the Eucharist was false, their many and elaborate vestments were, as he labored to prove, 'the shreds and patches of the clothes worn by Roman nobles and laborers,' and other eastern peoples. To these he was almost illiberal, while he would have pushed his love of comprehension so far as to have permitted the exchange of pulpits between the clergy of the Establishment and Dissenters. He undoubtedly reflected Arnold's sentiments in the deep aversion he always showed for the Tractarians. Arnold wrote that 'any mind that could turn towards the books and the system of the Newmanites with anything less than aversion appears to be already diseased.' Yet, as a young man, he joined with Tait, Maurice, Dunkin, and Hull in protesting against any official censure of Tract XC. Stanley himself, in writing, of this period, said: —

'There is a common impression, encouraged in various quarters, that what is called the revival of religious life in England, or at least in the Church of England, dates from the Oxford movement in 1834. This is not the place to enter at length into the characteristics of that remarkable movement — the personal influence of its first leaders, the peculiar strains of new thought and feeling which it awakened in the English Church, its total collapse in its original seat during the strange crisis through which it passed in 1845, its subsequent revival with elements which to its earlier phase were almost unknown, its varying relations to the artistic and archæological tastes of the age. But whatever may be the ultimate judgment passed upon it, most careful observers will recognize that the better elements of its moral and intellectual character were in large measure engendered and colored by tendencies which for many years had been at work in English society.'

The years of Arthur Stanley's undergraduate course were marked by certain definite milestones in the shape of prizes and the Ireland scholarship. In 1837 he received his scholarship and a

First Class in classics. The Newdigate prize, says one, 'is the prize which everyone who can turn a line competes for, and which every one professes to despise. People scarcely write prize poems in earnest, and the writer who has since made himself heard of in literature succeeded in pleasing the examiners with a poem which has the nature of a practical joke.'

While one young aspirant for literary honors may have so treated the poem, other earnest thinkers and writers, like Matthew Arnold, John Ruskin, and Arthur Stanley, may be named as taking the prize by earnest work. Matthew Arnold took for his subject, Oliver Cromwell; Arthur Stanley's was 'The Gypsies.'

A friend of his says that this poem shows the maturity of mind of the Stanley whose pen gave thousands of readers the vivid pages of 'Mount Sinai and Palestine,' and the 'Jewish Church.' He thinks it 'separated by a marked and distinct line from all his earlier literary efforts (setting aside passages in private letters or journals),' and marking a distinct epoch in Stanley's mental growth. It was considered by competent judges something much more meritorious than the usual

prize poem, and distinguished by picturesque touches of description, sufficient to give the writer a fair reputation as a poet. There are lines which indicate genuine poetic feeling, not merely the perfunctory though skilful work which the occasion too often develops. Occasional poems are difficult subjects for true poets.

The following lines, taken at random, give one an idea of the natural and artistic handling of his theme, where he refers to —

> 'The changeful smiles, the living face of light,
> The steady gaze of the still, solemn night;
> Bright lakes, the glistening eyes of solitude,
> Girt with gray cliffs and folds of mighty wood.'

He made a foot-note with a reference to Lamartine's pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and his lines where he speaks of —

> 'The meteor light
> Of Syrian skies by Zion's towery heights,'

shadow forth his future enthusiasm and wanderings over these sacred lands.

Approaching more closely the direct treatment of his theme, he describes in graphic and powerful touches the —

'Dark and troublous time:
The heaven all gloom, the wearied
Earth all crime.'

that saw the birth of the fifteenth century, when

'A stranger people, 'mid that murky gloom,
Knocked at the gates of awe-struck Christendom.'

He did not omit the romantic legends which surround their origin, and his poetic touch enlivens the traditions of the mystery of their wanderings. The broad treatment of the subject, and its historic setting is shown all through. He says of one legend: —

'Heard ye the nations heave their long last groans
Amidst the crash of Asia's thousand thrones.'

He alludes to the baseless tradition of the gypsies being descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and condemned to wander as degraded vagabonds by the side of the Jewish race they had in former times enslaved, in the following lines: —

'Remnant of ages, from thy glory cast,
Dread link between the present and the past —
.

One only race amid their dread compeers
Still moves with thee along this vale of tears;
Long since ye parted by the Red Sea's strand,
Now face to face ye meet in every land.
Alone amid a new-born world ye dwell —
Egypt's lorn people, outcast Israel!'

The poem bears unmistakable evidences of the writer's future power, and has glowing passages all alive with poetic fire and historic research.

It was corrected by Keble, the celebrated author of the 'Christian Year,' who then held the professorship of poetry at Oxford, following in the footsteps of Dean Milman. This contained what was probably the first printed reference to Alfred Tennyson's poems, in a line from one of his early verses. Keble supposed it to be a quotation from Shakespeare, the name not being given, and the writer unknown to him.

When Arthur delivered this poem in the Sheldonian Theatre before a large and brilliant audience, his father was present, and his feelings were so much affected that he burst into tears amid the tumult of applause which followed the conclusion of his son's poem.

The Baroness Bunsen heard Stanley deliver his Latin prize essay in 1839. She named him to a friend as a pupil of Arnold, and added 'the Latin was good.'

CHAPTER XI.

ALDERLEY HOME GIVEN UP. — NORWICH. — BISHOP STANLEY. — ARTHUR'S INTEREST IN HIS FATHER'S ELEVATION. — DOUBTS ABOUT SUBSCRIPTION. — ARNOLD'S INFLUENCE. — THE ARTICLES.

In 1839 the home-life of the Stanleys became greatly changed by the elevation of the rector of Alderley to the bishopric of Norwich. The famous old city had suffered under the negligent rule of Bishop Bathurst, who died at the age of ninety-three, after an episcopate of thirty-two years, leaving the see in a very low state. One writer called it at this period 'the most Boetian of English sees,' and the condition of affairs was a scandal to the establishment. Arthur Stanley naturally took much interest in this great honor paid his father. He was always in sympathy with him, and early imbibed from him those liberal principles for which the bishop was noted. He was a strong Whig, and broad in his church views. In later

years Arthur often declared himself 'a Whig of the Whigs, and a Liberal of the Liberals.'

In religious matters the bishop was so liberal and tolerant of all sects that he was accused of being a 'Socinian,' for countenancing Unitarianism; and his indorsement of Dr. Arnold when he was at the zenith of his unpopularity, before all England turned to sing his praises, caused quite a stir. He desired that he should preach his installation sermon, showing how little he regarded public feeling when he could brave the popular storm against Arnold.

The struggle which the genial rector of Alderley felt in altering his whole mode of life was shared by Arthur, who described it most sympathetically to his brother Owen on H. M. S. 'Terror,' returning from one of the early Arctic expeditions. Arthur had gone from Oxford to London in term time to see his father, who was in the agony of deciding on this important change. 'It was,' he writes, 'a most trying time. I should hardly have known my father's face, so worn as he was with the anxiety of the week before, in making up his mind to the decision.' 'But,' he writes, after a visit paid in September to Norwich, 'I do not repent of

it now; he seems much freer and happier than he ever did before.'

In the same letter he gives a characteristic account of their new home, contrasting the ugliness of the palace with the surpassing beauty of the cathedral that overshadows it. 'The former is,' says the yet untravelled traveller, 'among houses what Moscow is, I should think, among cities. Rooms which one may really call very fine side by side with the meanest of passages and staircases. By the riverside,' he characteristically writes, 'is a ruin where a bishop once killed a wolf; over the river, a road down which another bishop marched with six thousand men at arms;' and he assures his brother that he is highly flattered by his having carried the remembrance of the Hampden controversy with him through the Arctic winter. 'That storm,' he says, 'is laid; in fact, its place is taken in the newspapers by the installation sermon of the Bishop of Norwich.' The letter concludes with a fear that 'these full particulars of Norwich life may give you the idea, which they say at home is the case, that I am the only one puffed up by the accession of dignity.'

The picture given by Augustus Hare of the Norwich close and palace, with the cathedral, and the life of Bishop Stanley there, is very pleasant and life-like. He says: 'Most delightful, and very different from the modern building which has partially replaced it, was the old palace at Norwich. Approached through a stately gateway, and surrounded by lawns and flowers, amid which stood a beautiful ruin — the old house with its broad, old-fashioned staircase and vaulted kitchen, its beautiful library looking out to Mousehold and Kett's Castle, its great dining-room hung with pictures of the Nine Muses, its picturesque and curious corners, and its quaint and intricate passages, was indescribably charming. In a little side-garden under the cathedral, pet peewits and a raven were kept, which always came to the dining-room window at breakfast to be fed out of the bishop's own hand — the only relic of his once beloved ornithological, as occasional happy excursions with a little nephew to Bramerton in search of fossils were the only trace left of his former geological, pursuits.'

There is one slight allusion, only one, to his former tastes and pursuits in the following passage

taken from his study of birds: 'Another instance of unaccountable removal from an accustomed place of resort occurred within the last few years, in a comparatively small rookery in the Palace Garden in the city of Norwich. For several years the birds had confined their nests to a few trees immediately in front of the house, when one season, without any assignable cause, they took up a new position on some trees, also in the garden, but about two hundred yards distant, where they remained till the spring of 1847, when, before their nests were completed, or young hatched, they disappeared altogether, and the heretofore frequented trees are only now and then resorted to by a few stray, casual visitors.'

The appointment to the see of Norwich broke the old studies, the old ties, with a severe wrench. It was a painful struggle for the pastor, and Mr. Stanley felt so deeply the effort to decide for himself whether he should accept the field offered for work, that he was forced to absent himself from home during this time. When the simple people, among whom he had so long labored, heard the news of his departure, 'the unconscious feelings of grateful affection and esteem which had grown up

around him for thirty-two years now broke forth in the uncontrolled burst of natural grief, the more affecting from the simple language in which the feeling of the humbler classes finds utterance. 'It was the greatest trial (such were some of their expressions) that ever I had; he was taken from us, because we did not make better use of him, to a place where they could make better use of him. The very footbreadth in the road where they had shed tears on first hearing of the news long lived in their recollection, as well as the minute details of parting which ensued.'

The manner in which he looked at the change, and accepted the important trust placed in his hands, shows the man's strong yet tender nature. Arthur says:—

'At his first interview with Lord Melbourne, on accepting the appointment, he was so much overcome that the good-natured minister was touched by his emotion, and spoke of the like feeling which he had himself experienced on taking office. It was a characteristic circumstance that this depression was first removed by the sight of the dreariness and dilapidation of the old palace at Norwich, untenanted as it had been for several

years. The need for cheerful exertion roused at once his natural spirit and energy, and the interest thus excited revived with redoubled force on his entrance into his diocese. From that time he turned with alacrity to the work which opened before him.'

Another observer wrote: 'The same dauntless courage which would have been such an advantange in commanding the ship he longed for in his youth enabled him to face Chartist mobs with composure, and to read unmoved the many party censures which followed such acts as his public recognition in Norwich Cathedral of the worth of Joseph Gurney, the Quaker philanthropist; his appearance on a platform, side by side with the Irish priest, Father Matthew, advocating the same cause; and his enthusiastic friendship for Jenny Lind, who, on his invitation, made the palace her home during her stay in Norwich.'

The change from the pleasant Alderley home was a severe struggle for Mr. and Mrs. Stanley. Their children were so scattered that they did not experience the same emotions. The old palace of the bishops of Norwich became endeared to them on their visits, and the tall cathedral tower and

spire, overhanging the palace garden, became a familiar and beloved object; the dreary old buildings of the palace awoke to a new life under the revivifying influence of the social life of the Stanleys. The moods of sunshine and haze which threw a glow or veil over the old city and its cathedral, all had their own charm for the bishop. He was as active in the wild field of a diocese as in his country parish. Children in dark city alleys learned to love him, and shyly welcomed the old bishop, with his flowing gray locks, and the searching eyes which saw so keenly, and showed how deeply he felt the spiritual and bodily needs of his poor.

The intense opposition felt by Bishop Stanley only brought out his strength and fearlessness. He was brimful of courage, and incapable of either physical or moral fear.

Harriet Martineau, with her bitter pen, reserved an attack on Bishop Stanley, long after his death, writing of him as 'the nervous, good-natured, indiscreet rattle, timid as a hare,—admirable in his way;' adding that in the 'function of benevolence to the poor and afflicted he was exemplary.' She could hardly have known either the private or

public life of the bishop to characterize one 'courageous as a lion' so falsely.

'As I read these words, timid as a hare [says one who wrote immediately after reading this strange calumny], I remember seeing Bishop Stanley, on a memorable occasion, come out of the Great Hall of St. Andrew's, Norwich. The Chartist mob, who lined the street, saluted the active, spare little bishop with hooting and groans. He came out alone and unattended, till he was followed by me and my brother, determined, as the saying is, to see him safe home, for the mob was highly excited and brutal. Bishop Stanley marched along ten yards, and then turned sharp round, and fixed his eagle eyes on the mob, and then marched ten yards more, and turned round again rapidly, and gave the same hawk-like look.'

Canon Wodehouse, 'the gentle, genial spirit, who was for years the soul of the Norwich close,' was a powerful influence over the mind of Arthur, who was full of doubts and difficulties as to the subscription required of the clergy to the Thirty-nine Articles. The canon was much opposed to the subscription, and his life-long struggle was to obtain some relief in this matter. For forty

years he worked to effect this object, and when Bishop Stanley died he felt obliged to resign his preferment.

In 1840, Archbishop Whately, 'trembling from head to foot,' presented to the House of Lords a petition, originating with Canon Wodehouse, and signed by sixty churchmen, praying for a modification of Subscription. Young Stanley sat a silent spectator of that scene, and heard the courageous words in which his father alone, of all the Episcopal Bench, dared to support the measure. He heard, too, the explosion of the 'burning shell,' with 'its concentrated fire,' thrown by Bishop Blomfield into the debate, by his violent protest, which virtually closed the subject for twenty-five years.

In 1863 Arthur Stanley addressed another and more liberal Bishop of London a 'Letter on the state of Subscription' which did as much to hasten a change as this speech of Bishop Blomfield's did to retard it, and, two years after this, the subject passed both Houses with hardly a question. The early influence of Canon Wodehouse can be distinctly traced in this act of the dean's. Stanley always thought this change in the Subscription

act a triumph of liberal and progressive statesmanship.

To Stanley, who loved the Liturgy and to trace its origin to the Puritan times which had modified the Romanist form to suit its purpose, who praised the word 'compromise' as the foundation of the Anglican Church, and said that it favored mildness, concessions, peace, and kindred virtues, it was incomprehensible that others did not find entire relief in the new arrangement by which assent to the 'Doctrine' of the Church as contained in the Articles and Liturgy was considered sufficient.

Frequent letters from Arnold influenced Arthur's mind. He told him: —

'The acceptance of holy orders by men who cannot yield an active belief to the words of every part of the Articles and Liturgy as true (on the ground that) without this latitude the Church could by necessity receive into the ministry only men of dull minds or dull consciences; of dull, nay, almost of dishonest, minds, if they can persuade themselves that they actually agree in every minute particular with any great number of human propositions; of dull consciences, if exercising their minds freely, and yet believing that the Church

requires the total adhesion of the understanding, they still, for considerations of their convenience, enter into the ministry in her despite.' At another time Arnold wrote of this conflict between the words and the spirit of the creeds:—

'*I do not believe* the damnatory clauses in the Athanasian Creed, under any qualification given of them, except such as substitute for them propositions of a wholly different character. *But I read* the Athanasian Creed, and have and would again subscribe the Article about it, because I do not conceive the clauses in question to be essential parts of it . . . I do not imagine that the Article about the Creed was intended in the least to refer to the clauses.' It is rather difficult to understand just how a logical mind could slur over the mooted question of subscription to the Articles. The following words are among the most difficult to the noviciate. The Eighth Article is in these words: 'The Three Creeds, Nice, Athanasius's Creed, and that which is commonly called the Apostles' Creed,—ought *thoroughly* to be received and believed, for they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture.'

Dr. Arnold was evidently as great a lover of

compromise as Stanley, who really revelled in the possibilities and wide range of thought which he considered the Church of England permitted and encouraged. Arnold wrote: —

'Our Church bears, and has ever borne, the marks of her birth. The child of regal and aristocratic selfishness and unprincipled tyranny, she has never dared to speak boldly to the great, but has contented herself with lecturing the poor.'

The other marks of the birth of the Anglican Church, Stanley considered the strong point in her armor, — the great elasticity of her constitution, which enables her to endure the extreme practices of the Ritualists, and the more simple administration of the broad-church views, with all the variations of thought and observance, which range from one extreme to another.

Francis Newman considered the Twenty-seventh Article on Infant Baptism, 'a trap for the Conscience,' subscribing, nevertheless, to the Articles.

'Lord Palmerston was once severely attacked for having said that children were born good. But he in fact only said what Chrysostom had said before him,' says Dean Stanley. This is only one of many instances of inconsistency in the belief

and practice of the church. Bishop Wilberforce, who was severely criticised by many for his course in church matters, some alleging that he attempted to make himself 'all things to all men,' was very clear in the statement which he made to his clergy in a letter containing this sentence:—

'The question for us is not, Are these doctrines true; but are they the doctrines of the Church of England? . . . If *your* view of the truth is *not* the view of the Church of England formularies you have subscribed, you cannot, without an implied falsehood, which must put your soul in peril, bear the commission of a teacher in her communion.'

CHAPTER XII.

MANHOOD. — HOLY ORDERS. — FELLOWSHIP AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. — STUDIES. — FRIENDS AND PUPILS. — JOURNEY TO ITALY AND GREECE. — TUTOR'S LIFE AT OXFORD.

ARTHUR was warned that the pupil and friend of Arnold, and the son of Bishop Stanley would have no chance of election at Balliol, so strong was the feeling against both among the ruling powers of Oxford; so the brilliant scholar of Balliol was forced to seek another fellowship. 'The moment was seized by the keen-sighted dexterity of an active and influential tutor of University College, and in the year 1839 Arthur Stanley was elected Fellow of that college; and before it closed, after a period of some perplexity and hesitation, he had taken a step to which he had steadily looked forward from his Rugby days, and which he never for a moment regretted, and had been ordained deacon by the Bishop of Oxford.'

This decision of Arthur's to stay at University College as tutor was distasteful to some of his friends. He believed that his ordination vows might be as effectually carried out by making the most of his vocation at college, and endeavoring to influence all who came within his sphere, as by undertaking any parochial cure. To his aunt, who remonstrated, he wrote: —

Feb. 15, 1840.

'I have never properly thanked you for your letters about my ordination, which I assure you, however, that I have not the less valued, and shall be no less anxious to try, as far as in me lies, to observe. It is perhaps an unfortunate thing for me, though, as far as I see, unavoidable, that the overwhelming considerations immediately at the time of ordination were not difficulties of practice, but of subscription, and the effect has been that I would always rather look back to what I felt to be my duty before that cloud came on, than to the time itself. Practically, however, I think it will in the end make no difference. The real thing which long ago moved me to wish to go into Orders, and which, had I not gone into Orders, I

should have acted on as well as I could without Orders, was the fact that God seemed to have given me gifts more fitting me for Orders, and for that particular line of clerical duty which I have chosen, than for any other. It is perhaps as well to say that until I see a calling to other clerical work, as distinct as that by which I feel called to my present work, I should not think it right to engage in any other; but I hope I shall always feel, though I am afraid I cannot be too constantly reminded, that in whatever work I am engaged now or hereafter, my great end ought always to be the good of the souls of others, and my great support the good which God will give to my own soul.'

Before beginning his educational work, he resided for a time as junior Fellow at Oxford, studying Hebrew, attending Dr. Pusey's lectures with great interest. This was before Dr. Pusey had drawn on himself the vials of the Vice-Chancellor's wrath in 1843 by preaching his sermon on the 'Eucharist, a comfort to the Penitent.' The Regius Professor of Hebrew was suspended from preaching for three years for the language used in this sermon. While Arthur was busy with

this course of study, he also engaged in writing an essay, which won for him the chancellor's prize, on an interesting historical subject. He had taken a first class in classics, and this, with the chancellor's prize and his honors on historical and theological subjects gave him the highest rank as a scholar, and he started on his career as Fellow of University College under brilliant auspices, and with aspirations which the future saw fulfilled.

One gathers from various sources pleasant glimpses of the life that Arthur led at University College; his genial influence on the younger men with whom he came in contact in the performance of his duties, his social tact, his kindly zeal for their work. G. Granville Bradley, afterwards the head of University College, and Stanley's successor as Dean of Westminster, says of his own introduction to Oxford and the beginning of his life-long intimacy with Stanley, —

'It was after his migration from Balliol, that it became the duty of the new Fellow of University, early in the year 1840, to take part in the annual scholarship examination, which ended in the election of a Rugby schoolboy, the first of many whom his rising fame drew not from Rugby only,

to a college which had so wisely added to its teaching staff so attractive and magnetic an influence.'

More than two-and-forty years have passed since, on that bright March afternoon, the loud congratulations of old friends and schoolfellows were hushed for a moment as the young examiner stepped into the quadrangle and turned to greet the new scholar. How well does he recall that kindly greeting — the hearty grasp of the friendly hand that seemed to carry the heart in it — the bright expressive countenance of the young tutor, so full of all that might win and charm a somewhat imaginative schoolboy, which shines still out of the distance in all its first youthful beauty, as the face of an angel. He at once invited the newly elected scholar to take a walk with him on his return from a formal visit to the Master of the College, and that dull road that led out by the then unplanted, unreclaimed, Oxford Parks, is still lit in the memory of him who trod it by his side, with something fairer than the bright March sun which shone across it.

'We are walking,' he said, 'towards Rugby,' and at once placed his companion at his ease by

questions about his friends there, and about the master, who was the object of as enthusiastic a devotion to the younger as to the older Rugbeian. How little did it occur to either, as they parted, how strangely near their lives were to be drawn to each other! The younger might have listened to a soothsayer who had said, 'You have won to-day something that you will soon count far more precious than the scholarship in which you are exulting.' He adds that he ever carried with him the most tender remembrance of these first hours spent in his future friend's company.

Thomas Hughes says that he also found Stanley, when he reached Oxford, Fellow and tutor of University College, where he remained twelve years, — years full of work, interspersed with travel and occasional breaks from the constant round of study and teaching. Hughes says of the life at Oxford: —

'Colleges were even more separate in those days than they are now, each, as a rule, living its own separate life; and an occasional meeting at breakfast was about all the intercourse I ever had with him at the university.'

But with the undergraduates of his own college, and above all with such of them as came from his old school, he maintained a kind of intercourse which, rare as it is even now, was then almost unknown. Mr. Hansard, afterward rector of Bethnal Green, and the man who has done so much for Christian civilization in East London, went up to University College from Rugby in the year after Arnold's death. He had been one of those whom the Doctor specially respected; a boy who, without brilliant ability or scholarship, by sheer uprightness and force of character, exercised a valuable influence in the school.

He had not been many hours in his Freshman's rooms, on the ground-floor of what were then the new buildings, and was just thinking of sitting down to a solitary tea, when one of the college servants brought him a little note. It was from Stanley, asking him up to tea in his rooms, on the tutor's floor. The invitation was of course at once accepted with gratitude. He went up, and was met with outstretched hand, and the words, 'You knew and loved Arnold.' From that moment, not only during his Oxford residence, but until death parted them, they remained fast friends; and how

Stanley understood the duties of friendship between young men of their respective ages may be gathered from his pupil's own words: 'He would never let me do a wrong, or behave badly, or be idle, without plainly telling me of it, in a kind but earnest manner. This privilege of friendship he continued to claim to the last. But for him I should never have taken Orders, never gone to the East End of London.'

Stanley 'coached' his pupil through the whole of his college life, refusing all payment; and when Hansard was preparing for Orders, at his suggestion, read nearly the whole Bible through with him, and when they were separated in vacation time sent long sheets of questions to be answered in detail. Some years later, at a great meeting for the support of the homes for children, founded by the Wesleyan, Mr. Stephenson, the dean, gathering, as was his wont, any historical flower by the wayside, told the great audience that the pulpit in Bethnal Green Church was the last Church of England pulpit in which John Wesley had preached; and then, laying his hand on Hansard's shoulder, claimed him as his own old pupil, and as one whom it

would have rejoiced John Wesley to see in that pulpit.'

During the fall of 1840 Arthur made a journey to Greece and Italy, with the Dean of Norwich, 'a man of most kindly heart and unfailing humor.' He found many personal annoyances, as travelling at that time was not at all easy, and his months in Italy and Greece had their trials as well as pleasures. He said, many years after, in speaking of a Russian journey: 'At Athens I felt the cold of winter more than I ever did; at St. Petersburg least of all.'

Rome he found 'the one only place in the whole world that is absolutely inexhaustible.' He fairly revelled in the poetic and historic associations of these classic lands, and his letters to his family and friends will some day give the public a new pleasure. These letters from Greece and Italy will stand by his Eastern historic works in interest and value, and they are full of striking descriptions of natural scenery and historic value. The writings of Stanley are always full of pictures of scenery, but he did not study scenery for its beauty alone; he rarely, if ever, describes a scene unless he at the same time associates human or historic interest

with it. To him, man and his foot-marks were more interesting than nature. Early in life the poetic side of his being preponderated, and if left to himself and the natural outgrowth of his dreamy and imaginative life, this historic taste might have been less marked; it appears more the result of the careful training he received than the outcome of his natural development; of nature, as studied for herself, we find almost no traces in his writings after his boyhood.

In one of his letters there is a passage which gives the key alike to the excellences and the deficiencies of his writings. 'I cannot think,' he says, 'that mere effusions of emotion at the transient blushes of nature deserve an everlasting record. I feel about such effusions almost as I feel about my present, oftentimes ineffectual, labors at reproducing scenes of my travels (he was then at work at Sinai and Palestine), that they are not worth publishing, *except as a frame-work to events or ideas* of greater magnitude.'

Sometimes Stanley's fancy for scenery connected with history was very trying to his fellow travellers or hosts, as he would visit the most insignificant spot within his reach, which was con-

nected, even indirectly, with any fact or legend of the past.

'At Lindisfarne,' says one who visited it with him, 'his mind was, I am sure, quite as much occupied with the immurement of Constance as with the memory of St. Aidan and St. Cuthbert. Tours was to him quite as much associated with Quentin Durward as with St. Martin, or with Hildegarde, or Louis XI., or Henry II. His persistence in dragging a fellow traveller to call on the Archbishop of Granada was based quite as much on his being the lineal successor of the master of Gil Blas, as on his being the occupant of that historic see.'

This vivid and dramatic sense of the connection between places and historic events was what made him an indefatigable traveller, and his keen eye was ever on the alert for discovery and analogy in his many journeys. He was deeply impressed himself, and so could speak with great power of the revivifying influence of the personal study of a place; he often expressed himself as to the advantage of visiting a spot celebrated in secular or sacred history.

He said, in his Sermons in the East, 'We go to

the Jerusalem where Christ died and rose again. To see that Holy City, even though the exact spots of His death and resurrection are unknown, *is to give a new force to the sound of the Name*, whenever afterwards we hear it in church, or read it in the Bible.'

One peculiarity of Stanley's love of travelling was that he never really cared to see the same scene twice, in fact disliked to revisit a spot. One notable exception to this was his second journey to the Holy Land, when he obeyed the Queen's request rather than his own desire, though he allows that he saw many spots to great advantage in consequence of his attendance on the Prince of Wales. He said:—

'When once I have seen a remarkable sight, I do not care to see it again, unless it is one with which fond or happy associations are connected. The second sight of Prague quite revolted me,' he added, with comic energy; 'and though I saw Marathon on a rainy day, yet I refused three or four opportunities of seeing it again. On the first sight of scenes of this sort a whole new world opens before me; floods of thought come in, which are indelible, and there is nothing new in a second visit.'

The months passed in Italy and Greece were rich in results. Stanley was unfortunate in the last part of his trip, as he was alone, and worse than alone, a part of the time, when he was forced to undergo a tedious quarantine at Malta in very uncongenial company.

'His fellow sufferers were some young men, whose loose talk revolted him, and who had not the good sense to discover that beneath the mask of that averted countenance and those silent lips was one, to enjoy whose society and conversation many wiser than themselves would have gladly faced the horrors of that tedious imprisonment. Released at last, he arrived alone at Naples, depressed, homesick, and yearning for some congenial society. In the Museum he met an English acquaintance, who said, 'Of course you have seen Hugh Pearson?' mentioning the name of one of his closest Balliol friends. 'Hugh Pearson!' he exclaimed; 'where is he?' and darted in search of him. He found him in front of a well-known statue, rushed up to him, and, overcome with joy and emotion, fell into his friend's arms with a burst of uncontrollable tears. The companion whom he then found, and with whom he completed his home-

ward journey, became from that time the very closest and most inseparable of all his friends.'

Hugh Pearson was the friend so nearly allied to Dean Stanley by years and affectionate intimacy that the world naturally looked to his hand for a sketch of Arthur Stanley's life and work, but the grave which closed over his mortal remains in April of 1882 took from the world the man who:—

'Beyond any living person, was in full possession of the whole soul of him to whom death had reunited him, the most trustworthy, the most intimate, the most continuous of the authorities for the history of Arthur Stanley.'

In the fall of 1841 Stanley returned to Oxford, and was soon appointed lecturer and presently dean of his college. Each college at Oxford has its own staff of professors, tutors, and lecturers with the governing body headed by its provost, warden, or principal; and the University of Oxford, which confers the degrees and examines the students is limited in its power over these separate halls and colleges, each having its own foundation and gifts. When Stanley began his life as a college tutor and lecturer one well acquainted with Oxford and Stanley's influence there says, 'The

professors' lectures had, with few exceptions, fallen into almost entire abeyance; and the instruction which undergraduates received was given within the walls of their own college, supplemented often by private tuition from teachers whom they selected at their will and remunerated from their own resources.

'The position, therefore, of a college tutor, living in rooms among his pupils, waited on by the same servants, attending daily the same chapel services, dining at the same hour in the same hall, was one singularly fitted to open a field for usefulness to those who have the rare gift of influencing young men. Into the duties and opportunities of this position Stanley threw himself with all the ardor of his nature, and the impression that he made and the work which he achieved was, at the time, unexampled.'

One affectionate pupil, in writing of this time, says: 'Stanley had no doubt some drawbacks as a tutor. I am no moral philosopher or metaphysician, he said of himself later. His interest in the minuter shades of philological scholarship was never very keen. But the page of history, ancient, modern, or sacred, was to him, in the truest

sense of the words, rich with the spoils of time; and he knew how to make that page glow with the light of wisdom and poetry, and to aid his pupils to regard these spoils as very treasures. How well two or three of us must remember the well-marked Herodotus which he freely lent us. It had its special marks in colored lines to indicate, first, passages noteworthy for the Greek; secondly, passages bearing on Greek history, or on the time of Herodotus; thirdly, passages containing truths for all time. He was already giving himself to the study of the Old and New Testaments with an enthusiasm which never left him, and which he was enabled to communicate to one after another of those who came under his influence. Even now there are those who, in East-end parishes, in country villages, in far-off missionary stations, as well as in what are called the high places of the church, feel the impulse which they then received from him.'

CHAPTER XIII.

DEATH OF DR. ARNOLD. — ARTHUR STANLEY CHOSEN TO PREACH HIS FUNERAL SERMON. — WRITES HIS BIOGRAPHY. — TWO YEARS' WORK. — THE SUCCESS OF THE PORTRAIT. — STANLEY'S OWN VIEW OF HIS WORK. — THOMAS HUGHES. — MRS. STANLEY AT FOX HOW. — STANLEY'S POSITION. — HIS APPOINTMENT AS SELECT PREACHER TO THE UNIVERSITY. — SERMONS ON THE APOSTOLIC AGE. — WORK AND INFLUENCE OVER THOSE AROUND HIM. — INTEREST IN THE EVENTS OF THE DAY. — HIS METHOD OF WORKING.

SUDDENLY cut off in his early prime, Dr. Arnold was called from his work in June of 1842. Arthur Stanley was selected to preach his funeral sermon, and must have felt, even at that moment, the wish to delineate his master, for he went from the open grave, where he stood with his father and the other friends of Arnold, and immediately volunteered to commemorate his devotion to Arnold by writing his biography, 'a work,' he said later, 'which from first to last I thoroughly enjoyed.' A noble tribute of love and respect it

proved to be. He never failed to write Mrs. Arnold, or her daughter after Mrs. Arnold's death, on this sad anniversary of June 12.

One might well say of Arnold what the poet writes of another sturdy character: —

'Well and bravely has he done the work he found to do,
To justice, freedom, duty, God, and man forever true,
Strong to the end, a man of men, from out the strife he passed.'

For two years Stanley, in addition to his college duties, was steeped in labor; and in the spring of 1844 he wrote in his preface to the Life of Arnold: 'The only question which I have allowed myself to ask in each particular act or opinion that has come before me, has been not whether I approved or disapproved of it, but whether it was characteristic of him. To have assumed the office of a judge, in addition to that of a narrator or editor, would have increased the responsibility, already great, a hundredfold; and in the present case, the vast importance of many of the questions discussed; the insufficient time and knowledge which I had at command; the almost filial relation in which I stood towards him —

would have rendered it absolutely impossible, even had it not been effectually precluded by the nature of the work itself. For similar reasons I have abstained from giving any formal account of his general character. He was one of a class whose whole being, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, is like the cloud of the poet, —

'Which moveth altogether, if it move at all.'

This biography is an admirable piece of work. The author is completely lost in his subject. One hears of the school-life, 'what glorious walks' he took with his pupils,—his hopes and fears for them, —but no personal vanity ever places the favored pupil before the reader. It is a wonderfully judicial, calm, and unbiassed narrative. He himself said, in reply to some of the criticism which came to him, and a comparison which was made between the Dr. Arnold of 'Tom Brown,' what is worth noticing as determining the value of his work. Hughes's account well coincides with Stanley's, and confirms his picture as taken from his different standpoint, and colored by his individuality. Every observer sees, with slight variations, the same object. We are the more impressed by the sincerity of both from their slight differences.

As to 'Tom Brown' and 'muscular Christianity,' he expressed an emphatic dissent from the implied opinion that the view there given of Dr. Arnold's influence was at variance with his own. 'I have done my best to give a good picture of Arnold. I do not know that I could make it any better. But this I would say, if any one feels he must choose between my picture and Mr. Hughes's, then I would say, without hesitation, let him take Tom Brown.' This tribute to his own sincerity makes the limitations of his work show its faithfulness. The very incompleteness of a sketch often adds to its fidelity. No one can see all round a great, many-sided subject like Arnold's life. Each book has its charm, its peculiar merit.

This life of Arnold gave Stanley at once a place as a biographer. One critic says he is considered 'unrivalled' in this line. Carlyle said of Arnold's house at Rugby, it was 'one of the rarest sights in the world — a temple of industrious peace.' Stanley's first work was happy in painting that beautiful home. One writer has truly observed of this first work: 'Granted, at his first start in life, the pure and lively satisfaction of erecting an imperishable memorial to one whom he loved and

honored as he did Arnold, the sense of power he then experienced must have greatly aided him in his after literary work, though we doubt if he could again do anything as satisfactory in the way of subject, conception, and execution. A far inferior subject to that which he has set on his sunny canvas would possess an irresistible attraction painted in hues so warm and yet distinct as those which he has bestowed on the portrait of Dr. Arnold.'

Thomas Hughes has given the world his own impressions of Stanley's story of Arnold's life, saying, 'Stanley came, as it were by a bound, to the front as the looked-for champion. His *Life of Arnold* gave him at once a position and influence which spread far beyond the university precincts.'

There is a temperate and dignified tone of narrative where the correspondence, sermons, or writings of Arnold's fail to tell the story. One reads somewhat of the beautiful home life at Laleham, Rugby, and Fox How, but the writer is singularly free from the prevailing faults of biographers,—egotism, eulogy, and expansion. The work is compact in conception and execution; full enough for ample study of his theme, judicial and

simple in style,—the book is neither cold nor wanting in the personal touches which make the finish of such a story.

Stanley felt the force which impelled him to record his impressions of Dr. Arnold when he wrote these words:—

'How many a young man has ere now been transfigured by the near influence of a faithful friend sticking closer than a brother, warding off temptations, making him feel, till it became part of himself, how beautiful, how godlike a thing is the bright and stainless career of unselfish and uncorrupted goodness. How many an enduring aim and purpose of life has been inspired by such friend or such teacher.'

In the year of the publication of Arthur's life of his master, Mrs. Stanley made a visit at Fox How. She wrote of it: 'In spite of clouds, mist, and rain, as we wound up to the house, the beauty surpassed my expectations. It is indeed a very mountain nest. . . . I never saw so striking an instance of the living presence and influence carried on—of the father being still amongst them. The five sons are all at home—fine, intelligent, tall young men; their manner to their mother is beautiful.'

The life of Arnold being finished, Stanley continued to devote himself to theological and historical studies. He threw himself into the questions of the day with great interest, and the discussions which agitated Oxford were studied by him. The biographer of Dr. Arnold did not sympathize with the extremes of the Anglican church. He was full of personal piety and the purest spirituality, but his theological views agreed with neither of the two great parties which sought to rule the Establishment.

He never disguised the fact that he looked on each, as he said much later of the separate churches of Christendom, 'as having something which the other had not,' and recognized 'the human, imperfect, mixed character' of each. The natural result was that from first to last he was an object of almost equal suspicion, an object, theologically speaking, of almost equal antipathy to both.

The years of his Oxford life as tutor were full of work and help for others. His students deeply loved him, and each year saw his influence extend, his power more and more felt. As select preacher to the University, which appointment he received

in 1845, his liberal views, and eloquent yet natural and unaffected style and agreeable manner, made him many friends, and his circle of hearers grew rapidly. 'The silver-tongued archdeacon,' afterwards Cardinal Manning, and J. H. Newman, were drawing many hearers and converts to the great Ritualist revival, and the liberal progressive party in the church found in Stanley the true representative and leader for their ideas. The churchmen who cared more for the welfare of the national church, and the spiritual growth of the Establishment in conformity with the needs and demands of the day, than they did for dogma or metaphysical distinctions, found in him their champion.

While university preacher, Arthur Stanley embodied his theological and spiritual thoughts in the 'Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age,' which were received with enthusiasm, and listened to by many as he spoke them, and read by great numbers in their printed form. He made a strong and lasting impression by this work, and placed himself among the leaders of thought in the religious world.

In these sermons, preached before the university

in 1846–47, he showed the earliest indications of that broad and liberal scripture interpretation now known as characteristic of his mind. He there gave Arnold the credit of inspiring him with that method of thought. In his 'Sermons on the Form and Substance of the Bible,' published in 1863, a still larger breadth and freedom of interpretation is observable, indicating a growth of thought simultaneous with his investigations.

In his preface to 'Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age,' he thus alludes to Arnold: 'If there are fewer references than might have been expected to the name of one to whom, though not living, this, as well as any similar work which I may be called upon to undertake, must in great measure be due, it is because I trust that I may be allowed to take this opportunity of vindicating, once for all, for the scholars of Arnold, the privilege and pleasure of using his words, and adopting his thoughts, without the necessity of specifying in every instance the sources from which they have been derived.'

One of his students and friends speaks of Stanley's influence as follows:—

'It is impossible for me to describe to you,—it

is difficult for me to analyze to myself, — the feelings which he inspired in a circle, small at first, but with every fresh term widening and extending. The fascination, the charm, the spell, were simply irresistible; the face, the voice, the manner; the ready sympathy, the geniality, the freshness, the warmth, the poetry, the refinement, the humor, the mirthfulness and merriment, the fund of knowledge, the inexhaustible store of anecdotes and stories told so vividly, so dramatically, — I shall not easily enumerate the gifts which drew us to him with a singular — some of us with quite a passionate — devotion. . . . It is felt by some of us as a thing that colored our whole lives from that day to this. We walked with him, sometimes took our meals with him, — frugal meals, for he was at the mercy of an unappreciative college scout, who was not above taking advantage of his master's helplessness in arranging for a meal, and his indifference to any article of diet other than brown bread and butter; we talked with him over that bread and butter with entire freedom, opened our hearts to him.'

Arthur Stanley loved his race, and especially the young, who appealed always strongly to his

sympathy. He said, years after, 'There is one element which is common to both sides of the Atlantic; one spring of youth which is perpetual, and that is the sight of the young generation rising up, and the inspiration which that sight gives to anyone who looks upon them. I remember a friend of mine, a poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, who has visited America, and whose name is dear to both countries, once quoting those lines of Wordsworth's, —

> My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky;

and, he added — we were speaking about colleges — my heart leaps up when I behold an undergraduate. Well, that is very much my feeling when I look upon you.'

Of his occasional sermons, one listener says: 'Many must still remember his introducing the preaching of occasional sermons in the college chapel. They will recall his very voice, and accent, and look, and manner, and gesture. But it was not his preaching, nor his teaching, it was himself most of all which impressed us. We always knew — and it was the secret of his winning to

the end of his days the hearts of the young, and, let me add, of the humble and working classes of his countrymen, — we always knew that he treated us and felt to us as a friend; cared for us, sympathized with us, gave us his heart, and not his heart only, but his best gifts.'

Hard work, constant study, and weeks spent in travel each year, did not prevent the young tutor from giving much time and thought to the needs of his students. He made them his friends, and was their confidant and trusted companion, giving of his valuable time an incredible amount, to assist the young men in their daily temptations and difficulties.

A delightful visit was made by Mr. Stanley in 1848 to the Scottish home of Principal Shairp, and in a letter to a friend, having Athens fresh in his memory, Stanley called Edinburgh 'a coarser Athens,' an allusion easily understood by those who know both cities. Scotland became very dear to Stanley, and he made many trips there for the scenery and antiquities, each year adding to his interest and enthusiasm for the country he loved to dwell on, — its history and legends which he said are 'the most romantic by far of all European histories.'

Three very sad visits were numbered among Mr. Stanley's many Scotch journeys. The first, when Bishop Stanley died at Brahan Castle; the others, when he acted as mourner at the funeral of General Bruce and Lord Elgin, the brothers of his wife.

While history and antiquity apparently offered the tutor a full field for his mind, he found time to watch and study daily events, and the making of history at home and abroad. When Sir Robert Peel's ministry retired, Stanley wrote: 'Peel's speech is, to me, the most affecting public event which I ever remember: no return of Cicero from exile, no triumphal procession up to the temple of Capitoline Jove, no Appius Claudius in the Roman Senate, no Chatham dying in the House of Lords, could have been a truly grander sight than that great minister retiring from office, giving to the whole world free trade with one hand, and universal peace with the other, and casting under foot,' he adds, 'the miserable factions which had dethroned him —

E'en at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

So I write, the metaphor being suggested by an eye-witness, who told me that it was Mark Antony's speech over Cæsar's body, but spoken by (Cæsar) himself.'

When the revolution of '48 drove Louis Philippe from France to English shelter as 'Mr. Smith,' Stanley was greatly excited by the events of the day. The stormy excesses of the Parisian mob, with the attempt of Guizot and Lamartine to stem the tide of popular fury and keep order, and the inauguration of the French Republic, came to him from the lips of men who had lived through these stirring days. He wrote from London in July of '49: 'Here I am, working hard at I. Corinthians, and seeing no one of importance except Guizot, and two or three more eye or ear-witnesses of Feb. 24 and June 24, whose accounts I treasure up for my grand-nephews, when they come in 1894, on the outbreak of the fourth French Revolution and the formation of the Sclavonic Empire, to hear the traditions of the great days of 1848.'

He was already at work on the 'Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians,' which he published in 1855. He truly was an example of his

own instance where he wrote of the process of soul and mind budding by continual and wide-spread benevolence and activity. 'A man who is possessed with what the French call the grand curiosity of knowing all that can be known, he who looks up to the truly great authorities of all ages and countries to the high intelligences of unquestioned fame and worth that God has raised up to enlighten the world — he has made an effort to enter on the narrow path, and to face his way through the strait gate that leads to eternal life.'

It can be truly said, in summing up Dean Stanley's peculiar characteristics, that he realized his own limitations. He worked as he was made to work and as he loved to work, and so the last page that he wrote was as fresh and unwearied as the first. He was true to himself from early youth, and one happy circumstance about his work was that he spent little or no time in groping for an object, or doing distasteful labor or making mistakes to be regretted and set right. He was always the historian, and confined himself to his line of thought and study.

CHAPTER XIV.

OXFORD.—DEATH OF BISHOP STANLEY.—OWEN AND CHARLES STANLEY DIE.—CHARACTERS.—FUNERAL SERVICES AT NORWICH FOR THE BISHOP.—THE GORHAM CONTROVERSY, AND THE ARTICLE IN 'EDINBURGH REVIEW.'—BROAD CHURCH.—ARTHUR STANLEY APPOINTED SECRETARY TO THE OXFORD COMMISSION.

THE year 1849 was a sad one for Arthur Stanley, marked by the death of two of his family and the breaking up of the Norwich home. Bishop Stanley 'had already, on his elevation to the see of Norwich, passed the limit which separates the prime of manhood from the decline of life; yet none who knew him could connect with his active habits of mind and body the thought of old age. The profusion of his snow-white hair had indeed, long before that period, imparted to his appearance a solemnity beyond his years; but his step was as quick, his voice as firm, his power of enduring fatigue almost as unbroken, as when he traversed

his parish in earlier days, or climbed the precipices of the Alps. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.'

The good man had been greatly tried in his public career, but for that the blessing of his home 'more than compensated. Thank God, he writes in his Journal, and from my heart I do, for such blessings.' In the success and welfare of his children he felt that interest which he had formerly derived from his own favorite pursuits. 'For them I live, and for them alone I wish to live, are the words of his more solemn moments, unless in God's Providence I can live to His glory.'

The condition of his diocese also was gratifying to him at this period. 'He had found it a wilderness, writes one who well knew its condition before and after his arrival, and he left it in comparison a cultivated field.' If he was less understood and appreciated at the distance from his work, the cheering influences named were consoling to him. He was failing gradually, but continued his work as if 'under the consciousness that his time was short, and that he must work whilst it lasted. It is better, he said on some such occasion, to wear out than to rust out.'

Some peculiar symptoms made his family desirous for a change for him, and during the summer of 1849 he started for the north, 'After a few visits in Yorkshire, and a rapid passage through the west of Scotland, they reached Brahan Castle in Ross-shire, according to an engagement of long standing with the Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, the then head of that ancient family.'

Arthur reached Brahan Castle and his dying father some hours before his death, which took place the 6th of September. 'The crash, the gloom, the uprooting and the void, he wrote between his father's death and funeral, is at times overwhelming; but of him, even more than of Arnold, I believe that I shall soon feel that I would not have him back again for all that a restored home could give.'

The marked decorum, the unaffected sadness, and impressive silence in which this good man was borne to his grave, spoke volumes for his eulogy.

It was, wrote Professor Sedgwick, 'the most touching and striking ceremonial witnessed. The mayor and corporation in their civic dresses, covered with crape, led the way. Then followed the coffin and pall-bearers — then the family and mourners, among whom went Mr. Wodehouse and

myself. About four hundred clergymen, in full robes, followed. There were also present most of the Nonconformist ministers of the city. And lastly, a great multitude of the respectable inhabitants in the city and neighborhood.'

Eleven hundred children from the city schools were present; 'children's tears are genuine, and many a sorrowful little countenance was to be observed surveying the proceedings with real grief depicted on it.'

The rural dean of the diocese wrote, 'The day was beautiful, and between the palace gate and the Erpingham gate we marched, through, I should think, not less than 20,000 spectators, who were all respectful and silent, and many of them were sorrowful. Nothing happened to break in upon or mar the moral sublimity of the solemn procession and service.'

Another and more general spectator, after speaking of the funeral, says, 'Almost every shop was closed, and every public office ceased from business. No one seemed to think, or was scarcely heard to speak, except on the one chief matter of the moment. At night I encountered a well-known Norwich tradesman standing at his open door,

and he was one not thinking with the lamented Bishop. I am listening, sir, said he, to the muffled peal of St. Peter's bells, and thinking of the friend Norwich has lost. We shall never see his like again.'

The old man whose 'good gray hairs and elastic step, and open countenance, with its striking profile and quick, searching glances, are still affectionately remembered among Norfolk parsonages and in poor men's dwellings,' had lived down much of the opposition early experienced by him in his diocese; and the great western window of his cathedral, restored in accordance with his wish, is his monument; but his work and memory are better than all such memorials. Of this cherished wish, the restoration, he said on one occasion, 'It will never be accomplished in my lifetime, but I trust that it may be my monument when I am no more.'

Arthur wrote of the affecting sight of the great multitude of mourners, 'There came across me, as it had never come before, the high ideal and the great opportunities of the life of an English bishop.' 'I can give you the facts,' wrote one who was present, 'but I can give you no notion of how

impressive it was, nor how affecting. There were such sobs and tears from the school children and from the clergy who so loved their dear bishop. A beautiful sunshine lit up everything, shining into the cathedral just at the time. Arthur was quite calm, and looked like an angel, with a sister on each side.'

'From the time of his father's death, from the time when he first took his seat at family prayers in the purple chair where the venerable white head was accustomed to be seen, Arthur Stanley seemed utterly to throw off all the shyness and embarrassment which had formerly oppressed him, to rouse himself by a great effort, and henceforward to forget his own personality altogether in his position and his work.'

A short time brought the tidings of the death of Charles Stanley in Van Diemen's Land; and his widow, hastening to join Owen Stanley at Sydney, heard on entering the harbor that Captain Stanley had been found dead in his cabin on the morning of March 13, 1850. He was thoroughly worn out 'with the incessant toil entailed by his survey, in command of the Rattlesnake, of the perilous Coral Sea, and by the intense anxiety attendant

on a lengthened cruise amongst a mass of shoals and reefs, where the lead gives no warning, and the lookout from the masthead is often useless from the color of the coral.' Heavy blows to the mother-heart of Mrs. Stanley, already widowed.

'Henceforward his mother, saddened though not crushed by her triple grief, was more than ever Arthur Stanley's care; he made her the sharer of all his thoughts, the confidante of all his difficulties, all that he wrote was read to her before its publication, and her advice was not only sought but taken. In her new home in London, he made her feel that she had still as much to interest her and give a zest to life as in the happiest days at Alderley and Norwich; most of all he pleased her by showing, in the publication of the Memoir of Bishop Stanley, in 1850, his thorough inward appreciation of the father with whom his outward intercourse had been of a less intimate kind than with herself.'

'Charles had lived long enough to leave in all who knew him the most endearing recollections.' He had enjoyed the confidence of his superiors; and his official work in Corfu, in the north of England, and Wales, was followed by his appointment

to an important position in Tasmania, where he was suddenly cut off by fever.

Owen Stanley's later labors have received by the hand of Professor Huxley, in an article in the Westminster Review, an enduring record. Huxley, who was assistant surgeon on board the 'Rattlesnake,' wrote in 'Science at Sea,' in the Westminster Review:—

'Of all those who were actively engaged upon the survey, the young commander alone was destined by inevitable fate to be robbed of his just reward. Care and anxiety, from the mobility of his temperament, sat not so lightly upon him as they might have done, and this, joined to the physical debility produced by the enervating climate of New Guinea, fairly wore him out, making him prematurely old, before much more than half of the allotted span was completed. But he died in harness, the end attained, the work that lay before him honorably done. Which of us may dare to ask for more? He has raised an enduring monument in his works, and his epitaph shall be the grateful thanks of many a mariner threading his way among the mazes of the Coral Sea.'

The mountain ranges of New Guinea will pre-

serve his name for the future. The splendid scientific fame of Huxley himself will be inseparably connected 'with the voyages which provided the first materials for long subsequent years of world-wide inquiry and speculation.'

Sir Henry Keppel, R. N., says in his own account of a visit to the Indian Archipelago: 'By his love of science, and by his zeal in the arduous path of scientific duty, Captain Stanley was enabled, with but slight physical or constitutional powers, to throw into the performance of his laborious mission his distinguished father's energy, and patiently, for the benefit of the whole family of man, to track as it were, the steps of Him whose way is in the sea, and his path in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known. . . . To investigate these, so far as we are allowed to do so, is exclusively the privilege of the scientific mind; to define them, for the guidance of mankind, is amongst the most sublime and philanthropic applications of which genius is susceptible on earth.'

To return from family matters to the literary work of Arthur Stanley, and his constantly growing reputation as a teacher and theologian, in

1850 appeared the famous article, among the first from his hand, in the Edinburgh Review, on the Gorham controversy. This was one of his most brilliant and effective articles on church matters; but while it gave pleasure and information to many laymen, it greatly displeased both of the extreme parties in the church. They had regarded the biographer of Arnold with distrust, and his efforts to defeat the censure of the famous tract XC., and the condemnation of Mr. Ward in the convocation at Oxford, gave him no more standing with the Ritualist party than the language he used in reference to the 'Gorham judgment' did with the other wing, — the Evangelical section of the church.

One may date the name, if not the birth, of the Broad Church element, from the following words used in this article, — 'There is no need — although, if need there were, it could be amply satisfied — for minute comparison of the particular formularies of the church, to prove the general truth that it is by the very conditions of its being, not high or low, but broad;' and a little further on he speaks of 'a fanciful division of the church into schools, which, for

the purpose in question, have no existence at all. . . . That the English Church is broad enough to comprehend persons so unlike as these two (Whately and Hare); that she can claim their different talents and qualities of mind for her service; that those who very little understand each other may, nevertheless, help different persons to understand their relation to her better, by helping them to understand themselves better.'

Years afterwards, in 1877, Dean Stanley, as rector of St. Andrews, referring to the pernicious use of words and phrases without adequate accuracy, as a fruitful source of religious differences, said: —

'In the Gorham controversy, which in 1805 threatened to rend the Church of England from its summit to its base, and which produced the widest theological panic of any within our time, the whole question hinged on the word regeneration. It never occurred to them to define or explain what either of them intended to express by it. The clamor, the turmoil, the fierceness, of the fight is concerning words, is what the apostle denounced as a battle of words. Explain these — define these — the party collapses, the bitterness exhales, the fear is cast out.'

This desire of the dean's for greater care in statement recalls an incident he used to relate with great emphasis:—

'A friend of mine at Oxford once paid a visit to a very old man, who was regarded as a kind of oracle, for he lived to his hundredth year; and the longer he lived, the more people went to inquire of him, as if he were an infallible oracle. My friend went to him, and said:—

'Would you kindly give me some advice in regard to reading theology?

'And he was rather discomfited at the old man's saying, after a long pause:—

'I will give you my advice. It is, *Verify your references.*

'Well, I will not confine myself to so homely a piece of advice as that, although it was very good; but I will say, *Verify your facts.* . . . Adding, this accuracy, this verification of facts, this sifting of things to the bottom, is a thing which all students ought to cultivate, and which theological students ought especially to cultivate, because it is something which theological students are especially apt to neglect. Do let me entreat of you to look facts in the face.'

One writer has said that Dr. Arnold 'was the first Broad Church man, and Dr. Stanley the last,' adding that the fact of Stanley's closing the list may be disputed, but he was certainly a typical member of the party.

When Stanley wrote of 'the inestimable advantage of the Gorham judgment as retaining within the pale of the Establishment both the rival schools of theology, and went on to add that the Church of England was meant to include, and always had included, opposite and contradictory opinions not only on the point now in dispute, but on other points as important, or more important than this,' he had unmistakably written himself as neither 'high' nor 'low' church, but just what he characterized as his belief in the Review Article — 'broad!'

For some time before Stanley left Oxford, he acted as Secretary to the first University Commission, and assisted in introducing some very important and admirable changes in the constitution of the university, whereby new life and vigor were infused into old forms, and the working and influence of the great university strengthened and enlarged.

CHAPTER XV.

APPOINTMENT TO CANONRY AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. — THE CATHEDRAL. — CANONRY AND ITS DUTIES. — HOME LIFE THERE. — FRIENDS. — 'MEMORIALS OF CANTERBURY' WRITTEN. — YEARLY JOURNEYS. — EASTERN TRAVELS. — 'SINAI AND PALESTINE' WRITTEN.

THE death of Bishop Stanley, and Arthur's finding himself, by the death of his two brothers, the male representative of his family, with the accession of some landed property, made the retention of his Fellowship, under the then-existing college rules, impossible, if he had desired it. At this time Lord John Russell offered Mr. Stanley one of the canonrys in Canterbury Cathedral, four of which are in the gift of the crown. The grand old cathedral of Canterbury, the seat of England's highest church dignitary, ranking next to royalty itself, was full of romantic interest for its newly-appointed canon.

The cathedral itself is of great antiquity, for when St. Augustine became Archbishop of Canter-

bury in 597 A. D., he consecrated a church formerly used by the Roman Christians.

Dean Stanley says of the conversion of Ethelbert by St. Augustine, and the baptism of the King of Kent, that 'it was the most important baptism the world had seen since the rite was administered to Constantine.' In the fascinating 'Memorials of Canterbury,' prepared by the Canon, one finds very valuable studies of the early foundation of this great cathedral, which owes its origin to the gift of Ethelbert to Augustine, of land for a monastery in the neighborhood of the town. The king gave the archbishop his own palace, and an old church, with ground sufficient for the abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul, and gradually the growth of the grand cathedral was accomplished on the site of Augustine's first grant from Ethelbert. Nothing remains now of the first cathedral, but tradition loves to linger over the memories of the foundation of the Primacy and England's national church. Fuller long since said of the change which has taken place, 'Kent itself but a corner of England, and Canterbury seated in a corner of that corner.' Stanley says: 'Yet so long as an archbishop of Canterbury exists, so long as the Church of

England exists, Canterbury can never forget that it had the glory of being the cradle of English Christianity.'

Arthur Stanley carried with him to his new work, very strong and enthusiastic love for the office. By the act of 1840, all members of cathedrals, except the dean, are styled canons. They occupy a seat called a *stall* in the cathedral, and the minor canons, of whom there are from two to six attached to each cathedral, perform the daily choral service, intoning it and an anthem, and the Psalms are chanted. It was very important to Arthur Stanley, just at this period of his life, that he found leisure and opportunity for literary work. He rejoiced in the 'leisure for a few tranquil years of independent research or studious leisure, where he need contend with no prejudices, entangle himself with no party, travel far and wide over the earth, with nothing to check the constant increase of knowledge which such experience brings,' he said, some years later, in looking back on this change.

He felt the loss of his Oxford friends at first very much. He took great pride, however, in his connection, and alluded to it in his inaugural

lecture when he became professor at Oxford, as 'the cradle of English Christianity, the seat of the English Primacy,' 'his *own proud cathedral*,' as he learnt to call it, the Metropolitan Church of Canterbury.

The following anecdote was related by Stanley of a meeting with the 'Sage of Chelsea,' as many admirers called Thomas Carlyle:—

'It was during the Crimean War; and after hearing him denounce, with his vigorous, and perhaps exaggerated, earnestness, the chaos and confusion into which our administration had fallen, and the doubt and distrust which pervaded all classes at the time, I ventured to ask him, What, under the circumstances, is your advice to a canon of an English cathedral?' He grimly laughed at my question. He paused for a moment, and then answered in homely and well-known words, but which were, as it happened, especially fitted to situations like that in which he was asked to give his counsel—'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.'

Arthur Stanley has well said what will apply to all earnest workers: 'High offices in church and state may fill even ordinary men with a force beyond

themselves;' and again, 'every position in life, great or small, can be made almost as great or as little as we desire to make it,' and he soon found he had a place to fill at Canterbury, a work to do which filled his time, and absorbed his mind. A cordial greeting was extended to him at Canterbury, and if disapproval of his liberal views was felt by some, silence was the rule, and discontent was murmured, not openly expressed.

The position accorded Canterbury and its officials was expressed by William Edington in 1366, when the archbishopric was offered him, '*Canterbury is the higher rank, but Winchester the better manger.*' The word 'canon' means, in Greek, '*weighed,*' or 'choice man,' and Arthur Stanley found himself among the canons of Canterbury as one whom the government delighted to honor; it was a gratifying mark of recognition of his earnest, thoughtful work.

In Stanley's own words 'he rejoiced that he was the servant and minister, not of some obscure fugitive establishment, for which no one cares beyond his narrow circle, but of a cathedral whose name commands respect and interest, even in the remotest parts of Europe.'

The leisure and mode of life at Canterbury greatly helped the student in his work, giving him opportunity, inspiration, and food for thought. Here he was filled with that reverent love for the antiquities of the cathedral which prompted him to utter these words:—

'It is not too much to say, that if any one were to go through the various spots of interest in or around our great cathedral, and ask, What happened here? Who was the man whose tomb we see? Why was he buried here? What effect did his life and death have upon the world? a real knowledge of the history of England is to be gained, such as the mere reading of books or lectures would utterly fail to supply . . . what may seem to be mere stones or bare walls becoming so many chapters of English history.'

'At Canterbury he not only lived among the illustrious dead, but he made them rise into new life by the way in which he spoke and wrote of them. Often on the anniversary of Becket's murder, as the fatal hour—five o'clock on a winter's afternoon—drew near, Stanley would marshal his family and friends round the scenes of the event, stopping with thrilling effect at each

spot connected with it: Here the knights came into the cloister—here the monks knocked furiously for refuge in the church—till, when at length the chapel of the martyrdom was reached, as the last shades of twilight gathered amid the arches, the whole scene became so real, that, with almost more than a thrill of horror, one saw the moments through one's ears,—the struggle between Fitzurse and the archbishop, the blow of Tracy, the solemn dignity of the actual death.'

Canon Stanley went into residence in 1851, and during the seven years following he was identified with the religious and social life of Canterbury. Three months' residence and official duties are required of each canon, and this gives large liberty for work or travel, of which privileges Mr. Stanley availed himself, as will be seen by his literary labors, and the long journeys he made during his Canterbury life.

At Canterbury Mr. Stanley had, for the first time since leaving his paternal roof, a home. His rooms at Oxford, full of friendly and genial hospitality, were only bachelor quarters, but in his new life he was the master of a house, and his mother was with him much of the time, and his sisters

also were visitors at the canon's house. His sister Catherine had some time before this married Dr. Charles Vaughan, his early friend, then master of Harrow.

Mr. Hare says, 'Those who remember Stanley's happy intercourse with his mother at Canterbury; his friendships in the place, especially with Archdeacon and Mrs. Harrison, who lived next door, and with whom he had many daily meetings and communications on all subjects; his pleasure in the preparation and publication of his Canterbury Sermons; his delightful home under the shadows of the cathedral, connected by the Brick Walk with the cloisters; and his constant work of a most congenial kind, will hardly doubt that in many respects the years spent at Canterbury were the most prosperous of his life. Vividly does the recollection of those who were frequently his guests go back to the afternoon when, his cathedral duties and writing being over, he would rush out to Harbledown, to Patrixbourne, or along the dreary Dover road (which he always insisted upon thinking most delightful) to visit his friend Mrs. Gregory, going faster and faster as he talked more enthusiastically, calling up fresh topics out

of the wealthy past. Or there were longer excursions to Bozendeane Wood, with its memories of the strange story of the so-called Sir William Courtenay, its blood-stained dingle amid the hazels, its trees riddled with shot, and its wide view over the forest of Blean to the sea, with the Isle of Sheppey breaking the blue waters.

'Close behind Stanley's house was the Deanery and its garden, where the venerable Dean Lyall used daily at that time to be seen walking up and down in the sun. Here grew the marvellous old mulberry, to preserve the life of which, when failing, a bullock was effectually killed that the tree might drink in new life from its blood. A huge bough, which had been torn off from this tree, had taken root and had become far more flourishing than its parent. Arthur Stanley called them the Church of Rome and the Church of England, and gave a lecture about it in the town.'

Arthur Stanley had great pleasure in this new life; and his home, though incomplete without the presence of wife or children, was much to him.

'At the close of his Canterbury life, in a letter written on the sudden bereavement, by his young wife's death, of one of his Oxford pupils, he writes,

with something of a prophetic instinct, 'But yet on the whole I feel sure that even with such dreadful contingencies in store it is better to have had a home and wife than never to have had either. To have had even a home as I have had at Canterbury has been, I am convinced, an immense step in life — much more would the other have been.'

Mr. Bradley, who was a frequent visitor, says: 'Rarely has that ancient city of southern England had such a centre of social life within its fair Cathedral precincts. Citizens and officers, residents in the neighborhood, visitors from afar, old friends and new acquaintances, met in that most delightful of homes, the very best and most delightful of hosts. There come back to the memory, times when the most delightful, the most dramatic and picturesque of his stories were told with all the charm of his voice and manner — the voice that became, as has so well been said, resonant and full when he recited a quotation from poetry, or a saying of interest — not to charm a listening circle of men or women of mark or rank, but to amuse a weary and silent friend, or to enliven a tedious drive through country lanes.'

The 'Commentary on the Epistles to the Corin-



thians,' which Canon Stanley began at Oxford, he found time to finish at Canterbury, and it was published in 1855. It went through three editions before 1865. The 'Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age,' already spoken of as delighting Oxford listeners, were printed in 1847, and a second edition was called for in 1852. The North British Review says, 'We have seldom read any sermons with greater instruction and delight than those of Mr. Stanley on the Apostolic Age.'

The Life of Arnold had won for its author at once a permanent place among English biographers, and each year saw its popularity increase. The eighth edition was published in England in 1858, and three editions were published in America before 1860. Translated into several foreign languages, it was quite as popular on the Continent as in England, making due allowances for the nationality of the subject and the local allusions.

The 'Historical Memorials of Canterbury' appeared in 1855, and had been through five editions in 1869. It was gracefully dedicated to the 'Venerable Benjamin Harrison, Archdeacon of Maidstone and Canon of Canterbury, in grateful

remembrance of much kindness' from him, and as a commemoration of his long and faithful services in Canterbury and its cathedral.

The 'Memorials' were prepared in the leisure intervals taken from years spent at Canterbury. As canon of Canterbury, Mr. Stanley was much interested in the historic events connecting the past and present of the shrine of Becket. The four subjects chosen by him for his essays would doubtless have received additions had his duties and time allowed him. The first lecture, 'The Landing of Augustine and the Conversion of Ethelbert,' afterwards developed into the printed essay, was delivered at Canterbury in 1854. Its character was of a more popular nature 'than so grave a subject as the conversion of England would naturally require;' he says his 'purpose was simply to exhibit in full detail the earliest traditions of England and Canterbury respecting the mission of Augustine, and the successive steps by which that mission was established in Kent.'

The second essay — 'The Murder of Becket' — originally appeared in the Quarterly Review of September, 1853. The third essay, on 'Edward,

the Black Prince,' was delivered as a lecture at Canterbury in 1852. The chief interest which the reader will find in this essay is the new material brought together about the Black Prince's death and burial. The writer makes a very valuable contribution to the history of the manners and customs of the English in the vivid picture he gives of the death of Becket, and the account of the burial of the great prince who won his spurs at Cressy.

The fourth essay is a fitting compendium to the 'Death of Becket.' It is the substance of two lectures given at Canterbury in 1855. The connection of the shrine with —

> 'The poet of the dawn, who wrote
> The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
> Made beautiful with song,'

gives it general interest, and the history of the cathedral is thus brought down to the period of the Reformation. It represents the rise and fall of a practice now extinct in England, and greatly modified by modern progress and learning on the continent, though the faithful still flock to Lourdes and some other shrines.

Valuable historical notes, original documents drawn for the first time, from the archives of the chapter-house of Canterbury accompany the text of the book, and in this part of the work Mr. Stanley received the assistance of two archæologists, Mr. Albert Way and Professor Willis. Mr. Hare says of this work: 'Of all his books, it was perhaps the one which it gave him most pleasure to write.'

During the years at Oxford and Canterbury Mr. Stanley made many Continental journeys, varying in length as his time for wandering allowed. One year saw him in Spain, where he noted the historic and natural aspects of the land, and, speaking of his own recollections some time after, said: —

'The weary traveller in the south of Spain, who, after passing many an arid plain and many a bare hill, finds himself at nightfall under the heights of Granada, will hear plashing and rippling under the shade of the spreading trees, and along the side of the dusty road, the grateful murmur of running waters, of streamlets whose sweet music mingles with his dreams as he sleeps, and meets his ear as the first pleasant voice in the stillness of the early

dawn. What is it? It is the sound of the irrigating rivulets called into existence by the Moorish occupants of Granada five centuries ago, which, amidst all the changes of race and religion, have never ceased to flow.'

Another year would find him traversing France or Germany, and during several of these trips he was accompanied by his mother and sisters. Sometimes his cousin, Miss Penrhyn, and his friend Hugh Pearson, would be added to the party. In this way he saw year by year the greater part of Europe, and in 1852, with his mother and sisters, spent some months in the northern and eastern provinces of Italy, moving from place to place in that delightful *vetturino* travelling, studying the scenery and history of the country. They were charmed and amused by the opportunity afforded them of seeing from their open carriage the life of the peasants, their primitive homes, the rustic implements still used by them in fields and gardens, as old as the days of Virgil, and, the Campagna passed, they reached Rome where Mr. Stanley had the great pleasure of acting as guide to his mother, who had never seen the Eternal City.

The funeral of the Duke of Wellington called

Mr. Stanley suddenly to London. By travelling day and night he was able to reach London the night before the imposing ceremony with which the Iron Duke was attended to his final resting-place at St Paul's. After the services were over, he met his mother at Avignon, to take leave of her previous to his eastern journey, the results of which he embodied in 'Sinai and Palestine' 'a book which, without any compromise of its own freedom of thought, has turned all the knowledge of previous travellers to most admirable account.'

He passed the winter of 1852 and the spring of 1853 in Egypt, Arabia, and Syria, accompanied by Theodore Walrond, C. B., of Balliol College, Mr. Fremantle, and Mr Findlay.

The delightful pages of 'Sinai and Palestine' teem with passages which glow with the enthusiasm of the historian, poet, and observer. Much had been written touching on the history of the Chosen People and the geography of the Holy Land. Stanley does full justice to the labors of Ewald, Kuenen, Ritter, and Robinson, and draws much from their exhaustive works to supplement his own observation and study. Dr. Arnold had shadowed forth the future work of his scholar when

he said, years before, in writing to Bunsen, 'what Wolf and Niebuhr have done for Greece and Rome seems sadly wanting for Judæa.'

The popular character in the historical writings of Mr. Stanley is nowhere better shown than in his 'Sinai and Palestine,' which fairly glows with the loving yet discriminating touch which revivifies the holy places and times for the reader. In 'The History of the Jewish People,' Mr. Stanley while in admiration of Ewald and Kuenen's work, finds it '*dry*,' and considers himself 'exempt from the duty of undertaking afresh a labor which they have accomplished once for all.' Many years later, in completing his second volume of the 'Jewish Church' dated from the Deanery, Westminster, in 1865, Dean Stanley paid his tribute of regard to the memory of Ewald as follows:—

'By his removal the Church, not only of Germany, but of Europe, has lost one of its chiefest theologians; and his countrymen will not refuse to a humble fellow-worker in the same paths the privilege of paying this parting testimony of respect to one to whom Christendom owes so deep a debt. It was in the summer of 1844 that I, with a dear friend, sought him out in an inn at Dresden. We

introduced ourselves to him as young Oxford students, and it is impossible to forget the effect produced upon us by finding the keen interest which this secluded scholar, as we had supposed, took in the moral and social condition of our country, and noble enthusiasm with which this dangerous heretic, as he was regarded in England, grasped the small Greek Testament which he had in his hand as he entered, and said: In this little book is contained all the wisdom of the world. We spoke to him of the great English theologian then lately departed; and, of all the tributes paid to the memory of Arnold, none is more full of appreciation than that which appeared shortly afterwards in the preface of the second volume of the History of the Jewish People. That history has since been unfolded piece by piece; and assuredly anyone who has watched the progress of his written words can easily understand what was once said of him to me by a German professor who had attended his spoken lectures, — that to listen to him after the harsh and dry instructions of ordinary teachers was like passing from the dust and turmoil of the street into the depth and grandeur of an ancient cathedral.'

Investigation of original documents in a critical spirit will be found wanting; no new reading of old manuscripts is offered to the public, but the reader who looks for the picturesque and graphic description of a keen-eyed student on the spot will be well repaid by the pages of Stanley. He says himself of what he thinks his mission: —

'Much has been written, and still remains to be written, both on the history and the geography of the Chosen People. But there have been comparatively few attempts to illustrate the relation in which each stands to the other. To bring the recollections of my own journey to bear on this question, — to point out how much or how little the Bible gains by being seen, so to speak, through the eyes of the country, or the country by being seen through the eyes of the Bible, — to exhibit the effect of the Holy Land on the course of the Holy History, — seemed to be a task not hitherto fully accomplished. To point out the limits of this connection will be the object of the following preface. It has been my endeavor, on the one hand, to omit no geographical feature which throws any direct light on the history or the poetry of the sacred volume, to insert no descriptions except

those which have such a purpose, and to dwell on no passages of Scripture except those which are capable of such an illustration. . . . Extracts from journals or letters have been given when it seemed necessary to retain the impression, not merely of the scene but of the moment. . . .

In continuing his prefatory remarks, he says: 'Greece and Italy have geographical charms of a high order, but they have never provoked a crusade; and, however bitter may have been the disputes of antiquaries about the Acropolis of Athens, or the Forum of Rome, they have never, as at Bethlehem and Jerusalem, become matters of religious controversy.'

In speaking of the influence of the land on the race which inhabits it, and his study of it, he writes, as the keynote of his work:—

'It cannot be indifferent to any one who wishes—whether from the divine or the human, from the theological or the historical, point of view—to form a complete estimate of the character of the most remarkable nation which has appeared on the earth.'

Of the advantages possessed by the visitor to the sacred spots of the Holy Land, Mr. Stanley

says, in reference to sifting of traditionary proof and comparison with the scenes and the testimony of nature, 'to some, the amount of testimony thus rendered will appear either superfluous or trivial; to others, the mere attempt to define sacred history by natural localities and phenomena will seem derogatory to their ideal or divine character. But it will, at least, be granted that this evidence is, so far as it goes, incontestable. Wherever a story, a character, an event, a book, is involved in the conditions of a spot or scene still in existence, there is an element of fact which no theory or interpretation can dissolve. If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.'

Of his travels he says, 'In fact, the whole journey, as it is usually taken by modern travellers, presents the course of the history in a living parable before us, to which no other journey or pilgrimage can present any parallel. In its successive scenes, as in a mirror, is faithfully reflected the dramatic unity and progress which so remarkably characterizes the Sacred History. The primeval world of Egypt is with us, as with the Israelites, the starting-point — the contrast — of all that follows. With us, as with them, the Pyramids recede, and

the Desert begins, and the wilderness melts into the hills of Palestine, and Jerusalem is the climax of the long ascent, and the consummation of the Gospel History presents itself locally, no less than historically, as the end of the Law and the Prophets. And with us, too, as the glory of Palestine fades away into the common day of Asia Minor and the Bosphorus, gleams of the Eastern light still continue — first in the Apostolical labors, then, fainter and dimmer, in the beginnings of ecclesiastical history, — Ephesus, Nicæa, Chalcedon, Constantinople; and the life of European scenery and of Western Christendom completes by its contrast what Egypt and the East had begun.'

Of his work he tells the reader, 'Its object will be accomplished if it brings any one with fresh interest to the threshold of the Divine story, which has many approaches, as it has many mansions; which the more it is explored the more it gives out; which, even when seen in close connection with the local associations from which its spirit holds most aloof, is still capable of imparting to them, and of receiving from them, a poetry, a life, an instruction, such as has fallen to the lot of no other history in the world.'

CHAPTER XVI.

CANTERBURY. — 'SINAI AND PALESTINE.' — EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS AND LETTERS IN THE EAST. — REMARKS OF CRITICS ON 'SINAI AND PALESTINE.' — CRIMEAN WAR. — JOURNEY TO RUSSIA. — STUDY OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH. — THE 'EASTERN CHURCH HISTORY AND LECTURES ON ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY' PREPARED. — APPOINTMENT TO REGIUS PROFESSORSHIP OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, AND CANONRY AT CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD. — CLOSE OF CANTERBURY LIFE. — 'SERMONS PREACHED AT CANTERBURY.'

THIS Eastern journey was planned to follow in the footsteps of the 'Chosen People,' and to that end Egypt was the starting point of the party.

In a letter written from the Delta of the Nile, he says of the scene, 'The eastern sky was red with the early dawn; we were on the broad waters of the Nile — or, rather, its Rosetta branch. The first thing which struck me was its size. Greater than the Rhine, Rhone, or Danube, one perceives what a sea-like stream it must have appeared to Greeks and Italians, who had seen nothing larger

than the narrow and precarious torrents of their own mountains and valleys. As the light broke, its color gradually revealed itself, — brown like the Tiber, only of a darker and richer hue — no strong current, only a slow, vast, volume of water, mild and beneficent as the statue in the Vatican, steadily flowing on between its two almost uniform banks, which rise above it much like the banks of a canal, though in some places with terraces or strips of earth, marking the successive stages of the flood. . . . Green — unutterably green — mostly at the top of these banks, though sometimes creeping down to the water edge, lies the Land of Egypt. Green — unbroken, save by the mud villages which here and there lie in the midst of the verdure, like the marks of a soiled foot on a rich carpet; or by the dykes and channels which convey the life-giving waters through the thirsty land. This is the Land of Egypt, and this is the memorial of the yearly flood. Up those black terraces, over those green fields, the water rises and descends, —

Et *viridem* Ægyptum *nigrâ* fœcundat arenâ.'

'And not only when the flood is actually there, but throughout the whole year, is water continu-

ally ascending through innumerable wheels worked by naked figures, as the Israelites of old, in the service of the field, and then flowing on in gentle rills through the various allotments. To the seeds of these green fields, to the fishes of the wide river, is attached another natural phenomenon, which I never saw equalled: — the numbers numberless, of all manner of birds — vultures, and cormorants, and geese, flying like constellations through the blue heavens; pelicans standing in long array on the water side; hoopoos and ziczacs, and the (so-called) white ibis, the gentle symbol of the god Osiris in his robes of white, — ἐν ποσὶν εἰλύμενοι — walking under one's very feet.'

To a friend he wrote of the colossal statues of Thebes: —

'No written account has given me an adequate impression of the effect, past and present, of the colossal figures of the kings. What spires are to a modern city, — what the towers of a cathedral are to its nave and choir, — that the statues of the Pharaohs were to the streets and temples of Thebes. The ground is strewed with their fragments: there were avenues of them towering high above plain and houses. Three

of gigantic size still remain. One was the granite statue of Rameses himself, who sate on the right side of the entrance to his palace. By some extraordinary catastrophe, the statue has been thrown down, and the Arabs have scooped their millstones out of his face, but you can still see what he was, — the largest statue in the world. Far and wide that enormous head must have been seen, eyes, mouth, and ears. Far and wide you must have seen his vast hands resting on his elephantine knees. You sit on his breast and look at the Osiride statues which support the portico of the temple, and which anywhere else would put to shame even the statues of the cherubs in St. Peter's — and they seem pigmies before him. His arm is thicker than their whole bodies. The only part of the temple or palace at all in proportion to him must have been the gateway, which rose in pyramidal towers, now broken down, and rolling in a wild ruin down to the plain.

'Nothing which now exists in the world can give any notion of what the effect must have been when he was erect. Nero towering above the Colosseum may have been something like it; but he was of bronze, and Rameses was of solid granite. Nero

was standing without any object; Rameses was resting in awful majesty after the conquest of the whole of the then known world. Alike in battle and in worship he is of the same stature as the gods themselves. Most striking is the familiar gentleness with which — one on each side — they take him by each hand, as one of their own order, and then in the next compartment introduce him to Ammon and the lion-headed goddess. Every distinction, except of degree, between divinity and royalty, is entirely levelled, and the royal majesty is always represented by making the King, not like Saul or Agamemnon, from the head and shoulders, but from the foot and ancle, upwards, higher than the rest of the people.

'It carries one back to the days, when there were giants on the earth. . . . And now let us pass to the two others. They are the only statues remaining of an avenue of eighteen similar, or nearly similar, statues, some of whose remnants lie in the field behind them, which led to the palace of Amenophis III., every one of the statues being Amenophis himself, thus giving in multiplication what Rameses gained in solitary elevation. He lived some reigns earlier than Rameses, and the

statues are of ruder workmanship and coarser stone. To me they were much more striking close at hand, when their human forms were distinctly visible, than at a distance, when they looked only like two towers or landmarks.

'The sun was setting; the African range glowed red behind them; the green plain was dyed with a deeper green beneath them; and the shades of evening veiled the vast rents and fissures in their aged frames. They too sit, hands on knees, and they too are sixty feet high. As I looked back at them in the sunset, and they rose up in front of the background of the mountain, they seemed, indeed, as if they were part of it, — as if they belonged to some natural creation rather than to any work of art. And yet, as I have said, when anywhere in their neighborhood, the human character is never lost. Their faces are dreadfully mutilated; indeed, the largest has no face at all, but is from the waist upwards a mass of stones or rocks piled together in the form of a human head and a body. Still, especially in that dim light, and from their lofty thrones, they seem to have faces only of hideous and grinning ugliness.'

Of the approach to Palestine, he wrote: 'The

day of leaving Petra was occupied in the passage of the mountains into the 'Arabah. . . . It was at 'Akaba that Mohammed, stretching out his hands in prayer, after a few moments of silence, exclaimed, pointing over the palm-trees, 'There is the new moon,' — the new moon which gave me a thrill no new moon had ever wakened before, for, if all prospered, its fulness would be that of the Paschal moon at Jerusalem. At 'Akaba, too, we first came within the dominions of David and Solomon.

'The approach to Palestine — nothing can be more gradual. There is no special point at which you can say the Desert is ended and the Land of Promise is begun. Yet there is an interest in that solemn and peaceful melting away of one into the other which I cannot describe. It was like the striking passage in Thalaba, describing the descent of the mountains, with the successive beginnings of vegetation and warmth. The first change was perhaps what one would least expect — the disappearance of trees. The last palms were those we left at 'Ain El-Weibeh. Palm Sunday was the day which shut us out, I believe, with few rare exceptions, from those beautiful creations of the Nile

and the Desert springs — Judæa knows them no more. The next day we saw the last of our well-known acacia — that consecrated and venerable tree of the Burning Bush and of the Tabernacle; and then, for the first time in the whole journey, we had to take our midday meal without shade. But meanwhile every other sign of life was astir. On descending from the Pass of Sâfeh, one observed that the little shrubs, which had more or less sprinkled the whole 'Arabah, were more thickly studded; the next day they gave a gray covering to the whole hillside, and the little tufts of grass threw in a general tint of green before unknown. Then the red anemones of Petra reappeared, and then, here and there, patches of corn. As we advanced, this thin covering became deeper and fuller, and daisies and hyacinths were mixed with the blood-drops of the anemones.

'Most striking anywhere would have been this protracted approach to land after that wide desert sea — these seeds and plants, and planks, as it were, drifting to meet us. But how doubly striking when one felt in one's inmost soul that this was the entrance into the Holy Land — 'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed gar-

ments from Bozra?' Everything told us that we were approaching the sacred frontier. In that solitary ride, — for all desert rides are more or less solitary, — through this peaceful passing away of death into life, there was indeed no profanation of the first days of Passion Week.

'Those who have seen the Grande Chartreuse in the Alps of Dauphiny know the shock produced by the sight of that vast edifice in the midst of its mountain desert, — the long, irregular pile, of the Parisian architecture of the fifteenth century, the one habitation of the upland wilderness of which it is the centre. It is this feeling, raised to its highest pitch, which is roused on finding in the heart of the Desert of Sinai the stately Convent of St. Catherine, with its massive walls, its gorgeous church hung with banners, its galleries of chapels, of cells, and of guest chambers, its library of precious manuscripts, the sound of its rude cymbals calling to prayer, and changed by the echoes into music as it rolls through the desert valley, the double standard of the Lamb and Cross floating high upon its topmost towers. And this contrast is heightened still more by the fact that unlike most monastic retreats, its inhabitants and

its associations are not indigenous, but wholly foreign, to the soil where they have struck root. The monks of the Grande Chartreuse, however secluded from the world, are still Frenchmen; the monks of Subiaco are still Italians. But the monks of Sinai are not Arabs, but Greeks. There in the midst of the Desert, the very focus of the pure Semitic race, the traveller hears once again the accents of the Greek tongue; meets the natives of Thessalonica and of Samos; sees in the gardens the produce, not of the Desert or of Egypt, but of the isles of Greece; not the tamarisk, or the palm, or the acacia, but the olive, the almond-tree, the apple-tree, the poplar, and the cypress of Attica and Corcyra. And as their present state, so also their past origin, is alike strange to its local habitation. No Arab or Egyptian or Syrian patriarch erected that massive pile; no pilgrim princess, no ascetic king; a Byzantine emperor, the most worldly of his race, the great legislator Justinian, was its founder.'

As Stanley himself says, every traveller in the Holy Land has described the Convent of the Transfiguration, or St. Catherine, as it was known later. But where shall we find a more brilliant bit of

word-painting? vivid and graphic as a picture, it stands before the eye. One gains a good idea of the reverent yet judicial manner in which Stanley sifts the elements of tradition and fact, observes and notes the connection between legend and place, and studies all the natural surroundings by the following passage, which concludes his careful survey of Jerusalem and its sacred places, its neighboring Bethany and Olivet: —

'The scene seemed, as I saw it many years ago, to be the exact echo of Milton's noble lines, —

> The oracles are dumb,
> No voice or hideous hum
> Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving:
> Apollo from his shrine
> Can no more divine
> With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

'Something akin to this feeling is that which is finally left on the mind after exploring the neighborhood of Jerusalem. These localities have, indeed, no real connection with Him. It is true that they bring the scene vividly before us — that in many instances, as we shall see hereafter, they illustrate His words and works in detail. But the more we gaze at them, the more do we feel that

this interest and instruction are secondary, not primary: their value is imaginative and historical, not religious. The desolation and degradation, which have so often left on those who visit Jerusalem the impression of an accursed city, read in this sense a true lesson, He is not here: He is risen.'

Some discomforts attended these Eastern days, but he took the deepest pleasure in recalling the scenes and events of the months passed amid the scenes of sacred history. Referring to them, he said, —

'Those glorious days,
Which can now never be taken away,'

'The infinite, endless, boundless monotony' of the voyage up the Nile, he varied by reading again the 'Arabian Nights,' and studying all the parts of the Bible which allude to Egypt, in the original Hebrew. He prepared himself, in the same enthusiastic spirit, for a careful observation of the Holy Land, by reading every word of Robinson's four exhaustive volumes on the subject. In addressing the students of Union Seminary, New York, during his American journey, he paid a handsome compliment to the memory of Prof. Robinson of that seminary. He told the students

of his gratitude to the 'Biblical Researches' of Dr. Robinson, adding: 'They are amongst the very few books of modern literature of which I can truly say that I have read every word. I have read them under circumstances which riveted my attention upon them (though, no doubt, not conducive to a very profound study of them), — while riding on the back of a camel in the Desert; while travelling on horseback through the hills of Palestine; under the shadow of my tent, when I came in weary from the day's journey. . . . To that work I have felt that I and all students of Biblical literature owe a debt that never can be effaced.'

The following pleasant anecdote is taken from the recollections of one of the friends who were with Canon Stanley: 'Something must be said of his journey which was not recorded in the pages of Sinai and Palestine. Two of the party of four were Scotsmen. One of these, from his justice, good temper, and power of command, received from their Eastern attendants the name of the Governor; but Stanley was invariably the Sheik, the holy man. He gained this title partly from his knowledge of the localities which they visited, and his familiarity with and interest in all the

strange outgrowth of Arab legends; but he gained it also by the pure and beautiful, and, in their unsophisticated eyes, unversed in the bitter controversies of the Christian world, by the saintly character of one whom they watched and lived with day and night for weeks. Well can we who knew the man understand the story, how Mohammed, the faithful dragoman, after the last farewell was over, crept down into the cabin, knelt and seized his hand, and then rushed away with an outburst of passionate grief at parting with one whom he would never see again, and whom, in spite of the difference of creed, he reverenced as a saint.'

The style of 'Sinai and Palestine' largely owes its charm and vivid picturesqueness to the fact that it was drawn from Stanley's letters to his friends, written on the spot while the spell was upon him. Goldwin Smith wrote to him on his return, 'You have nothing to do but to piece together your letters, cut off their heads and tails, and the book is done.' One can understand the spirit of the traveller when he wrote Max Müller after his return, inviting him to visit him at Canterbury, closing with 'I consider I was never so well worth a visit.' One critic says of 'Sinai and Palestine'

that 'it has become a classic, to be ranked with Farrar's Life of Christ and kindred works.' Another says in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'We know few books of travel which present such evidences of extensive erudition and accurate research; certainly not one which unites so happily great reading, solid judgment, and which turns the learning of others so liberally to account, without the least compromise of its own freedom of thought.' The 'Westminster Review' says it 'is as excellent in the execution as it is wise and rational in design.' The book elicited some attacks from various quarters on questions as to the Sinaitic inscriptions; and the poetical style of Mr. Stanley was severely criticised by some other writers.

The Crimean War took Mary Stanley to the East on her mission of devotion to hospital work, and in 1854 drew the attention of her family to Scutari, increasing their interest in the events of the war. Mr Stanley, referring afterwards to these days, said, 'In a famous speech of one of our greatest orators during the European war of twenty-five years ago, there occur words never forgotten by those who heard them, and which struck a sacred awe on the national assembly to which he

spoke: The angel of death is passing over the land. I seem even now to hear the flapping of his wings.'

His sister's noble work was the means of Arthur Stanley's introduction to the Court of England, and his first visit to the Queen and Royal Family.

In 1856 Mr. Stanley was much gratified by the appointment of Archibald Campbell Tait, his dear friend and tutor at Balliol, the successor of Arnold at Rugby, to the See of London. He said of the appointment, 'He will, in my humble judgment, give the Church of England a great lift. Scotland, as you may suppose, claps her hands and sings for joy at his elevation.' One of the first appointments made by the Bishop of London was that of Arthur Stanley as his examining chaplain. He retained this position until he accepted the Deanery of Westminster.

We have a pleasant glimpse of Stanley as seen by his old friend Mrs. Fletcher in Westmoreland. She wrote, 'I had a great treat on Saturday morning for half an hour. Our dear Mrs. Arnold brought Arthur Stanley to see me. It does one's heart good to see so good a man devoting all his powers to his Master's service. He is so animated,

so agreeable, so unspoiled by his high reputation, so childlike in simplicity, so vigorous in his conceptions, and candid in his constructions. We had only a few words about Lord John Russell as he was getting into the car. He said it was too wide a field to enter upon; that Lord John had committed some mistakes; but I believe, he said, that you and I shall live to see him again Prime Minister at the desire of the people. The car drove off, leaving me this drop of comfort.' When Julius Hare died in this year, Stanley went to Mrs. Hare at once. Maurice speaks of meeting him 'with George Bunsen on the train, on their way to the desolate house, more desolate than I had ever thought of!' Arthur had not forgotten the months at Hurstmonceux, and the influence of Mr. Hare was still gratefully recalled by him.

Arthur's mother had a very devoted servant, Sarah Burgess, spoken of before by Mr. Stanley as thinking herself in Paradise on landing in France when Arthur made his first Continental journey. This faithful woman, after living with the family for thirty-eight years, died in their service at Canterbury in 1850. At Alderley, sermons were preached in commemoration of her life, entitled 'Rest

of a Good and Faithful Servant,' and Mrs. Stanley bore the following testimony to her character.

'The most striking part of her character was the way in which she fulfilled each relation of life. . . . I am sure that if any of us acted up to our powers as she has acted up to hers, we should be very different and much better than we are.' Each and all indeed felt this worthy woman's death.

In 1857 the summer months were passed by Canon Stanley in exploring the northern part of Russia, and this visit to the Baltic, Norway, Sweden, and Russia was the inspiration of his book on the Greek church.

In writing Sir George Grove from a Baltic steamer in September of 1857, Mr. Stanley says:—

'I have been deeply interested in Norway and Sweden, more in St. Petersburg, most of all in Moscow. Russia fully answered my expectations, in the flood of light which I derived from my sight of those two great cities. If you wish to bring out the dramatic effect of Russian history, it could not be better done than by the contrast between Moscow and Petersburg. The great Eastern nation striving to become Western, or, rather, the nation half Eastern, half Western, dragged against

its will by one gigantic genius, literally dragged by the heels, and kicked by the boots of the Giant Peter into contact with the European world.'

Continuing, he speaks more at length of the oriental character which appears so strongly in the Russians, these traits, 'some great,' he says, 'some small, but all delightful to me, as making me feel once more in the ancient East. Of that ancient East he wrote, on his first visit, that he now understood Lord Beaconsfield's language, who speaks of it in Tancred as being, to a traveller from Europe, another planet.'

The following allusion shows that Mr. Stanley interested himself in other than church affairs while in Russia, and indicates also his interest in all progress. He said after:—

'I remember, when in Russia, that a Russian statesman was speaking of the important effects to be hoped from the endeavor to give more instruction to the people, but, he said, there is one process of education which has been more effectual still, and that is the reform in the administration of our courts of law, and the introduction of trial by jury. This, by bringing the peasants into the

presence of the great machinery of the State, by making them understand their own responsibility, by enabling them to hear patiently the views of others, is a never-failing source of elevation and instruction. Trial by jury, which to the Russian peasant is, as it were, but of yesterday, to us is familiar by the growth of centuries. It is familiar, and yet it falls only to the lot of few. I have myself only witnessed it once, but I thought it one of the most impressive scenes on which I had ever looked.'

The appointment to a canonry at Christ Church, Oxford, and to the Regius professorship of ecclesiastical history, gave Mr. Stanley an admirable and fitting opportunity for embodying his Russian experiences and study. He delivered three lectures in the spring of 1857, when he entered on the duties of his new office, and these form the introduction to the 'Lectures on the Eastern Church.' His plan, as indicated in his opening lecture, was most broad and comprehensive; he proposed to supplement the history of the Eastern Church by that of the Jewish, and 'reproduce this history with all the detail of which it is capable. Recall Abraham resting under the oak of Mamre;

Joseph amidst the Egyptian monuments; Moses under the cliffs of Horeb; Joshua brandishing his outstretched spear; Samuel amidst his youthful scholars; David surrounded by his court and camp; Solomon in his Eastern state; the wild, romantic, solitary figure of the great Elijah; the goodly fellowship of gifted seers, lifting up their strains of joy or sorrow, as they have been well described, like some great tragic chorus, as kingdom after kingdom falls to ruin, as hope after hope dies and is revived again. Represent in all their distinctness the several stages of the history, in its steady, onward advance from Egypt to Sinai, from Sinai to the Jordan, from the Jordan to Jerusalem, from the Law to the Judges, from the Judges to the Monarchy, from the Monarchy to the Prophets, from the Prophets to the great events to which, not the prophets only, but the yearnings of the whole nation had for ages borne witness.'

Passing, in his plan, from his first period named, Mr. Stanley proposed to figure in his own peculiar manner, for his hearers and his readers, the Reformation, and, finally, the third great ecclesiastical system which stands alone and apart, yet with its own peculiar mission, in the general for-

tunes of the Western Church. At least for Englishmen, no ecclesiastical history since the Reformation can be so instructive as that of our own Church of England. He says, 'To see how, out of that wide shipwreck, the fragments of our vessel were again pieced together; how far it has realized the essential condition of the ark on the stormy waters; how far it has contained within itself the necessary, though heterogeneous, elements of our national faith and character; how far it may still hope to do so; what is its connection with the past, what its hold upon the future; this is the last and most important task of the English ecclesiastical historian. The peculiar constitution of our State has borne the brunt and survived the shock of the French Revolution; it is the hope of the peculiar constitution of our church that it should, in like manner, meet, overcome, and absorb the shock of the new thoughts and feelings to which directly or indirectly that last of European movements has given birth.'

These words of Stanley are interesting as expressions of his view of the functions and mission of the Anglican church. They give a better idea of his sentiments, perhaps, than any of his many

controversial or theological essays and articles, for they present a comprehensive, general picture of his feelings about the church. The lectures are charming studies of the early life and development of the national Establishment. He says:—

'If there ever was a church in which ecclesiastical history might be expected to flourish, it is the English. . . . It touches all the religious elements which have divided or united Christendom. He may be a true son of the Church of England, who is able to throw himself into the study of the first four councils to which the statutes of our constitution refer, or of the mediæval times in which our cathedrals and parishes were born and nurtured. — He also may be a true son of the same, who is able to hail as fellow-workers the great reformers of Wittenburg, of Geneva, and of Zurich, whence flowed so strong an influence over at least half of our present formularies. — But he is the truest son of all who, in the spirit of this union, feels himself free to sympathize with the several elements and principles of good which the Church of England has thus combined.'

'The prayer-book, as it stands, is a long gallery of ecclesiastical history, which, to be understood and

enjoyed thoroughly, absolutely compels a knowledge of the greatest events and names of all periods of the Christian Church. To Ambrose we owe the present form of our *Te Deum;* Charlemagne breaks the silence of our ordination prayers by the *Veni Creator Spiritus.* The Persecutions have given us one creed, and the Empire another. The name of the first great patriarch of the Byzantine Church closes our daily service; the Litany is the bequest of the first great patriarch of the Latin Church, amidst the terrors of the Roman pestilence. Our collects are the joint productions of the fathers, the popes, and the reformers. Our communion service bears the traces of every fluctuation of the Reformation, through the two extremes of the reign of Edward to the conciliating policy of Elizabeth, and the reactionary zeal of the Restoration. The more comprehensive, the more free, the more impartial is our study of any or every branch of ecclesiastical history, the more will it be in accordance with the spirit and with the letter of the Church of England.'

In concluding this interesting survey, he says:

'In those studies I trust that we shall find that Alfred the Great, our first founder, did well to

plant his seat of learning beside the venerable shrine of St. Frideswide. We shall be the better able to comprehend Duns Scotus and the schoolmen as we stand in the ancient quadrangle of Merton, or listen to the dim traditions of Brasenose. Mediæval theology and practice will stand out clearly in the quaint customs of Queen's, and the romantic origin of All Souls. The founders of Exeter and of New College will give us a true likeness of mediæval prelates,—architects, warriors, statesmen, and bishops, all in one. Wycliffe will assume a more distinct shape and form to those who trace his local habitation as master of Balliol. Erasmus will not soon die out of our recollection when we remember the little college of Corpus, which he hoped would be to Great Britain what the Mausoleum was to Caria, and what the Pyramids were to Egypt. The unfinished splendor of Christ Church is the enduring monument of the magnificence and of the fall of Wolsey. The Reformation will not be unaptly represented to us in the day when the quadrangles were knee-deep in the torn leaves of the scholastic divines, or when Ridley and Latimer suffered for their faith beside the gateway of Bocardo. Its successive

retirements and advances have left their traces in the foundation of Wadham, Trinity, and Jesus. From St. John's began the counter-reformation of Laud. Magdalen and University are the two memorials of resistance and subservience to James II. From Lincoln and Pembroke sprang the great religious movement of Wesley and Whitfield; and Oriel will not allow us to forget that we, too, have witnessed a like movement in our own day, of various forms and various results, already become historical, which will at least help us to appreciate such events in former times, and to remember that we, too, are parts of the ecclesiastical history of our country.'

One realizes the sympathetic style of the speaker, the personal touch, Stanley gives to all his instruction when we read in his introductory lecture his peroration to his students; given in his words warm from the heart it could not have failed to kindle the expectations and engage the attention of his hearers, so securing for him power and future influence. Of his desire to do all he can for them, he says, 'To think that any words here spoken, any books here studied, may enliven discourses and ministrations far away in the dark



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In 1858 Mrs. Fletcher

walked by the side of Dr. Arnold and his wife as they passed through the country lanes to call on her in primitive style, she seated on a pony led by her husband. When Arthur heard of her death, he wrote Mrs. Arnold, 'I had heard of Mrs. Fletcher's death from young William Wordsworth at Oxford. She had certainly, to the very last, nourished and renewed her strength, mounted up with wings as an eagle. How much there is to be thankful for, in every such case, that one has known of a character living on for so many years without leaving behind any recollection of littleness, and so very much of excellence and beauty.' Mr. Stanley wrote to Mrs. Fletcher's daughter, on receiving her mother's photograph from her—after his tour with the Prince of Wales in the Holy Land—'Many thanks for the photograph, which I shall value highly as a memorial of the character which I used to regard as a personification, beyond any other I had ever seen, of Christian hope. Indeed, I fully entered into your feeling, and was grateful to you for at once speaking so freely on a grief which is not increased but greatly lightened by being always remembered. I went to your mother's grave in Grasmere church-yard and was

much struck with the texts. It was of her, as of my own dear mother, so true, that the eye and ear of any who had eyes to see or ears to hear, so immediately received what was within.'

Among the sermons preached at Canterbury and published in 1859, as 'preached mostly in Canterbury Cathedral,' may be named particularly the 'Life in Death,' the subject being the loss of the venerable Dean Lyall, and others on scriptural and doctrinal themes. The Canterbury Sermons were reprinted in 1861.

In 1858 Canon Stanley made his first visit to Eversley, and its rector, Charles Kingsley. Between himself and Mr. Kingsley there grew a warm friendship; and in after years, as canon of Westminster, more and more intimacy and sympathy was the result of the official relation of Kingsley to the dean of the abbey.

Kingsley wrote Canon Stanley of his first lectures at Oxford as follows:—

EVERSLEY, April 10, 1858.

'MY DEAR STANLEY,—

'I must write and tell you the perfect pleasure with which I have read your three lectures on

Ecclesiastical History, which that excellent fellow, Edward Egerton, lent me.

'It is a comfort in this dreary world to read anything so rational and fair, so genial and human; and if those Oxford youths are not the better men for such talk, they deserve the pool of Hela.

'What you say about learning ecclesiastical history by biography is most true. I owe all I really know about the history of Christianity (ante Tridentine), to thumbing and re-thumbing a copy of Surius' Actæ Sanctorum. In that book I found out for the first time in my life what they were all about. But you have, from your greater knowledge, and wider view, a spirit of hope about it all, which sadly fails me at times; and therefore your lectures have done me good; and I thank you for them, as for personal and private consolation which I sorely wanted. God bless you and prosper you and your words.'

It was with mingled feelings of regret and a desire for a return to active life, that he renewed his busy career at Oxford, resigning his Canterbury canonry for one at Christ Church. During the years at Canterbury he had brought into new life, and shown strong interest in, the

archives and legends which encircled the shrine of Thomas A'Becket. Neglect and indifference to the traditions of the place being driven away by his ardent touch, the cathedral found many enthusiastic visitors who gladly availed themselves of his learning, and graphic way of telling an old story anew. His intense pride in the place is nowhere better seen than in the satisfaction he expressed when the ordinary services were continued, calmly as usual, while the roof was on fire. One friend said of his stay there, 'it was a happy part of a singularly happy career.'

As Regius Professor, his lectures attracted brilliant and crowded audiences in the University theatre, and the 'Introductory Lectures on Ecclesiastical History, from which I have given extracts, delivered before his residence, were received in such an enthusiastic manner that he was drawn from his comparative retirement by a feeling that here was an open field and receptive soil to till for a rich harvest.

CHAPTER XVII.

OXFORD.—PROFESSORSHIP.—LECTURES.—SOCIAL LIFE.—AN ANECDOTE.—JOURNEY TO THE EAST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES.—HIS MOTHER'S DEATH.—'SERMONS IN THE EAST.'—'JEWISH CHURCH.'—'ESSAYS AND REVIEWS' REVIEWED BY STANLEY.—APPOINTMENTS.—LETTER ON SUBSCRIPTION ADDRESSED TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON, AND RESULTS.

WHEN Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, was consulted as to the appointment of Stanley, he answered the church dignitary who questioned him, 'There is one and one only possible candidate, and that is Arthur Stanley.' So thought the Crown and its Prime Minister, and in spite of dissatisfaction, not altogther stifled, among the ranks of the more conservative churchmen, Mr. Stanley received his Oxford professorship. Many years before this, in reading Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, he was much impressed with a passage where Christian was cheered on his journey by a sight of the treasures and chronicles of the palace 'Beautiful.' He said

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by unfailing sagacity, by unshaken fidelity, by constantly increasing dignity, by larger and larger breadth of view, to reach the highest summits of fame and splendor.' While other critics attacked the work of Mr. Stanley for various causes, and he was more and more drawn into controversial writing, his purity of purpose, high ideal, and honesty were never doubted. One critic said of his Eastern Church History, it is 'the popular but elaborate study of a liberal and erudite scholar;' another calls it 'a completely fascinating book;' the style is spoken of as 'warm, rich, and genial,' and his minor writings of the years which follow are named as 'valuable in themselves for vigor of thought and purity of style.' This is one charm of Stanley's work, — the great spirit and life he throws into his fugitive and occasional writings. For many years there flowed from his facile pen a stream of sermons, pamphlets, addresses, and essays which give the reader food for reflection, and cause for wonder at the perennial life and glowing enthusiasm of the writer.

It was inevitable that one who 'was always writing something' should sometimes be careless and slipshod, but, as a rule, nothing could be more

delightful than his style, and his references are carefully verified and weighed studiously. Stanley was a very voluminous writer; twenty-five years ago the list of his publications already filled many pages of the British Museum Catalogue. Since then his writings have been very numerous, including many contributions to reviews and magazines, besides purely theological studies. This summary does not include his historical works and lectures. At no time could he write on any subject except one which attracted him; he could write only on what he thought and felt; his works are one and all a perfect mirror of himself.

The social life at Oxford was greatly enjoyed by Stanley, and he was soon at home again, renewing old friendships, and making his house in Christ Church the centre of a simple and refined hospitality not to be forgotten by those privileged to share it.

'For some years, the greater portion of Stanley's days was spent in his pleasant study on the ground floor (in the first house on the left after entering Peckwater from Tom quad); looking upon his little walled garden, with its miniature lawn and apple-trees, between which he was delighted to find that he could make a fountain; attended to by

his faithful married butler and housekeeper, concerning whom, when some one remarked disparagingly upon their increasing family, he is recollected characteristically to have exclaimed, 'I do not know if they will have many children, but I do know one thing, that, if they have a hundred, I shall never part with Mr. and Mrs. Waters.'

'Here he was always to be found standing at his desk, tossing off sheet after sheet, the whole floor covered with scraps of paper written or letters received, which, by a habit that nothing could change, he generally tore up and scattered around him.'

The now established custom of entertaining as it is done at this time by the Warden of Merton or the Master of Balliol was anticipated by Stanley; and to spend a Sunday with him at his hospitable home was a great pleasure to men immersed in the cares of a professional life, who, with artists, politicians, and men of science, found their visit a restful and inspiring change from daily cares and anxieties. One observer says:—

'It was his delight to place side by side at his table, and to unite in friendly conversation, men who had hitherto met each other, if at all, only in sharp,

and sometimes acrimonious, debate. And his own unrivalled social gifts, his humor, his vivacity, his endless store of anecdotes connected with places and persons visited in his travels, gave a charm to his society which few, either then or later on at Westminster, could wholly resist.' 'What an element,' says Bishop Cotton, in a letter written from Oxford, 'of peace and good-will is Stanley! so heterogeneous a dinner! yet all most humorous and cheerful! Stanley's stories about Becket's brains and Louis XVI.'s blood, assume a positively sacred color when they bind together in friendly union the latitudinarian —— and the stiff-necked ——.'

It did not at all disturb Stanley that 'so good-natured a divine as Dean Goulburn' refused to be associated with him 'as University Preacher;' and 'the revival of the old contest between Laud and the Puritans,' which he said the Tractarian movement had resulted in, while it raged about him, did not prevent his freely expressing his position and taking his independent course.

Thomas Hughes relates an episode in Stanley's career which should have place here. Ritualist riots in 1860 had sorely disturbed the peace and destroyed the worship of the congregation of St.

George's in the East, a parish in 'the roughest part of the rough part of London. The population consists mainly of the smaller sort of trades-folk and lodging-house keepers, who supply the wants of 'longshoremen, dock laborers, and sailors on shore.'

The congregation had always been used to the simple form of service, and, without consultation with either vestry or congregation, the rector, good and zealous, but 'superbly obstinate' and narrow, introduced the pomp and ceremonial of the ritualist school. Great was the discontent until, in April, 1859, the people broke into riotous violence, the regular worshippers gave way to 'bands of furious zealots, who shouted the responses in voices of thunder to drown the chanting of the choir, slammed the pew doors, coughed, applauded all passages in lesson or liturgy condemnatory of idolatry, and hustled clergy and choir on their way to and from the chancel.'

'The 'longshore element from the neighborhood now began to appear, yelling and shouting at short intervals, and turning their dogs in amongst the clergy and choir, and the neighboring Thames Police Court was filled week after week with charges against rioters in church.'

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Stanley, 'Well, do you know of anybody in the church who could stop these riots but Hansard?' he gave a somewhat unwilling consent to the experiment.'

With Mr. Hughes's assistance an agreement was concluded with the rector and the church, and the rectory put in charge of Hansard and Stanley. 'The first thing the friends did was to do away with all signs of a state of siege, unlocking gates, taking down the shutters of the rectory windows, which had been up night and day for weeks, and throwing windows and doors open.' This done, the police were dismissed, the over-zealous body-guard also notified that their volunteer aid was no longer required; and 'all was quiet and decent enough when the little party of some six friends, headed by Stanley and Hansard, stepped across the court between the house and the church for the morning service. . . . The vast building was thronged from floor to ceiling with a crowd not at all of a church-going character. The feeling of suppressed electricity — of a fierce storm with difficulty restrained, and ready to break out at any moment — affected all senses and nerves as we made our way to the rector's pew. The appear-

ance of the chorister-boys roused fitful gusts of disapprobation here and there, and the early prayers and responses were more or less interrupted. Still the service went on steadily, until, at the reading of the lessons, which was done with great power and pathos by Hansard, the minister seemed at last to have got something like a hold of the vast congregation. This lasted until the sermon, when the white surplice — which, according to agreement, was to be worn in the morning — brought out a gust of angry coughing and some slamming of doors. Hansard's fine voice, and thorough command of it and of his temper, again prevailed, and he again obtained silence and a hearing for a time.'

'The sermon produced something of a storm, — coughing, slamming of doors, and murmuring, but the triumph was a great one, as Stanley testified by grasping our hands with emotion as Hansard descended the pulpit steps for the communion service. Stanley had been following every turn in the service and every demonstration, and, as was often his wont, had kicked off his shoes during the excitement. He had now to find and put them on to walk up to the altar. One of those present

declares that he only found one, and went up to the altar in that condition. Not a soul had left the church, but we were the only communicants. We returned to the pew, the blessing was pronounced, the mob melted away slowly and sullenly, and we got back to the rectory. There Stanley's joy and thankfulness broke out and bubbled over, and carried us all with him. His voice was like that with which he used to read his favorite chapter of Deborah's song, and his delight more than he could express that his pupil should have solved such a problem.'

'The evening service was almost reverent, and without interruption of any kind; and when Hansard appeared in the pulpit in his cassock, there was a murmur of approval and relief, — one old woman, in Stanley's hearing, bursting into tears, with the exclamation he delighted to repeat, 'Thank God, it is black!' His comment, in telling the story in later years, was characteristic: 'Now the dear old soul would exclaim as eagerly, Thank God, it is white!' In the end, the whole congregation rose and joined in the evening hymn. Stanley was even more moved than in the morning, and again lost his shoes, or rather his pupil's

slippers, which had been lent him for church, his own shoes having got wet in an afternoon's walk we had taken him to Bethnal Green. He went home that night an exulting man.'

The Lectures on the Eastern Church, with the Introduction on the Study of Ecclesiastical History, already alluded to as delivered at Oxford, were published in 1861, and no material changes have been made in them, as Mr. Stanley's second visit to Russia, in 1874, only confirmed his previous impressions. Several editions have been called for by the public, and the lectures form a worthy part of the writer's plan for an extended church history.

Canon Stanley made a delightful home for himself at Oxford, and a cordial welcome was extended to many undergraduates who 'will always retain a delightful recollection of the home-like evenings in his pleasant drawing-room, of his sometimes reading aloud, of his fun and playfulness, and of his talking over his future lectures and getting his younger companions to help him with drawings and plans for them.' The outside world also came to him there in the presence of many visitors from foreign lands, the acquaintances made during his

various travels in the East, in Russia, and in the other Continental countries.

While the Prince of Wales was at Oxford, he was a frequent visitor at the canonry, and his pleasant intercourse with Stanley, and the canon's increasing intimacy at court, — for he held the office of Honorary Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and was Deputy Clerk of the Closet, — joined with his knowledge of the East, caused the Prince Consort to consider him a peculiarly fitting companion for the Prince in the contemplated journey to the Holy Land.

The death of Prince Albert did not stop the plan of an Eastern tour for his son, but delayed it somewhat. In the spring of 1862 the Queen desired to carry out the project which was so warmly urged by her husband in his comprehensive system of education for the heir-apparent to the throne, and Mr. Stanley was desired to form one of the party, acting as chaplain to the royal traveller, as well as cicerone.

In a little volume of 'Sermons' preached in the East, dedicated to the Prince, one finds an interesting sketch of the journey.

Entering Palestine through Egypt, the party

Attempts of the bishop to mediate failed, the rector's concessions came too late, and 'the climax was reached when the mob, having fairly driven out priest and body-guard and choir, rushed into the chancel, tore the coverings from the altar, hurled the hassocks at the chandelier, and were only driven out by a strong body of police.'

Mr. Stanley, with the consent of the Bishop of London, undertook to mediate in this unpleasant state of affairs. The position was a difficult and delicate one for him to approach. 'The garments which Mr. Bryan King and his friends regarded with deep reverence, and were inclined to speak of with almost bated breath, were to him merely the ordinary dresses of Syrian peasant or Roman gentleman of the early Christian times.

'Many of the ceremonials used seemed to him trivial and unmeaning. The rector, however, was won by Mr. Stanley's frankness and kindness to agree to retire temporarily for a year's leave of absence, giving Stanley's friend, Hansard, the curacy for a year without pay. The bishop, who had just appointed Hansard to the living of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, did not at all like the abandonment of that charge; but when it was bluntly put to him by

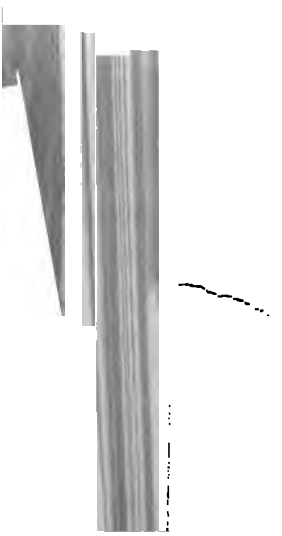
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or the tender consideration with which he cared for every member of our party; or the example, which he has left to all, of an unfailing and lofty sense of duty, and of entire devotion to the charge committed to him.'

Stanley was with General Bruce when he died, and went to Scotland to pay the last mark of respect to him in the funeral services at Dunfermline. He said to a friend after his return, 'It was the very first time that I had seen a human soul pass with full consciousness from this world to the world beyond.' He spoke of the 'identity of character remaining to the very last; thoughtfulness for the absent, consideration and courtesy for others — no mere outward mask, but shown in his very dying moments, when the last prayer had been breathed, to the nurse who attended him. His last farewell seemed waved to me from the invisible world.'

The 'Sermons in the East' with notes illustrating and explaining the route, and describing the localities visited by the Royal party, were published a few months after Stanley reached England. Years after, in talking with one of his friends and associates at Westminster, he said he thought that his

'fullest and deepest convictions were to be found therein.' He wrote after his return, 'My sermons were to me an immense relief, and it was a great satisfaction to feel that by the end of the time I had said almost everything that I could have wished to say.'

The storm raised by the Essays and Reviews was at its height when Stanley, in the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review,' made a defence of the writers, and insisted that they ought to be permitted to express their opinions. Two more articles were written by him after the affair was settled by the acquittal of Jowett and the condemnation of Rowland Williams and Willson, the decision of the Court of Arches being reversed by the Privy Council later. Kingsley, no doubt, exactly expressed the feeling of Stanley when he asked him 'what the plague had these men to do, starting a guerilla raid into the enemy's country, on their own responsibility? We are no more answerable for them than for Garibaldi. If they fail, they must pay the penalty. They did not ask us — they called no synod of the Broad Church — consulted no mass of scholars as to what could or could not be done just now. They go and levy



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to death because it refuses to leave its accustomed stall. There is an advantage in caution and silence, but there is an *advantage also in courage, and in speaking out.*

Norman McLeod, the editor of 'Good Words,' in writing during this year, says, 'I was threatened in London that, unless I gave up Stanley and Kingsley, I should be crushed.'

The 'Record' said of the writers for 'Good Words' 'Foremost amidst these motley groups we discern the Rev. A. P. Stanley, the friend of Professor Jowett, the advocate of Essays and Reviews, the historical traducer of Phinehas, the son of Eleazar, and others of the Hebrew worthies.'

The brilliant 'History of the Jewish Church,' with its poetical imagery and fine descriptions of the East, which, with 'Mount Sinai and Palestine,' were 'the fruit of research and study, coupled with actual personal experiences, garnered by four months of travel and observation,' would have brought more obloquy on its author had not its style, so powerful, picturesque, and poetic, disarmed the would-be critics. As it was, he did not escape some severe strictures from the literal interpreters of the Scriptures.

Controversy raged more or less about Stanley during the last years of his life. Maurice was subjected to intolerable attacks by those who differed from him. The authors of 'Essays and Reviews,' as we have seen, were the victims of lawsuits, and pilloried in the religious world by those who thought them wrong. Arnold and Colenso, with these other leaders of free thought, were made the subjects of most bitter and personal assaults. All these differences and squabbles made the air murky with petty and paltry affairs, unworthy of the great Anglican church, unsuitable as a mental atmosphere for religious growth and development.

Before Stanley left Oxford some of his former friends became cool to him, and he wrote of the treatment received from one of them, 'so entirely is he, in this respect, bereft of reason, as to render charity comparatively easy. I earnestly desire a few months of leisure to consider the events of this last year.' He said, however, to some one who proposed his leaving Oxford, that he had no desire to do so, and he disclaimed all wish to evade the consequences of his earnest espousal of the cause of free inquiry, and liberal theology.

Once Stanley said of this need of liberty and the charity which should go with it in word and thought:—

'In necessary things unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity. Such was the rule laid down by a great father of the ancient church. There is one part of His saying which none can misinterpret or carry too far:

'In all things charity. In all things, see the best of thy neighbor, and try to imitate it. In all things, see what is good, just, true, and beautiful in others, however firm in thine own opinion, and in thine own faith.'

In 1863, as chaplain of the Bishop of London, Mr. Stanley addressed him the letter on Subscription to the Articles, wherein he placed before him some of the evils to the church which came from this as felt by himself and others, among them naming one, 'the greatest of all calamities to the Church of England, the gradual falling off in the supply of the intelligent, thoughtful, and highly educated young men, who twenty and thirty years ago were to be found at every Ordination.'

The reader has already seen how the petition supported by Arthur's father twenty-five years

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CHAPTER XVIII.

APPOINTMENT TO THE DEANERY OF WESTMINSTER.—OPPOSITION TO THIS APPOINTMENT.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—THE DEANERY.—THE FUNCTIONS OF THE ABBOTS.—EARLY DEANS.—STANLEY'S MARRIAGE.—LADY AUGUSTA BRUCE.—THE BRUCES.—DEAN STANLEY TAKES LEAVE OF OXFORD.—THOMAS ERSKINE OF LINLATHEN.—HIS CHARACTER.

In 1863 Dr. Stanley was offered the archbishopric of Dublin on the death of the venerable Dr. Whately. He declined that position, and was appointed the successor of R. C. Trench in the deanery of Westminster, Trench accepting the archbishopric.

Much feeling was caused by this promotion of Stanley, and all over the kingdom, in country parishes, where he was regarded as a dangerous and radical leader, the event caused a stir. This is not surprising; but that the appointment should have been felt sufficiently unsuitable for a canon of Westminster to protest publicly against it

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cember 1863, Canon Christopher Wordsworth, later Bishop of Lincoln, formally expostulated with the high powers who had appointed Dean Stanley, saying 'the question is whether a person who has caused much grief and trouble of conscience to many faithful members of the church ought to be admitted to one of the highest places of trust and dignity in it.' He warns the rulers who make such appointments that 'whosoever offends one of Christ's little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea. . . . If we, who ought to speak, remain silent on such critical occasions as these . . . we shall shake the confidence of the people in the moral courage and honesty of the clergy.' . . . Continuing in this strain, Canon Wordsworth made one charge against the fitness of the Dean for his office. 'Dr. Stanley has given scandal to many by statements in his recently published writings, tending, in their opinion, to unsettle the faith in the truth and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.' . . . For example, among other passages he quotes one 'the acceptance of every part of the old Testament as of equal accuracy is rendered impossible by *every*

advance made in Biblical science, and by *every increase* of our acquaintance with eastern customs and primeval history.' Continuing these citations, the Canon says Dr. Stanley tells us 'the *very errors* and *defects* of the Bible' are valuable to the reader, a statement as shocking to the worthy gentleman as another, where Dr. Stanley apologizes for Deborah the prophetess, as 'enlightened only with a very small portion of that divine light which was to go on evermore brightening to the perfect day.'

This opposition to the appointment of the Dean was only the culmination of the storm of abuse long heaped upon him. 'Moral courage' is a good thing, but the men who attacked Dean Stanley seem to have forgotten the virtues of charity and love which would have caused them to see the high purpose, the sincere desire for the true and good, which always animated Arthur Stanley's work. The government was not frightened by the Canon's statements of Dean Stanley's trifling with Deborah, and the reputation of other Scripture characters; and before the Dean had enjoyed his new dignity many months, we hear that his would-be denouncer was fairly won over by his superior,

and most cordial personal relations were established.

In speaking of the electric effect produced on the fiercest of the leaders of the French Revolution, who was suddenly, for the first time, brought into contact with the Queen, an historian said, 'How many estrangements, misunderstandings, mortal enmities, would be cleared up and dispelled, if the adversaries could, for a few moments, meet eye to eye and face to face.' Dean Stanley adds what is very applicable to the case of Canon Wordsworth's attack on himself on his appointment, 'Not less true is this of ecclesiastical than of political hostilities. The more we see of each other, the less possible is it to believe each other to be out of the pale of Christian salvation or Christian sympathy.'

The office of Dean of Westminster is one of peculiar dignity and very ancient origin. The site of the Abbey, from the time when, wrapped in mystic tradition, the Thorn-Ey, or Isle of Thorns, was first the seat of a little 'minster,' west of the London of the Anglo-Saxons, supposed to have been founded by Sebert, and raised from its ruinous condition by the piety of Edward the Confessor. The present

visitor to its precincts secs in some parts of this venerable structure, which substantially dates from the period of Edward, the remains of the earlier Saxon building. Stanley says of it, 'Possibly one vast, dark arch in the southern transept — certainly the substructures of the dormitory, with their huge pillars, grand and regal at the bases and capitals, — the massive low-browed passage leading from the great cloister to Little Dean's Yard — and some portions of the refectory and of the infirmary chapel, remain as specimens of the work which astonished the last age of the Anglo-Saxon and the first age of the Norman Monarchy.'

The Abbey in its present form, founded eight hundred years ago by the Confessor's desire to fulfil his vow, bore traces in its architecture of the peculiar position which Edward occupied in English history between the Saxon and Norman dynasties. By birth Saxon, in all his training he was foreign; his building was of a new style of composition, the first cruciform church in England. The tradition which linked the little building of the Roman period with St. Peter gave the name of 'Collegiate Church' or 'Abbey of St. Peter,' to

the magnificent pile which the innocent faith and gentle piety of the Confessor gave to the English nation. Vast sums were lavished on its construction. Fifteen years were spent in building what was the original nucleus of the collection of stately buildings now clustering round the design of its founder. For this marvel the King had appropriated one tenth of the property of the kingdom. He says in his charter, 'Destroying the old building, I have built up a new one from the very foundation.' The completion of the abbey and the signing of the charter were the last public acts of the last lineal descendant of Cedric the Saxon ; he himself arranged the ornaments, relics, and gifts for the ceremony of dedication, but the Queen presided at this service, as Edward's overtaxed and enfeebled frame gave way on Christmas night, and though he struggled through some days of stately banquets with the bishops and nobles, he passed into a stupor on St. Innocents' Day, and on the fifth day he died, 'St. Peter opening for him the gate of Paradise.' The building received from the Archbishop Stigand its first consecration at human hands, if the legend of St. Peter's meeting the fisher of the Thames, and his message to Mellitus,



The ceremony of the Co
of William the Conqueror
attached to the Abbey.
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England, stand by the prela
The Dean is the authorized
arch in all matters relating
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keeper, by ancient law, of th
the ancient order of service,
preparing the sacred oil.

The Reformation dealt ge
and the dissolution of the mo
abbot into a Protestant dean

For a hundred and forty years the Dean of Westminster was, with short intervals, also Bishop of Rochester, but this arrangement, which gave 'to a poor and neighboring bishopric at once an income and a town residence, terminated in 1802, on the appointment of Vincent, the head master of Westminster school, greatly to the disgust of George III. The King, meeting him on the terrace at Windsor, expressed his regret; the Dean replying that he was content at the separation of the offices, the king replied, 'If you are satisfied, I am not. They ought not to have been separated, — they ought not to have been separated.' Dean Vincent said, later, 'If he had the choice of all the preferments in His Majesty's gift, there is none that he should rather have had than the deanery of Westminster.'

Dean Stanley would have echoed this sentiment undoubtedly. He greatly rejoiced in the privileges and opportunities his new office gave him. He was wont to congratulate himself that, as successor of the abbots of Westminster the Dean was independent of the whole bench of bishops. Dean Stanley has strongly marked the period of his gentle and beneficent rule over the Abbey, revivifying and animating with his touch the anti-

quities and the solemn grandeur of 'that noblest and grandest of English churches, — the one to which, in historical and religious interest, even Canterbury must yield.'

Already, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., distinguished foreigners were rowed in gondolas to the beautiful and large royal church called 'Westminster,' and the vergers sold Camden's book on the monuments. Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith later recorded the popular love of the Abbey in their time. Horace Walpole was the first powerful patron of the formerly-despised mediæval style, reasserting itself in the eighteenth century. His favorite quotation was, 'Oh! happy man that shows the tombs, said I.' He wrote: 'I love Westminster Abbey much more than levees and circles, and — no treason I hope — am fond enough of kings as soon as they have a canopy of stone over them.' It was largely owing to his influence that interest was re-awakened in the building; and, later, seriously minded people objected to the practices degrading the sacred purposes of the spot.

> 'The high embowed roof,
> With antick pillars massy proof,
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light,'

saw many strange and improper scenes. 'The Westminster boys were allowed to skip from tomb to tomb in the Confessor's chapel.' The 'poor begged during prayers' in the Abbey. The south transept was a 'news walk' for the singing men and their friends. Minor canons eked out a scanty living by showing monuments, and by the candles which they carried off from the church services. The wax works also added to the emoluments of these officials. 'The memory of old inhabitants of the cloister,' says Stanley, 'still retains the figure of an aged minor canon, who on Sundays preached two thirds of the sermons in the course of the year, and on week days sate by the tomb of the Princess Catharine, collecting from the visitors the fee of two shillings a head, with his tankards of ale beside him.'

Great changes in the administration, and needed reforms, had taken place before the appointment of Dr. Stanley. Free admission was given, in Dean Ireland's time, to the greater part of the Abbey. Various repairs and alterations were made, which opened the vistas, and gave more light and easy access inside; outside some old buildings were razed, and many more services were

given to the public. Dean Stanley truly felt the value of the Abbey, and its importance to the English race. He considered the sacred purpose first, and then 'every other interest which has accumulated around the building. Break that thread!' he says, 'and the whole structure becomes an unmeaning labyrinth. Extinguish that sacred fire, and the arched vaults and soaring pillars would assume the sickly hue of a cold, artificial Valhalla, and the rows of warriors, and the walks of kings would be transformed into the conventional galleries of a lifeless museum.'

The dean regarded the Abbey as 'the natural centre of religious life and truth, the peculiar home of the entire Anglo-Saxon race, on the other side of the Atlantic no less than on this. . . . Whilst Westminster Abbey stands, the Church of England stands.'

Near the end of his life he said: 'I have labored, amidst many frailties and much weakness, to make this institution more and more a great centre of religious and national life in a truly liberal spirit.' No words can better describe his services to the abbey than those uttered by his friend and colleague, who stood nearest him in

connection with Westminster. After the confession that, 'within living memory, the canons of the abbey hardly knew one tomb from the other,' he said, 'Who is it that has made us familiar with every stone? Who has made every corner of it vocal with the memories of the great and good? Who has made it like an epic poem, carved in immortal sculpture?'

As the dean of Westminster was the successor of the abbot, so the Abbot's Place or Palace is the home of the deans. Built by Littlington, with some additions by Islip, it occupies the south-western side of the Abbey, standing around an irregular quadrangle, into which, for the most part (as in all houses of that age), its windows look. The irregular square in the centre of this pile of buildings is known as 'The Elms,' from the rows of large trees around it. 'Green Court,' at Canterbury, is in somewhat the same style. Originally, 'ox-stalls,' 'granaries,' 'bakehouses,' and 'brew-houses,' with an almonry and 'sanctuary,' made up, with the cloisters, a large and picturesque group, but many of these smaller buildings have been demolished. The Deanery, in its eight hundred years, has seen many strange and wonderful events.

The 'Jerusalem Chamber,' the scene of the death of Henry IV., has memorable associations with a vast number of historical and religious events. In the great hall of the 'Place,' Elizabeth Woodville, the Queen of Edward IV., 'sate alone on the rushes all desolate and dismayed,' while she waited for sanctuary, which was granted her by the abbot. The memory of the ancient occupants of the 'Place' must have filled Dean Stanley's mind, and he fairly revelled in the historic interest of the place. One friend said, 'His malediction will fall, I am sure, on the first of his successors who shall substitute modern apartments for those antique gables and not wholly commodious bed-rooms.'

Another important event in Dean Stanley's life was his marriage in Westminster Abbey, Dec. 22, 1863, to Lady Augusta Frederica Elizabeth Bruce, daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin and Kincardine. Thomas, Earl of Elgin, was a general in the army, and distinguished as a diplomatist. He was the direct descendant and representative of the kingly line of Bruce. The family had long been intimate at Court. Lady Augusta's grandmother, the Countess of Elgin, filled with honor the post of governess to the Princess Charlotte of

Wales. In her early years Lady Augusta was much in Scotland at the old family seat of the Bruces, in Broomhall, in Fifeshire. Her mother was a daughter of Mr. Oswald, of Dunnikeir, M.P. for Fifeshire.

Born April 3, 1822, Lady Augusta, after a careful early education and training, received an appointment in 1846 as lady-in-waiting to the Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent. For many years she proved herself a most devoted and faithful attendant, and when the Duchess died in 1861, the Queen immediately arranged for Lady Augusta's appointment as resident bedchamber-woman, a post which gave her intimate personal relations with Her Majesty. She was known as 'one of the most valued and devoted friends of the Queen,' who thoroughly appreciated her years of tender devotion and thoughtful care of the mother she adored.

'Her social qualities endeared her to the Queen and the whole Royal Family, as they did to a very numerous circle of friends of all classes; and her talents were not unworthy of the distinguished family to which she belonged.'

Lady Augusta's father was known and will be

remembered as the collector of the splendid Grecian antiquities in the British Museum, which are called the *Elgin Marbles.* He was enabled to secure these antique remains, attributed to Phidias, while he was Ambassador Extraordinary to Turkey. He held several important diplomatic posts, being at different times envoy at Brussels, Berlin, and Constantinople.

Her brothers have also distinguished themselves. James, the eighth, Earl, Lord Lieutenant of Fifeshire, was an eminent diplomatist and statesman. He held the important offices of Governor of Jamaica, Governor General of Canada. He was honored with a special mission to China, made Postmaster-General and then Viceroy of India. Mr. Gladstone, his junior in college, recalls the fact that from 'young James Bruce' he 'first learned that Milton had written any prose.'

Robert Bruce, the Governor of the Prince of Wales, Major-General in the army, has already been spoken of in connection with the Prince's Eastern tour. Another brother, Frederick William Adolphus Bruce, was a diplomatist, envoy to China and later ambassador to the United States, where he died suddenly.

Lord Elgin's death delayed somewhat his sister's marriage, and Dean Stanley paid the last duties to the Earl, by going to Scotland to his burial. He corrected the manuscript of the life of James Bruce, written some time after by Theodore Walrond, his own friend as well as the Earl's, and gave him material assistance in the preparation of the work, which was drawn from family papers and his own diaries, with minutes prepared by his secretary, Lawrence Oliphant. In one of Dean Stanley's Westminster sermons, he alludes to his brother-in-law, whose character he admired, 'whose self-sacrificing magnanimity relinquished for the safety of India the troops that were to have secured his own success in China.'

The Dean closed his official connection with Oxford in November, 1863, in a sermon preached in the Cathedral of Christ Church, in which he spoke of many things near and dear to his heart. As he spoke of 'the grief, the emotion, which stirs our inmost souls at the thought of passing from a great institution of which we have formed a part, with which some of our happiest days have been interwoven,' his hearers readily realized his own sorrow at parting from the place where he had

worked with such zeal. Continuing, he named 'the glorious prospect to be spoken of — if never hereafter in this place, yet in other spheres, if God so please, and before other hearers so long as life and strength shall last — the glorious prospect to be found in the conviction that in the religion of Christ, better and better understood, in the mind and words and work of Christ, more and more fully perceived, lies the best security . . . for the things which belong, not to our peace only, but to the peace of universal Christendom!' Nine years elapsed before he spoke again in the University pulpit, and he never would have addressed another Oxford audience if certain malicious churchmen had been allowed to arrange the matter. An organized and determined effort was made to prevent his preaching in Oxford, and once friendly hands wrote of moral depravity, 'immoral priests,' 'traitors in the camp,' in connection with his writings.

The Convocation of Oxford was called on by these opponents of Dean Stanley, for the purpose of excluding his name from the list of university preachers, where the board had placed it after nine years. This attempt at insult won for the proposed victim a generous defence from many who objected

to all religious controversy, and gave him the hearts and attention of the undergraduates, defeating in all points the instigators of the plan.

Frederick Maurice wrote his son of the elevation and marriage of Stanley:—

'That Stanley should be Dean of Westminster, and that he should marry Lady Augusta Bruce, is to me an immense delight. It would be unmixed if I did not think of the loss which Oxford will suffer in being deprived of him. He came to Vere Street yesterday afternoon and introduced his lady to me. I think it so very kind of him; I could scarcely have had a greater pleasure. She has a very pleasant, earnest, thoughtful face, and I should think, from all I have heard of her, would be eminently suitable to him. She gave me the most kind and cordial greeting.'

Maurice and James Bruce were intimate friends in early years, and Lady Augusta was one of the most attached disciples and friends of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, near Dundee, on Tayside. The Dean dearly loved Mr. Erskine, and spoke to the students at St. Andrew's of him as resting in the cathedral churchyard, 'on the opposite promontory within sight of your towers, and with whom

even a brief converse was for the moment to have one's conversation in heaven.' Again the Dean said of his friend what one might well apply to himself: 'There are not a few to whom that attenuated form and furrowed visage seemed a more direct link with the unseen world than any other that had crossed their path in life.'

The peculiar religious views and theories of Mr. Erskine are quite well known to modern readers. He was a lawyer, and on the death of his elder brother succeeded to the family estate, where he gave hospitable entertainment to his friends. He held views of spiritual communication; and of two departed friends, especially, he felt the constant influence. His elder brother was one. A few years before his own death he said to a friend, 'Fifty years have passed since he went, and it seems to me as if it were yesterday.'

The other person deeply impressed on Erskine was the saintly and beautiful Augustine de Staël, Duchess of Broglie. He was often at Coppet, and he described her as 'one on whom the world could find nothing to lay hold of.' Knowing her at a later period of life, with more mature character, she set the deepest mark on his mind. Aware

himself of the conflict between the varied interests of a complete life, and his view of the aim of that life, 'Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly,' he murmured once, more to himself than his companion, 'one does not see how to think of them and the Cross together.'

His brother made a strong impression on others; for General Elphinstone, commander-in-chief in the Afghan war, on hearing Thomas Erskine's name, asked if he was brother to Captain Erskine, of such a regiment. Answered in the affirmative, he said 'he was the best soldier and the best man I ever knew.'

CHAPTER XIX.

INSTALLATION AS DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.—LIFE AT THE DEANERY.—SOCIAL DUTIES.—WORK.—INTEREST IN WESTMINSTER WORKING-PEOPLE, THEIR UNIONS, ETC.—MEMORIALS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—SECOND VOLUME 'JEWISH CHURCH.'—VARIOUS ARTICLES FOR REVIEWS, MAGAZINES, ETC.—THE DEAN'S PREACHING.—HIS READING.—THE WESTMINSTER SERMONS.—VISITORS AT THE DEANERY.—ANECDOTES.—CONTROVERSIES.—DEFENCE OF COLENSO.—REMARKS.—MAURICE.—'THE WESTMINSTER SCANDAL,' AND THE DEAN'S POSITION IN REGARD TO IT.

DR. STANLEY was installed Dean of Westminster, Jan. 9, 1864, and took up his residence in the deanery. For twelve years he had the happiness of living with a woman of congenial taste, refined intellect, and affectionate sympathy. Patient and tender care from a woman was peculiarly acceptable to Arthur Stanley, who never ceased to mourn uncomplainingly, but sincerely, for his mother's death. He said of his wife's influence: 'By her supporting love he was comforted for his mother's

death, and her character, though cast in another mould, remained to him, with that of his mother, the brightest and most sacred vision of earthly experience.'

Dean Bradley speaks with enthusiastic and affectionate recollection of his friend's wife, who rejoiced the dean's former pupils and friends by 'her tender care for the health and comfort of one curiously incapable of taking care of himself, even in the most essential points of food and dress.'

Lady Augusta was usually found seated near the Dean in the fine library looking into Dean's Yard, and the mornings were passed by them in this way,—he writing at his desk, while his wife at her own table busied herself with her papers and correspondence, or some needlework. Here friends who were privileged found admission, and the Dean would pause in his writing for a few moments' talk and rest. Lady Augusta's cheerful influence, benevolent purposes, and respect for the Dean's work, greatly aided him in his daily cares.

The very popularity of Dean Stanley and his wife, and their large social circle, brought a multitude of cares and duties. When he first realized the terrible whirl 'of London, and found his time

being broken to pieces in useless, trivial labor,' he was rather dismayed, and feared that he should never have any leisure, but before many months he was enabled to pursue his studies quite as usual in former years, and by carefully planning his time he accomplished a vast amount of literary work, besides doing much more preaching than his position required.

In his delightful home, under the very walls of the old 'Abbot's Place,' the Dean gathered his treasures, drawn from the Alderley, Norwich, Oxford, and Canterbury homes, his curios gathered on his various journeys; his books and papers were all about him in 'the library, a long room surrounded by bookcases, with a great Gothic window at the end, and a curious picture of Queen Elizabeth let in above the fireplace. Here, all through the mornings, the Dean stood at his desk, and scattered his papers as of old.'

The second volume of the 'Jewish Church' was ready in 1865. The Dean says it 'contains the substance of lectures delivered from the chair of ecclesiastical history in the University of Oxford. Whilst still disclaiming, as before, any pretensions to critical or linguistic research, I

gladly acknowledge my increased debt to the scholars and divines who have traversed this ground,' and he names Ewald, Dean Milman, Dr. Pusey, Mr. Grove, and others, adding, 'Many thoughts have, doubtless, been confirmed or originated by Mr. Maurice's 'Sermons on the Prophets and Kings.' Articles for the 'Quarterly,' 'Edinburgh,' 'Nineteenth Century,' 'Good Words,' and 'Macmillan's,' were written in this room. Three years after he became Dean he published the 'Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey,' a vast piece of work. He accumulated from the existing works on the Abbey a rich store of curious information; helping hands also aided him in his prodigious labor, to which, as one observer truly says, 'Men of slower powers of work might have devoted half their lives.'

John Ruskin recently has said that, while drawing quite different conclusions from some of Dean Stanley's statements, he considers his 'Memorials' of the early history of the Abbey a perfect picture, and this picture drawn with 'a poet's joy;' saying of the first chapter, it is 'a chapter which I always tell my friends who praise my writing that I would rather have written than any of my own books.'

The encyclopædic character of the book, and its carefully annotated pages, with many details, tired him more than writing usually did, and he told Max Müller its antiquarian minuteness carried him too far away from the vital questions of the age.

The Abbey engrossed much of his time and study, and he gave liberally for various repairs and restorations. Into the forgotten corners and neglected parts of the building he delighted to penetrate, finding much to do, and by his reverent care many interesting facts were brought to light concerning the history of the Abbey.

With the Dean's love for historical research and antiquarian lore, was united a warm interest in humanity and the present, which made him throw open the treasures of the Abbey and of his home for working-men. He was in the habit, during several years, of accompanying parties of workmen, Saturdays, on a round through parts of the deanery, cloisters, chapter-house and abbey, often giving them a simple meal to conclude the afternoon's tramp.

He deeply respected the character of men who, while living in the busy world, showed something

of a desire to elevate themselves above their daily surroundings. For those —

> 'Who carry music in their heart,
> Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
> Plying their daily task with busier feet
> Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat,'

he had the warmest sympathy, and did all in his power to make their daily routine less monotonous.

He became warmly interested in the institutes and clubs of the Westminster working-men, and once a year entertained a general gathering of the union at the Deanery, where tea was served in the college hall, the scene of the death of Henry IV. Friends who sympathized with this object came, and the drawing-room and library were thrown open, tables covered with photographs, engravings, and books likely to attract the unwonted visitors, who greatly enjoyed the occasion, and were deeply impressed by the cordial simplicity of their host's welcome. He made them 'feel good,' as one observer expressed it, and had a very warm place in their hearts. It was well said of him that he possessed 'that one touch of nature' which made the whole world kin to him. One can still

see, at the Deanery, an address presented to him for the working-men of Westminster, on his birthday, when he was sixty years old, — a very pleasant recognition of his friendly interest in their welfare.

The Dean of Westminster is under obligation to preach only three Sundays in the whole year, but Dr. Stanley availed himself of the Abbey pulpit to delight great numbers of listeners drawn from far and near. Strangers from many lands were not alone his hearers, but men and women who had become accustomed to the perfunctory preaching of some incumbents of parish churches were drawn by his simple, natural, and heart-felt words to realize the 'living word.' It was said by those who had enjoyed the privilege, that it was worth one's while to travel quite a distance for the pleasure of hearing him read 'certain lessons from the New, and even more from the Old Testament,' so much spirit and life did he throw into the familiar language of the Bible.

Mr. Brooks says of the effect of hearing the Dean read the lesson of the day, 'On a quiet summer Sunday evening, as you sat in the thronged Abbey, in that mingling of the daylight

from without and the church's lamps within, which seemed to fill the venerable place with a sacred and yet most familiar beauty, and saw by and by, as the service advanced, that small live figure move, during the music of the chant, to the old lectern, and read the chapter from the Old Testament; as you heard the eager voice lose all its consciousness of time and place as it passed on into the pathos of the story; as, at last, there rang through the great arches the wail of the great Hebrew monarch: 'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!' the whole soul was thrilled and touched with the strong feeling of the reader.'

After the Dean's death, Canon Farrar, who lamented him sincerely, spoke of the great charm of the Dean's reading, adding: 'And oh, to think that we shall never hear him read again, with such ringing exultation, the Song of Deborah.'

Dr. Johnson said of Baxter's Sermons: 'Read any, they are all good;' and the Dean's sermons are all admirable, but none will please the reader more than the 'Westminster Sermons.' They are full of happy and impressive thoughts, warm,

vigorous words, which give the writer's best mood. His sermons on Innocents' Day to children will long be remembered by those who had the good fortune to hear them. The loving words of commemoration in which he embalmed the memory of illustrious men of affairs, of literature, science, churchmen, and spoke of important national events in due time, make an interesting volume. Nowhere can one better trace the generous impartiality of Dean Stanley, than by looking at the names of Palmerston, Disraeli, Dickens, Herschel, Livingstone, Lyell, Grote, Frederick Maurice, Carlyle, Princess Alice, Bishop Thirlwall, Charles Kingsley — the subjects of some of these sermons preached in the Abbey. His versatile pen and ready sympathy made a feeling discourse on the 'Distress of Paris,' and his mind could cast a long look of retrospection over the eight hundred years of the Abbey's existence. For each life, each event, he found something felicitous, some appropriate and penetrating thought, which winged its way to the minds of his hearers. His were characteristic sermons, not indiscriminate eulogies.

The large demands of all classes on the time of

Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta were freely met by a generous hospitality, and a truly Catholic spirit governed the invitations to the deanery. Royalty delighted to honor this home. The drawing-room and library of the 'Place' saw all shades of religious opinion, all classes of people, from the Queen herself to the Westminster artisans. The Sunday evenings were made very pleasant occasions, when a circle of thinkers and good talkers gathered in groups in the old rooms after evening service in the Abbey. Friends often visited them, staying days and weeks in the quaint old rooms, which could have told curious tales of monastic vigils and mediæval customs.

Some one called Stanley, in a spiteful mood, 'the Dean of Society.' The immense results of his years at the Abbey are the best refutation of such an epithet. Constant industry gave him the right to use his hard-earned leisure in seeing his friends, and receiving an ever-varying circle of guests. The Dean had also a high motive in the social life which he assisted Lady Augusta to continue. Edward Irving thought that he could, by his influence, change the 'gum flowers of Almack's into living roses in the garden of God;' the Dean

did not hope for this, but he did think that the pure influence of such women as his wife could do something for the formal religion and hardness of heart engendered by wealth, rank, and a social life in the world. He felt, where no direct appeal could touch, her influence might have power.

The Dean's ready sympathy, store of anecdote, sense of humor, and kindly hospitality, well supplemented the tact of the gracious lady who presided over his home. No one could fail in those days to note 'the eye now beaming with sympathy, now twinkling with humor, the mobile mouth with its patrician curves, and the delicately sensitive face,' with which the Dean welcomed his friends and acquaintances.

His modesty in anecdote was as remarkable as his reticence in not divulging names and secrets about people when he related incidents. In this, says one friend, he showed a '*curiosa felicitas;*' his reticence was as remarkable as his memory. As he was a great favorite with the Queen, he often arranged meetings for her with men of science and literature, whom she especially desired to meet in the greater ease of a drawing-room, where she was herself a guest. When she met

Carlyle, it is said the sturdy old Scotchman greatly amazed the courtiers by violating royal etiquette so far as to inquire as to her majesty's health, and to invite her to be seated, instantly setting the Queen an example.

He said of the interview: 'The Queen was really very gracious and pretty in her demeanor throughout; rose greatly in my esteem by everything that happened.' Carlyle personally liked Stanley, almost 'loved him,' indeed; yet he could have wished him anywhere but where he was. 'There goes Stanley,' he said once, as he passed him when he was walking with Froude in the park, 'boring holes in the bottom of the Church of England.'

This belief of Carlyle's was very generally echoed by the Presbyterians. One eminent Presbyterian minister of London, who preached close by Dean Stanley during all the years of his service in Westminster Abbey, expressed the conviction that he did more in his day to undermine the foundations of the faith than any other man in England. 'And yet,' he added, 'like all his school, he wrought by boundless toleration rather than by fierce denunciation.'

Squibs like the following abound in some of their papers: The '*Central Presbyterian* thinks Dean Stanley was almost a pagan in his theology,' says the *Christian at Work*,' adding that 'Centurion Cornelius was probably wholly a pagan in his theology. His prayers were heard, though.'

Mr. Spurgeon, in a recent conversation, in speaking of the pleasant relations he held to all denominations, said: 'Dean Stanley was always very kind; I remember spending a very pleasant evening with him. The Dean was in excellent spirits, and spoke of disestablishment. When we are all disestablished and disendowed,' said he, 'what do you propose to do with the Abbey and St. Paul's? Which of them do you intend to buy for your own use? But really you must not buy St. Paul's—that you must leave for the cardinal; it will remind him of St. Peter's. And so he went on, laughing heartily at his fancy sketch of the future of the disestablished church.'

Among other pleasant anecdotes of the Dean's later years, a friend relates this incident: 'He had been speaking of the French sculptor who illustrated his lectures by pointing out a great number of anatomical faults in the celebrated

equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius at Rome, all of which were avoided in the horse in his monument of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, and then, under the influence of irresistible admiration, was forced to conclude, '*Et cependant cette mauvaise bête vit, et la mienne est morte.*'

Shortly afterwards the conversation turned upon the work of Renan, whose 'St. Paul,' published in 1869, was then a new work. Nothing touching any characteristic views of Renan's could have been otherwise than extremely repugnant to those in whose hearing the little dialogue took place, and it was not without a certain anxiety that I heard him single out for praise Renan's ingenious personal sketch of the apostle. 'It is wonderful,' he said, 'how much he has collected from different parts of the epistles which bears on his personal history. It was not new to me; he has mentioned nothing, nothing, that had not caught my attention, but when I compare my sketch with his (in his volume on the Corinthians, I suppose), I always feel '*cette mauvaise bête vit, et la mienne est morte.*'

Another observer, who heard the Dean speak at a meeting of the clergy on Renan, gave an account

of Stanley's manner—'his rhetorical skill, his aggressive and defiant pluck, his desperate determination to claim everything and everybody with life in them as on his side.'

What Mr. J. Llewellyn Davies called the 'original innocence' of Arthur Stanley, in the beautiful words he uttered after his death, was most striking. His official dignity sat lightly upon him, as many little incidents show. At times it has been truly observed that his position gave him in his own eyes 'a certain air of masquerade.' One friend said she well recalled a half comic air with which he said, 'I should so much have liked to ask the Pope his opinions about himself (in recounting an interview with him if I remember aright), 'and there was something inexpressibly engaging in the playfulness with which he added, 'I can't quite fancy thinking myself infallible!' And then a humorous little pause, as if he was just asking himself whether, after all, that might not be compassed, and he concluded, much more decidedly, 'but certainly I can't conceive thinking *all* the deans of Westminster infallible!

The severe abuse heaped upon Dean Stanley in the years of his Westminster life must have

assured him he could not fancy himself infallible. He stood independently aside from all parties in the church and 'pursued the even tenor of his way,' writing his histories, promoting the welfare of the people about him by his care for the working-people, their coffee-houses, libraries, and clubs, taking a personal interest in the neighboring hospital and its work. He ministered also to the love of the beautiful by his annual flower-show and its prizes. This latter project was well calculated to cheer and enliven many forlorn homes in that dark district. In a letter to a friend, he wrote of his position in the church during these years: 'I cannot go out to battle in Saul's armor: I must fight with my own sling and stone, or not at all. I have never been able to reconcile myself to these unreasoning, undiscriminating war-cries: whatever power I have been able to exert has been mainly derived from this abstinence.'

In Dean Stanley's own words in his preface to his 'Essays on Church and State,' he states his position and the subjects which have engaged his attention. He says he thought it 'well to leave on record the grounds on which a long battle has been maintained.' And he gives a summary of the

thoughts the book will excite in the reader's mind, He speaks of the propriety of studying extinct doctrinal works and controversies, as an assistance to those who see the present agitation caused by the promulgation of advanced theories in religion. Another aim he has had in view is to reconcile the old traditions and creeds with the new life and progress of the world. This effort he acknowledges subjects a man of large views to misunderstanding, charges of inconsistency, and constant attacks. 'Many a time would such a one gladly exchange the thankless labor, the bitter taunts, the law's delays, the insolence of office, the waste of energy,' for a life of quiet usefulness and freedom. While Dean Stanley undoubtedly did at times feel what he says here so forcibly, it was not in his truth-loving nature to avoid the right course when he saw it open before him.

Dean Stanley's brave speech in the lower House of Convocation, on the behalf of Bishop Colenso, — a speech which does him all honor, — his espousal of the Bishop of Natal's wrongs, exposed him to much censure and harsh opposition. While he frankly admitted that he disliked the method of Colenso, he defended his right to point out the

inaccurate and doubtful portions of the Bible, and he appreciated the spirit of the thinker. An artisan said to a missionary bishop: 'I would go twenty miles to hear Bishop Colenso preach, *he is so honest-like.*' And this honesty of purpose Stanley saw and was nobly determined to defend when he rose before an infuriated convocation and placed himself in the same list as Colenso, adding: 'I might mention one, who, although on some of these awful and mysterious questions he has expressed no direct opinion, yet has ventured to say that the Pentateuch is not the work of Moses; who has ventured to say that there are parts of the Sacred Scriptures which are poetical and not historical.

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'If you pronounce against the Bishop of Natal on grounds such as these, you must remember that there is one close at hand whom, certainly with Jeremy Taylor and with Athanasius in former times, you will be obliged to condemn. I am not unwilling to take my place with Gregory of Nyssa, with Jerome, and with Athanasius. But in that same goodly company, I shall find the despised and rejected bishop of Natal. At least

deal out the same measure to me that you deal to him; at least judge for all a righteous judgment. Deal out the same measure to those who are well befriended, and who are present, as to those who are unbefriended and absent.'

Jowett had said truly, 'Doubt comes in at the window when inquiry is denied at the door!' and Frances Power Cobbe said, 'The founders of the English Church planted their young tree, not in the open ground, but in a flower-pot, — a goodly-sized and gracefully-formed vase, it is true, but still a flower-pot. The tree has long outgrown it; and the question is, Shall we break open the pot, or suffer the tree to be dwarfed and stunted for want of free space wherein to spread its roots?' To follow her simile, Dean Stanley, like a judicious gardener, would fain have enlarged the growing capacity of the 'tree,' but his natural desire for more light met with opposition from those who fear investigation, and dread the freedom which *must* be given to all things for growth, or death will result. To bury one's belief in formulas fixed and immovable involves moral stagnation and finally death. No creed can be given which shall absolutely remain the world's final statement of



thought. The world asks more and more for living truth, not words. The noble work of such men as Colenso will carry conviction to the hearts of many.

Stanley saw, what many churchmen cannot, that the imperfect, mixed, and 'human' element in the English Church, as in all beliefs, must change, vary, and perish with the ages. Only the heavenly, the spiritual remains. Rulers in church and state may condemn, may make martyrs, but the world loves its heroes and martyrs, and punishment or death canonize their memory.

'There is some one,' said Talleyrand, 'more clever than Voltaire, more sagacious than Napoleon, more shrewd than each minister, past, present, and to come, and that someone is everybody.' So Dean Stanley says, 'there is some one more learned, more able, and more versatile than any individual bishop—more likely to be right than the Pope of Rome, or the Wesleyan Conference, or the General Assembly,— and that is the whole community.' It was this power of Dean Stanley to 'free his mind,' as Dr. Johnson said of '*cant*,' and see this great, indisputable fact, that gave him his magnetic influence, will give him his future fame as a champion of freedom of thought.

Stanley thus nobly states the necessity for allowing freedom of thought: 'We sometimes think that it is the transitory alone which changes; the eternal stands still. Rather, the transitory stands still, fades, and falls to pieces; the eternal continues by changing its form according with the movement of advancing ages.'

He loved the light, he sought the truth, and he desired for others the freedom he demanded for himself. While engaged in defending Colenso he was preparing what Charles Kingsley wrote Maurice was 'the best antidote to Colenso which I have yet seen, because it fights him on his own ground, and yet ignores him and his negative form of thought.

'I think the book will give comfort to thousands, and make them take up their Bibles once more with heart and hope.'

This book was 'The Jewish Church,' on which he was busily engaged during several years. To the very last Dean Stanley was 'the champion of the vilified name, the lost cause.' In the year before his death he spoke at a stormy meeting of the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,' of the claims of the Bishop of Natal, saying he 'is the one colonial bishop who has translated the Bible

into the language of the natives of his diocese. He is the one colonial bishop who, when he believed a native to be wronged, left his diocese, journeyed to London, and never rested till he had procured the reversal of that wrong. He is the one colonial bishop who, as soon as he had done this, returned immediately to his diocese and his work. For these acts he has never received any praise, any encouragement, from this the oldest of our missionary societies. For these deeds he will be remembered when you who censure him are dead, buried, and forgotten.'

At Colenso's death he left a Zulu translation of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' in an unfinished state, and it is now nearly ready for publication.

Frederick Maurice and Dean Stanley were not altogether agreed in their views, and the letter of Dean Stanley in the 'Spectator,' and a friendly controversy which followed the letter of Maurice in the 'Daily News' in 1868, marked the parting point between them in fellowship of thought. The Dean declared himself more of an 'Erastian' as years passed, and felt it was well to organize the 'straying elements of liberal churchmen, consolidating the strength of the church.'

While Maurice called Stanley, in a half-joking way, 'a bigot for toleration,' he loved him and respected his character. Once, before the Dean had begun to be the object of the attacks he was constantly experiencing later in life, Maurice, being asked why the religious papers tolerated in Dr. Stanley what they had denounced and attacked in others, replied, 'Because they cannot help knowing that Stanley has done more than any living man to make the Bible a reality in English homes.'

Stanley in 1870 invited *all* the members of the Revision Committee to the Holy Communion at half-past eleven o'clock on June 22, in the Chapel of Henry VII. The result was that the Rev. G. Vance Smith, a Unitarian minister, presented himself among the number, he having been appointed a member of this committee, by a majority of one, on account of his great learning. The 5th of July Convocation discussed this matter, afterwards called the 'Westminster Scandal.'

The bishops in Convocation attempted to clear their skirts of this offence, and Bishop Wilberforce publicly made the following statement: 'I am bound to say, without entering upon any other question, that I deeply lament that anyone profes-

sing, not only to hold, but to be the teacher of a doctrine so dishonoring to our Lord and Saviour as the denial of his Godhead, joined in that act of Holy Communion of our Church with the bishops of that Church. I do most deeply lament that such should have been the case.' The Dean defended his action in a spirited speech. In a private letter, entering at length into the case, Wilberforce said: 'The Dean of Westminster is the real offender and cause of the evil.'

In the same year the Pan-Anglican Synod had asked the Dean for the use of the Abbey, that any of their members who desired it might partake of the communion service before beginning their deliberations. As Dean Stanley disapproved of the object of their meeting, he refused this privilege to the Synod. Maurice was much pleased that the Dean administered the service to the Unitarian clergyman of the committee, and expressed this feeling freely. To his son he wrote, 'The Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta were at Mr. Powles's to-day. He is in spirits about the Revision, and is not much disturbed by the attacks on him for the Westminster Abbey communion, which I think was a greater event than most which have happened in our day'

Maurice always enjoyed his friend's writings, and during his last illness asked to hear the sermon preached by the Dean for the Prince of Wales's recovery during his illness of 1871. When he himself passed away in April, 1872, on Easter Morning, the Dean spoke beautifully of him as 'a true Pontiff of the English Church, a true paladin in the English State,' saying of his special mission, 'he has built bridges that will not easily be broken across the widest chasms that separate class from class, and mind from mind.'

The following note shows the Dean's friendly feeling towards Bishop Wilberforce, though he knew the Bishop disapproved of his course in many respects. It is dated in July, 1872. Sonning was the country parish where his friend of forty years, Hugh Pearson, was the rector: —

'May I send a reminder of the confirmation on Saturday the 11th, at 10 A.M.? *This* is a subject on which we entirely agree, and you know that it is with the most unfeigned pleasure that I look forwards or backwards to your confirmations, whether at Sonning or Westminster; so you must not disappoint me.'

One can well fancy the pleasure with which the

Dean heard of the appointment of Charles Kingsley as Canon of Westminster in 1873. The Prime Minister wrote Kingsley: —

'I have to propose to you, with the sanction of Her Majesty, that, in lieu of your canonry at Chester, you should accept the vacant stall in Westminster Abbey. I am sorry to injure the people of Chester; but I must sincerely hope your voice will be heard within the Abbey, and in your own right.'

This was most gratifying to Dean Stanley, and his letter of cordial welcome and information to his old friend was answered at once by Kingsley: —

'My Dear Dean, — Many thanks for your letter and its instructions, which I will follow. Kindly answer me this — to me important — question.

'Have you any objection to my speaking, in my sermon, in favor of opening the British Museum, etc., to the public on Sunday afternoons? Of course I shall do so without saying anything violent or uncharitable. But I have held very strong and deliberate opinions about this matter for many years; and think that the opening of

these public institutions would not only stop a great deal of Sunday, and therefore of Monday, drunkenness, but would — if advocated by the clergy — enable the Church to take the wind out of the sails of the well-meaning, but ignorant, Sunday League.'

On many points the Dean and Kingsley were in hearty sympathy, though into the extremes of Christian Socialism of Maurice and his set, Stanley did not enter as Kingsley did.

When the sudden, final illness of Canon Kingsley came, and he died at his country rectory, as soon as the news reached Westminster, a telegram from the Dean brought these words to his children, 'Bear up under the blow. You will, perhaps, choose Eversley, but the Abbey is open to the Canon and the Poet,' and immediately he wrote more fully, as follows: —

'DEANERY, WESTMINSTER, Jan. 24, 1875.

'I cannot let the day pass without a word in addition to the brief telegram I sent last night.

'It seems but a few years, though it is many, since I first saw your dear father at Oxford, and again still fewer, though that is also long ago,

since I, for the first time, was at Eversley — and our meetings have been but few and far between — but I always felt that he was a faithful friend, and a brave champion for much and many that I loved; and when he was transplanted among us, my dear wife and I both looked forward to the multiplication of these meetings — to long years of labor together.

'God has ordered it otherwise. He has done his work. He had earned his rest. You had seen all that was highest and best in him.

'The short stay amongst us here had given him a new life, and had endeared him to a new world. He has gone in the fulness of his strength, like one of his own tropical suns — no twilight — no fading. Be of good heart, for you have much for which to be thankful.

'I ventured to say something about the place of burial. It is far the more probable (from what I have heard that he had said) that Eversley will have been the place chosen by him and by you — most natural that it should be so. Had his days ended here, then I should have pressed that the right which we have acquired in him should have the chief claim, and you know that, should the

other not be paramount, here we should be too glad to lay him, not by that official right which I try to discourage, but by the natural inheritance of genius and character. Any way, let me know the day and hour of the funeral. If none nearer or more suitable should be thought of, I, as the chief of his last earthly sphere, would ask to render the last honors. Yours sincerely,

'A. P. STANLEY.'

In the January day, 'kindly, soft, and mild, with now and then gleams of sunshine,' when the brave Kingsley was laid in his grave at Eversley, Dean Stanley, with the Bishop of Winchester, and a few other chosen friends, attended him to his resting-place. He felt Kingsley's death sadly, writing, 'I am thankful now if a month passes without a death;' the wider the circle of friends, the more does one experience the hand of death as the years go by; each year brings more losses among one's chosen intimates.

He spoke nobly of the 'profound feeling' which characterizes the writings of Kingsley, saying of him to his hearers in the Abbey, that all 'ought to prize as among God's best gifts, any characters,

any phenomena, that break through this commonplace level, like mountain crags, and countersect and unite the ordinary divisions of mankind, or, like volcanoes, burst forth at times, and reveal to us something of the central fires within and underneath the crust of custom, fashion, and tradition.'

CHAPTER XX.

DEAN STANLEY'S LOVE OF SCOTLAND, ITS LITERATURE, ITS PEOPLE. — ANECDOTES. — RUSSIA. — ILLNESS OF LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY. — RECTOR OF ST. ANDREWS. — HIS LOVE FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY. — DEATH OF LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY. — FUNERAL. — EXPRESSIONS OF SYMPATHY FOR THE DEAN. — VALEDICTORY ADDRESS AT ST. ANDREWS. — REMARKS ON IT. — THE DEAN'S THEOLOGICAL STATEMENTS.

THE Dean's love for Scotland, its people, and its literature, his Scottish connections, the Celtic blood in his veins, his many devoted friends in the North, all endeared the country to him. He had a natural sympathy for the Presbyterian form of church government. In one of his annual visits he attended the meeting of the General Assembly, and he said, 'I should not have listened half as patiently in convocation.' From the Establishment he went to the Free Kirk Assembly, and 'saw some wild men from the North holding forth. I saw Habukkuk Mucklewrath,' was his amused

description of it. So strong was his feeling for the simpler forms of church government that one aggrieved ritualist called him 'the honorary member of all religions, the chief nonconformist in the Church of England.'

The autumnal visits in a hospitable mansion on Tayside, where he met a succession of Scotland's notabilities, were wonderful gatherings. He would often occupy the pulpit of the local kirk, which was crowded with eager visitors from miles around when this was known. This was the same pulpit so long filled by Scotland's most eloquent preacher, whose well-known sermon on 'Religion in Common Life' the Dean used to quote as the finest he had ever read.

Sir Walter Scott amused him to the last. 'Find Guy Mannering, and let me take the taste out of my mouth,' he said not long ago, when he had become disgusted with a modern novel 'strongly recommended to him.' He rather scandalized the rigid by emphasizing in his Edinburgh lecture the services rendered the church by Scott and Burns, 'the prodigal son of the Church of Scotland.' It was a rare pleasure to hear the Dean read 'Macbeth,' seated with his friends about him on the

heights of Dunsinane, or telling a story from the Waverleys on the very spot of its occurrence. A ghost story told him 'in the dreary autumn of 1877, in the dark woods of Rosheath,' appeared in *Fraser* of 1880 as 'the text of a historical quest for a legend.'

The quaintness of the Scotch delighted him. He would often quote such stories as that of the prayer of the Old Free Kirk pastor, who groaned out, 'Oh! that we were all baptized into the spirit of the Disruption.' He loved to tell the beautiful story of 'an old Scottish Methodist, who in his earlier years had clung vehemently to one or other of the two small sects on either side of the street: 'The street I am now travelling in, lad, has nae sides; and if power were given me I would preach purity of life mair, and purity of doctrine less than I did. Are you not a little heretical at your journey's end?' said his interlocutor. 'I kenna. Names have not the same terror on me they once had, and since I was laid by here alone, I have had whisperings of the still small voice, telling me that the footfall of faiths and their wranglings will ne'er be heard in the Lord's kingdom, whereunto I am nearing. And as

love cements all differences, I 'll perhaps find the place roomier than I thought in the times by-past.'

His pleasure in this anecdote was only equalled by that of the French pastor, who asked his friends, gathered about him as he was on his death-bed, 'to pray for him that he might have the elementary graces.' He took comfort in the thought that 'those elementary graces are to be found in the great moral principles which lie at the bottom of the barbarous phraseology in which the sentiments of the poor, living or dying, are often expressed,' and when his heart was oppressed with the trouble and trials of the present, he was cheered by these simple expressions of faith, saying, if he did not see the dawn of a more hopeful period in the church, 'those younger than himself might live to see a brighter and happier day than that which seems to overcloud the minds and oppress the hopes of those who live in the latter part of this nineteenth century.'

In one of his journeys he was talking with a little German boy, whose acquaintance he had made on the way, for he always loved children. Being asked by his little companion how old he was,

he replied, 'Sixty,' when the child replied, 'Why, all your life is over.' He answered, 'No, the best time is yet to come.' He told this himself, unconsciously illustrating the cheerful serenity of his nature as age advanced.

As years brought anxieties to Dean Stanley at home, new honors were offered, new friends were made by him. The year 1874 saw him with Lady Augusta at St. Petersburg in January. He had been asked to assist in the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh, to the daughter of the Czar, and Lady Augusta was chosen to represent her Majesty at the service. During the festivities attending the marriage, Lady Augusta was so affected by the intense cold of the Russian capital that she took a fatal chill. Several of the Bruces of that generation had been prematurely cut off. The shadow of a great fear clouded the happy life of busy usefulness of the Dean, and after months of failing health, his wife became a great sufferer. The spring of 1875 found her so prostrated that their annual visit to Scotland was abandoned, and they settled themselves for a few months at Norwood, near London, the Dean writing of his 'suffering wife and her widowed sister as cheering each

other and cheering me. I resign myself,' he says, 'to six months of this stranded existence. If at the end of that time my dear wife is anything like what she was before in activity and strength, I shall be satisfied. Like what she was in wisdom and goodness she is and has been throughout, and will be, I have no doubt, to the end.'

In the spring of 1875 he received the honor of election as Rector of St. Andrew's, and one finds nothing in his writings more beautiful than his first address there, called justly by one writer an 'exquisite performance.' It abounds in happy thoughts. In conclusion he said, 'Forgive me if I have dwelt too long on this example of a majestic and venerable foundation, in consideration of my grateful sense, not only of the honor you have done me in electing me as its Rector, but also of the delightful hours and days passed amidst its solemn ruins, and the roar of its winds and waves, and the stores of its ancient learning, and the genial converse of its living inmates.'

After his installation at St. Andrew's in the old library, in the evening he was searching out each of the students for a word of talk, and at last, resting by the table in the centre of the room, and

saying, with an air of satisfaction and relief, 'Now, I think I have spoken to every one.'

Some remarks have been made about Dean Stanley's love of the court life, and he has been accused of being too much of a courtier. One should bear in mind that for thirty years his wife was the intimate friend, or, as he terms it, 'servant,' to her majesty. His own affection for the Royal Family was unquestioned, and his interest in the younger members simple and genuine. He saw Palestine with the Prince of Wales, stood by the Duke of Edinburgh at his marriage, and so loved one and all that he could properly speak of their amiable and endearing qualities.

When the Princess Alice of Hesse died, he spoke feelingly of her as one of those few who 'stand on their eminences as a city set upon a hill. 'That fierce light which beats upon the throne' reveals lessons and gives opportunities which escape notice in the homelier or obscurer corners of the life of men.'

To Prince Leopold he addressed the touching lines in 1875, entitled, 'The Untravelled Traveller,' after his recovery from a desperate illness. He alludes to

'A Royal Mother's ceaseless care,
A Nation's sympathizing prayer,'

and tells him that

'In this pilgrimage of ill
Sweet tracts and isles of peace were thine,'

and though

'Thrice' [his] 'weary feet have trod
The pathway to the realms of Death;
Thou hast, like him who rose at Nain,
Come back to light and life again.'

He tells him, —

'Those long descents, that upward climb,
Shall give an inward strength and force;
.
Not Afric's swamps, nor Biscay's wave,
Demand a heart more firm and brave.
.
'And still, as months and years roll by,
A world-wide prospect shall unfold —
The realm of art, the poet's sky,
The land of wisdom's purest gold.'

The Prince was the last visitor who looked upon the unconscious face of Lady Augusta as she lay in a quiet sleep. He was endeared to her by many early associations.

While at Norwood and in his London home after their return, the Dean continued to occupy himself with his third volume of 'The Jewish Church.' Seated by his wife's side, in her room, he worked on, hoping, fearing, praying for her recovery.

To Max Müller he wrote of his life during the darker hours of trial: 'I know not what report to give. So very weak, so suffering, and yet such unconquerable cheerfulness and vivacity.' 'All the world is changed for me,' he adds; 'yet I find it best, and she also desired that I should fill up the time, not filled by my thoughts and works for her, with work of my own, and so I struggled on.'

He wrote also of the cousin whose faithful devotion cheered and alleviated the weary hours of his wife. And we hear of the Dean, during the last weeks of Lady Augusta's illness, reading 'Old Mortality' to her, and then, as he would be impressed by the sense of his approaching loss, he would burst into tears, and then take up the book and read again.

When speech failed Lady Augusta, he would place some simple hymn, some text, in her sight. In February she was able to express her pleasure when told that their dear friend, Max Müller, was

to remain at Oxford. At the end the Dean wrote: 'Last night she pronounced my name for the last time; this morning, for the last time, in answer to my urgent appeal, she opened those dear eyes upon me.'

Lady Augusta Stanley died March 1, 1876. The Queen was unremitting in her affectionate attention to Lady Augusta, and during the last weeks visited the Deanery, and constantly was informed of her condition. Her husband wrote upon her grave that she was 'for thirty years the devoted servant of Queen Victoria and the Queen's mother and children, for twelve years the unwearied friend of the people of Westminster, and the inseparable partner of her husband's toils and hopes, uniting many hearts from many lands, and drawing all to things above.'

In speaking of her last resting-place, she herself said: 'I shall be there when he takes people round the Abbey. I shall be associated with all his works.' And she expressed her wish thus to be near him in death as in life.'

Her husband wrote: 'She was followed to her grave by the tears of all ranks, from her royal mistress down to her humblest and poorest neighbors,

whom she had alike faithfully served, — by the representatives of the various churches, and of the science and literature, both of England and America, whom she delighted to gather round her, — enshrined in the Abbey which she had so dearly loved, and of which for twelve bright years she had been the glory and the charm.'

The Dean wrote of watching: 'A life of pain and sorrow made happy and cheerful by the calm belief that all things work together for our good; and being cheered by the sight of a countenance transfigured in the radiant smile that tells of the peace within, which finds life perfectly sweet and death perfectly desirable.' Words which one might well apply to the months spent by his wife's side in her last illness. The funeral was indeed impressive, — the presence of England's greatest and best men and women attested to the character of the woman they mourned, and the husband they loved and honored. He himself, with rare courage in his restrained grief, thrilled and impressed the vast numbers who thronged the ancient building by dismissing them with the beautiful benediction which he loved.

The Ash Wednesday on which Lady Augusta

died was the sad anniversary of his mother's death, fourteen years before. He commemorated his double loss in some beautiful lines, beginning, —

'O Day of Ashes! — twice for me
Thy mournful title hast thou earned,
For twice my life of life by thee
Has been to dust and ashes turned.

.

'My Mother — on that fatal day,
O'er seas and deserts far apart,
The guardian genius passed away
That nursed my very mind and heart —
The oracle that never failed,
The faith serene that never quailed,
The kindred soul that knew my thought
Before its speech or form was wrought.

'My Wife — when closed that fatal night,
My being turned once more to stone,
I watched her spirit take its flight,
And found myself again alone.
The sunshine of the heart was dead,
The glory of the home was fled,
The smile that made the dark world bright,
The love that made all duty light.

.

'Look out on human strife and storms:
The worst man's hope, the best man's sin,
The world's base acts, Faith's hollow forms, —

.

One answer comes in accents dear,
Yet as the piercing sunbeam clear,
The secret of the better life
Read by my Mother and my Wife.

The Baroness Bunsen, in writing to one of her family, says: 'You will have felt, as I have, the relief of knowing dear Lady Augusta Stanley to be at rest! What a mysterious dispensation that she should have been so long at the point of death, so slowly released from the tie nearly broken. Alas, for Arthur Stanley! How busy is death with all around, so much my juniors! and yet I am bidden to remain. May the purpose of God be fulfilled in me and by me.'

To the Dean himself she addressed the following touching letter:—

'CARLSRUHE, March 15, 1876.

'No common utterance is fit to approach your immense sorrow! and could I but press your hand and meet your eye I should feel it most suited to the depth and fulness of sympathy to dwell in silence on the departure of *her* whom nobody can spare, whom all of us claimed as our own, whom all of us, far and near, felt to be close to

us, in the wide grasp of that Christian love which seemed to warm and cherish all in its effusion.

'The words of that benediction, which you were enabled to pronounce, at the close of the invaluable solemnity in which all that was earthly had been restored to earth — must be, and will be, your support. . . .

'Such an intimacy, such an active unity of heart, of principle, of taste, as has been yours, dear friend, was a rare gift of the beneficent Providence which made *her* what she was, and conducted each and both of you to find in each other that which made life worth living for; — and may the blessed consciousness of what has been granted to you afford you strength even to look through the darkness which to flesh and blood seems to belong to the grave and gate of death.

'With a tenderness of maternal feeling which I cannot well express,

'I remain your aged friend,

'FRANCES DE BUNSEN.'

To one who wrote him in the first days of his loss, expressing his sense of an unfailing kindness,

and speaking of an incident which showed her thought for others, he presently answered,

'I never wrote to thank you for your kind letter to me in the first days of my great affliction. I valued it especially, because it added one more to the many memorials of herself, even in small details, which my dear wife left — and has, I trust, left forever — on all who have known her, for ever so short a time. To keep up the recollection of her in the remembrance of those who did so know her, and in trying to fulfil what she desired to be done, is my chief consolation.'

The delightful influence of Lady Augusta can be best realized when we remember that the Dean was wont to say that he never really lived till after his marriage. He delivered a sermon on marriage in 1867, recommending it strongly, even earnestly and warmly: saying it was a shelter from the tyranny of the world and the tyranny of the church, and one listener said it amounted to a declaration of his own experience of the state.

In the last years, as he sat at his desk with her bust on the table, when any new question came before him to be decided, a visitor would see his eye wander over the table littered with his books



and papers, to the beloved features, as he said, 'Ah, if she were here, she would tell me what I ought to do.' That bust now stands in the Deanery at Westminster among the treasures of the present Dean's home.

One friend truly observed of Dean Stanley that, though he did not drain the cup of sorrow till late in life, his was not the hardness usual to unbroken prosperity. It is uncommon that a nature so loving as his could take so large a range. Seas did not divide him from a warm sympathetic interest in all he loved. Warmth of heart was one of the great characteristic charms of his life and his writings. The same writer said: 'There was something about the slight shadowy form, the delicate face, and the quaint endearing helplessness associated with it, that cannot be given in any other word than *pathetic*, however little the external aspect of his life corresponds with such an epithet; and though I do not suppose his was especially a sympathetic nature, there were moments when his reverent, wordless compassion soothed the heart as wise utterance perhaps could not have done; and the last words he said to me — It is a mistake ever to try to disturb in a mourner that natural feel-



ing. Look and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, — appeared to come from a heart that had learnt deeply the precious love of sorrow.'

During the five years of life left to Dean Stanley he did his duty nobly, in time he recovered his interest in public affairs, his friends were always ready to share his sorrow, and his home was brightened by the tender care and sympathy of woman's heart. His wife's sister and cousin united in making the Deanery as happy a place as any on earth could now be for him.

In the Dean's valedictory address, delivered to the students of St. Andrew's in 1877, occur some beautiful words which will long linger in the mind of the reader. In the life of that saintly woman, Lucretia Mott, we hear of her finding so much consolation and pleasure in this address that she carried it with her everywhere, and with constant reading and lending it became so worn that finally a friend prepared a copy by pasting it into a blank book. This she carried in her pocket, more to lend than to read, for she knew much of it by heart. She was never weary of calling attention to the following passage: —

'We often hear of the reconciliation of theology



and science. What we need is the recognition that, so far as they meet, Theology and Science are one and indivisible. Whatever enlarges our ideas of nature enlarges our ideas of God. Whatever gives us a deeper insight into the nature of the Author of the universe gives us a deeper insight into the secrets of the universe itself. Whatever is bad theology is also bad science; whatever is good science is also good theology. . . . Whatever tends to elevate the intelligence, the purity, the generosity of mankind, is high religion; whatever debases the mind, or corrupts the heart, or hardens the conscience, under whatever pretext, however specious, is low religion, is infidelity of the worst sort.'

'Amidst the increasing shadows' of the years after his wife's death he finished the 'Jewish Church,' with 'the trust that whatever is or has been the best and greatest is altogether imperishable and divine,' and that whatever we have known of good or great 'can never be wholly taken from our possession.' This last volume, which was begun in May of 1876, by the desire of his departed wife, was ready for the press in September, 1879. The touching dedication — 'To the beloved mem-



ory of the inseparable partner in every joy and every struggle of twelve eventful years' — says the work was 'the solicitude and solace of her latest days,' and the writer expresses 'the humble prayer that its aim may not be altogether unworthy of her sustaining love, her inspiring courage, and her never-failing faith in the enlargement of the church and the triumph of all truth.'

We see in this, as in all the Dean later wrote, new evidence that each year brought him a certain enlargement of thought, and fuller vision. He himself says of the progress of liberal Christianity, that 'it has attracted to itself the strength of intellects such as Shakespeare and Newton, Pascal and Rousseau, Erasmus and Spinosa, Goethe and Walter Scott. Was it the Christianity of Nicæa, or Geneva, or Westminster, or Augsburg, or the Vatican? No. . . . It is a progress to which the Councils, the Confessions, even the Fathers and Schoolmen, have contributed almost nothing, and the general spirit of the race and the faith, almost everything.

'And is not the religion which animated these higher intelligences and these wider spheres the same which has animated the poor, the



humble, the childlike, the saintlike of all persuasions?'

While this volume shows no loss of power and strength, it is more advanced and extended in its view. Unlike most thinkers, age did not make Stanley more conservative, but, on the contrary, each year gave him a firmer conviction that 'Truth was to be sought above all things for itself, and not for any ulterior object.'

Stanley's method of dealing with truth was subjective rather than objective. He become more and more indifferent to statements of doctrinal belief, and in his vague, somewhat indefinite statements, dwelt more strongly on the love of Christ, calling him the 'external conscience and benificent influence,' and saying of his functions, 'Wheresoever in history the same likeness has been in any degree reproduced in human character, there and in that proportion is the same effect produced. There and in that proportion is the Word which speaks through every word of human wisdom, and the Light which lightens with its own radiance every human act of righteousness and of goodness.' In one place he says 'the love of Christ was long ago described by Sophocles.'



Turning from doctrinal questions with greater indifference each year, he often puzzled readers and hearers by his desire to make a church universal, embracing the best of all the creeds. One lecture which he gave was listened to by a member of the Society of Friends, who said:—

'The subject was The Points in the Christian Creed which are held by all Christians. It was full of his own wonderful and all-embracing charity, and he seemed to lift his whole audience into a higher sphere as he spoke. The soul was soothed and cheered by listening to him. Perhaps the intellect was not altogether satisfied. If any man could have succeeded in finding and describing the common standing-ground of Roman Catholic and Unitarian, it would have been he. But I think that one or two of us felt that not even he had quite succeeded in finding that common formula.'

'He spoke after his lecture,' the same observer adds, 'of the manner in which Ecce Homo had been received by the different sections of the Christian church. Each one had found something in the book which harmonized with its own special views. This seemed to him an illustration of the wonderful manifoldness of our Lord's character,



that character, he said, which is the foundation of the church.' His host adds an interesting reminiscence of his speaking of the founder of Buddhism. 'I remember,' said Stanley, 'the time when the name of Gautama was scarcely known, except to a few scholars, and not always well spoken of by those who knew it, and now — *he stands second.*' 'There was something,' we are told, 'very impressive in the way in which he said this — with hands and eyes uplifted, leaving the name of the First unspoken.'

If one could find exactly the theological statement, creed, or belief, to which the following company of thinkers would subscribe, the reader would probably be able to define the belief of Dean Stanley to a nicety. In his essays on the 'Theology of the Nineteenth Century,' he says that this theology 'has come down to us through Clement of Alexandria; through Origen; in part through Athanasius, and Jerome, and Chrysostom; through Scotus, Erigena, and Anselm; through the genius of Luther; even through the stern precision of Calvin; through Erasmus and Grotius; through the English Latitudinarians and Platonists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.'

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DEAN VISITS AMERICA. — REMARKS, — HIS VISIT TO MONTREAL. — HIS OWN WORDS ABOUT THE FUTURE OF AMERICA. — A VISIT TO ITALY WITH HIS SISTER. — MARY STANLEY'S DEATH. — ANECDOTES OF THE DEAN. — 'CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS' PUBLISHED. — FAILING HEALTH. — LAST WORK. — AN ANECDOTE.

THE year 1878 saw the Dean, with two friends, visiting America, — George Grove, of whom he said: 'When in after years you read at the end of some elaborate essay on the history of music or on Biblical geography the name of George Grove, you will recall with pleasure the incessant questionings, the eager desire for knowledge, the wide and varied capacity for all manner of instruction, which you experienced in your conversations with him here, and Dr. Harper, the youthful and blooming student who inspected your hospitals with such keen appreciation, so impartially sifting the good from the evil.'

He spoke of their attention to him during the voyage, and the weeks passed in America, saying



that they watched over him 'with such vigilant care' that he was not allowed to touch more than two dollars in the whole course of his journey.

In anticipating and preparing for this trip, the Dean said to a young Englishman who had visited this country, that his heart almost sank at the thought of so long and difficult a journey, and he asked him, 'What do you think is the chief pleasure of travelling in America?' He said, 'The pleasure in travelling there is being in a foreign country, and yet being able to talk in our own language.'

The Dean himself summed up his experiences, saying, 'The two months which I have spent on these shores seem to me two years in actual work, or two centuries rather, for in them I have lived through all American history. In Virginia I saw the era of the earliest settlers, and I met John Smith and Pocahontas on the shores of the James River. In Philadelphia I have lived with William Penn, but in a splendor which I fear would have shocked his simple soul. At Salem I encountered the stern founders of Massachusetts; at Plymouth I have watched the *Mayflower* threading its way round the shoals and promontories of that intri-

cate bay. On Lake George and at Quebec I have followed the struggle between the English and the French for the possession of this great continent. At Boston and Concord I have followed the progress of the war of independence. At Mount Vernon I have enjoyed the felicity of companionship with Washington and his associates. I pause at this great name, and carry my recollections no further.'

Before his return, of some questions as to his impressions and views of the country he said: 'I have been tempted to say with an Englishman who was hard pressed by his constituents with absurd solicitations: 'Gentlemen, this is the humblest moment of my life, that you should take me for such a fool as to answer all your questions.' But I know their good intentions, and I forgive them freely.'

All classes and sects in America welcomed the good man whose life they had heard of, whose writings they knew. His sympathetic nature gave him the warmest interest in the various sections of our great country. At Plymouth, when shown the little baby garments, relics of the Pilgrims, and the shoes worn by children afterwards, men



and women famous in colonial history, tears came into his sympathetic eyes, and he was deeply touched by the sight. He charmed each and all by his wise tact, and ready power to give the best of himself.

'The singular buoyancy and elasticity of the national and individual character, the brilliant, exhilarating climate, the vast horizon opened out by their boundless territory,' the cordial reception accorded him throughout the land,—all fired his imagination, and warmed his heart.

Mr. Brooks, in his delightful recollections of the Dean's visit in Boston, says, 'No one who heard it will ever forget the benediction which Dean Stanley uttered at the close of the service at which he preached in Trinity Church. It was the first time that he had looked an American congregation in the face. He was for the moment the representative of English Christianity. And as he spoke the solemn words, it was not a clergyman dismissing a congregation; it was the Old World blessing the New; it was England blessing America.'

The Dean spoke on this solemn occasion as follows, 'For the New World, as for the Old World,



the progress, of the W
Europe, all the long fut
which neither can do f
which both can do togetl

'Hast Thou but one b
me, even me also, O my

'This is the prayer wh
land and America, may w
shore. Give to each the
Give to each the strengt
lofty mission which belong
the spirit of wisdom and
hope and high humility.'

Mr. Brooks adds: 'The
grew rich and deep, and
into the great conception
itself. The next morning
clergymen at breakfast, an
room for an



more important occasions in the Abbey. And then again came the same words, with the same calm solemnity.'

The result of this journey was a delightful volume of 'Addresses and Sermons in America.' He wisely planned his journey to see and do what he liked. 'On the steamer at New York, when he was leaving America, he was asked whether he was not weary with his most laborious journey. But he answered, No! I have declined to see anything in which I was not interested. Kind friends have asked me to go to see factories, and many other interesting things for which I did not care; but I have confined myself to things which I did care for, and so I am not tired.'

Some notes of his Montreal visit have been kindly sent me by Mr. Samuel E. Dawson, the accomplished annotator of Tennyson's Princess, who acted as the Dean's cicerone during his short stay in that city. He says, 'We drove to the Mountain, as Montreal's lofty park is called. A storm had thinned the leaves a little, and the warm, mellow sunlight streamed through the semi-transparent leaves of the maples, sometimes delicate yellow and sometimes fiery crimson, and



diffused over the underwood the strongest flushes of color. Thirty miles off, over the plain, were the mountains of Vermont and overhead was the deep blue of our Canadian sky. It was one of those perfect days which make the autumn in our northern clime so enjoyable. The Dean drank it in with delight, and the landscape suggested to my mind some theories of Mr. Gladstone's, which had lately appeared in one of the Reviews, to the effect that the sense of color, in which we were rejoicing, was a modern development and one not possessed by the Greeks of Homer. I had thought it impossible that a people so sensitive to form should be impervious to color, and seized the opportunity to ask the opinion of the Dean. He replied with a smile, that this was one of the very few opinions advanced by Mr. Gladstone, in which he felt disposed to concur.'

In the vestiges of the old French dominion (now, unfortunately, very scanty in Montreal), and in their historical associations, he took a great interest.

'After a visit to the towers of the old Fort, where a French 'sœur,' centuries since taught the wild Iroquois girls, and a look at the Seminary of St.



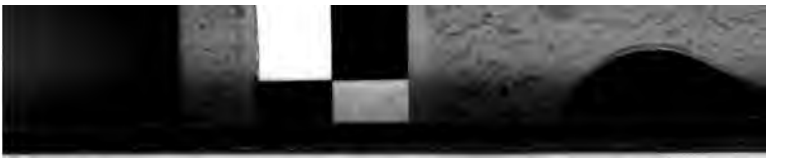
Sulpice, they saw the old buildings of the Sisters of the Congregation of Nôtre Dame, and the quaint church built by Sister Bourgeois and her successors to Nôtre Dame de Bonsecours. All these interested him. He knew of their history, and with his wide sympathy he understood the lives that were lived there. I felt half ashamed to speak of an antiquity so modern compared with the nine centuries of his Abbey Church, but he said, I have learned in America to count two hundred years as a thousand in Europe, for in both cases the periods reach back to the dawn of civilization.

'At first — until I remembered how much his studies had centred around the relations of Church and State — I was puzzled at the strong desire he had to see Guibord's grave. I had to search for it, for no one had ever asked me before to show it. To him it was interesting as the outcome of a notable conflict between Church and State, which he had watched from England in all its phases . . . and he told us that the Queen also had taken a deep personal interest in the matter. We found the huge cyclopean stone, clamped down and set in concrete, which marks the spot where reposes the body of one of the quietest of men in his lifetime,



who after his death made the greatest turmoil ever known in this combustible community. The Dean carefully copied what was left of the inscription, and departed content.

'We visited also the Bonsecours Market adjoining Sister Bourgeois's old church. To this spot I always take strangers of unusual intelligence, for there is seen the quintessence of the homely peasant life of the real people of the Province of Quebec. It was on a market day, and the people were swarming among the loaded carts and piles of miscellaneous products, gesticulating and talking volubly in two languages at once. We walked slowly through the crowd, the Dean with his hands behind his back quietly taking it all in, and, as he walked he said, 'most interesting — most — interesting — throws so much light on the condition of Palestine in our Lord's time.' He was talking to himself, but to me who had known the Bonsecours Market from boyhood, his words were an enigma, and I asked — Why, Mr. Dean, how can this suggest so remote a scene? He replied, Don't you see? You know the discussions which have been going on as to the language in which our Lord taught and as to what was the language



spoken at that time in Palestine, — whether it was Greek or Syriac. Now here is a bi-lingual people carrying on their business in two languages without any difficulty. Such as it is here, it was there.' The writer adds, that now he never 'passes the Bonsecours Market without thinking of Dean Stanley and his marvellous faculty of co-ordinating every new fact, as it presented itself, with the mass of his previous knowledge.'

The Dean left a wonderful passage descriptive of the falls of Niagara, which, with the other I will quote comparing England and America, are memorable as his impression of the country.

'In the hour when for the first time I stood before the cataracts of Niagara, I seemed to see a vision of the fears and hopes of America. It was midnight, the moon was full, and I saw from the suspension bridge the ceaseless contortion, confusion, whirl, and chaos, which burst forth in clouds of foam from that immense central chasm which divides the American from the British dominion; but as I looked on that ever-changing movement, and listened to that everlasting roar, I saw an emblem of the devouring activity, and ceaseless, restless, beating whirlpool of existence in the

United States. But into the moonlight sky there rose a cloud of spray twice as high as the Falls themselves, silent, majestic, immovable. In that silver column, glittering in the moonlight, I saw an image of the future of American destiny, of the pillar of light which should emerge from the distractions of the present — a likeness of the buoyancy and hopefulness which characterizes the Americans both as individuals and as a nation.'

In speaking of the mutual love and sympathy which should exist between the two great English-speaking nations, he said :—

'Of that unbroken union there seemed to be a likeness, when on the beautiful shores of Lake George, the Loch Katrine of America, I saw a maple and an oak-tree growing together from the same stem, perhaps from the same root — the brilliant fiery maple, the emblem of America; the gnarled and twisted oak, the emblem of England. So may the two nations always rise together, so different each from each, and representing so distinct a future, yet each springing from the same ancestral root, each bound together by the same healthful sap, and the same vigorous growth.'

The winter of 1878–9 found the Dean at home.



In the following summer he visited the Italian lakes and Venice with his sister Mary. Dr. Harper accompanied them. The brother and sister deeply enjoyed this journey to the scenes traversed years before with their mother. He says:

'On her return she spent a day at the house of the venerable Ambassador to whom, during her work at Constantinople, she had owed so much. It was his 93d birthday, and on the morrow, in their closing interview, the aged statesman spoke of the intercourse which he had maintained with successive Popes, and described his remark to one of them: You are not my sovereign, and I am not your subject; you are a Catholic, and I am a Protestant; but it cannot be wrong for me to ask or for you to give me your blessing. In allusion to this, at the end of their conversation, she said: Lord Stratford, you are not my sovereign, and I am not your subject; you are a Protestant, and I am a Catholic; but it cannot be wrong for me to ask or for you to give me your blessing. She knelt to receive it, and with that benediction they parted to meet no more.'

Years before this Mary Stanley had joined the Romanists, but she always retained an interest in



the church of her fathers. Shortly after their return to London, Miss Stanley was attacked by a severe inflammation of the lungs. She was attended with devotion by Dr. Harper, and her brother was constantly with her. She died November 26. After a requiem mass her body was laid by her mother's side in Alderley churchyard by Dean Stanley and her brother-in-law, the Dean of Llandaff. In some beautiful lines the Dean says,—

'She rests where once her childhood strayed,
By lawn, and brook, and laurel shade.
Her gaze undimmed at last shall view
The Just, the Holy, and the True.'

The flower missions, penny savings bank, and other charities organized and carried on by the

'Strong will, that in its fragile frame
Though dark and light pursued its aim;
Heart that with sympathetic glow
Could cheer the lonely sufferer's woe,
Or by some radiant art illume
A careworn home, a nation's gloom,'

— all attest to the Christian zeal of Mary Stanley.

The Dean was always thoughtful of others, and to the last days of his life retained his interest in



the welfare of all with whom he came in contact. He would go out of his way to introduce a foot-note calling attention to a work in which he took an interest, especially if the writer was young. And he liked one to be aware that he took pains to do this. 'I do not know whether you detected the track of a friend in two recent Scottish biographies in the *Times*,'—he wrote after such a performance. Again, referring to an article in which the critic had strayed from his text, as he felt, with no friendly interest, and to gratify a personal grudge, —'I forget whether I ever expressed to you my annoyance at the gratuitous attack upon you in the *Edinburgh Review*, by I know not whom. I did what little I could by going also beyond my tether in making a short counterblast in an article which I wrote in the *Times* shortly after.'

For many years his singularly illegible handwriting was most deplorable. In writing a friend of his Scottish lectures he said, 'I hope to publish the lectures immediately, — that is to say, as soon as the printers can get through the mass of illegible MSS. I have sent.' 'I remember,' says one writer, 'his telling us, at the Sons of the Clergy dinner in Glasgow, how the Halo of the Burning



Bush had come back from the printers transmuted into the Horn of the Burning Beast.'

One friend says, 'Once I received a letter from him a week old, it had travelled far and wide, on reaching me at 69 Inverness Terrace, W., to which he had addressed it. 'Try Holloway Road' had been added by some ingenious official. I sent the Dean the envelope as a curiosity, and he wrote back — quite ignoring the illegibility of his 'Inverness Terrace' — 'I see that my address was right as far as it went, 'Holloway Road' was added by the postmaster.'

Years before, Mrs. Fletcher wrote, 'There is no one like Arthur Stanley,' and when one hears the many anecdotes about his kindness, consideration, and sympathy for all, it seems a unique character. His old friend the Archbishop of Canterbury related an anecdote which illustrates one phase of his character, at the Commemorative meeting, which was held after his death in the chapter-house at Westminster. It was of 'a poor widow at Lambeth, whose face brightened up on hearing his name. Frail and trembling, I was trying to make my way across Westminster Bridge among the carriages, and afraid that I should be trodden down, when a



man stepped up to me and gave me his help, and piloted me safely through the crowd. I asked him to whom I was indebted; he merely pointed to the great Abbey, You know that place, he said, I am its Dean.'

During an absence from home of some weeks, a servant of the Abbey, a man of fine health and vigor, became hopelessly blind. His sister found him seated by this poor man, his own eyes filled with tears while he was trying to comfort and encourage him. By his sympathy and courage he inspired the man to take up his heavy burden and make for himself a new occupation, accepting his affliction cheerfully and hopefully. The year before the Dean died, he met a lighterman of the Thames' barges in front of the Wesley Monument. With his usual interest in that class, he began to talk with this man, and presently asked him to the Deanery. After Stanley's death the man wrote a letter to one of his friends, recalling their conversation. He said, 'it must have been beautiful to have been able to walk where the Saviour had walked.' To which the Dean replied, with 'a heavenly look,' 'Yes, beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour,' and his humble acquaintance was deeply



touched by the Dean's friendliness. One who loved him much, well described his great charm for all when she said Arthur Stanley 'joined the simplicity of a child of five years to the cultivation of a gray-haired man and a pure woman.' His simplicity of heart gave him insight into the hearts of others.

While he continued to work, to interest himself in his friends and any who came into his life, as this man did, there was a certain change noted by his nearest and dearest friends. He began to say of all future events, 'If I am still here.' 'I shall never go again,' he said, after his return from the triennial dinner of Old Rugbeians, 'I do not mean that I shall not live, but I feel that I am losing interest in these special and youthful meetings.'

After his last visit to Oxford he said the same. Want of strength during the last months made his friends uneasy. Then again, for a little time, he would speak with all his wonted fire. A short time before his death he published the volume on 'Christian Institutions,' full of fire and powerful passages, and showing much of his sparkling sense of humor which continued to the very last. In the Contents of the chapter on Ecclesiastical Vest-



ments, one sees this keen sense of amusement in the following headings:—

'I. Antiquarian import.

'II. Dress of the ancient world: 1. The shirt; 2. The shawl; 3. The overcoat.

'III. Their secular origin, etc. Importance of maintaining their indifference. Attention to matters of real importance.'

The 'Saturday Review,' in referring to this work, says: 'Dean Stanley is not only one of the most ingenious and picturesque, but also one of the most surprising of writers in the sense that he is constantly engaged — whether intentionally or not — in preparing surprises for his readers.'

Among the last occasional sermons preached by Dean Stanley was that on the death of the venerable Lord John Thynne, Sub-Dean of Westminster. This deeply touched Archdeacon Denison, who rose in the Lower House of Convocation after Dean Stanley's death, and spoke of his last interview with him, saying: 'It was in his own house, when I was coming away. . . . I was leaving the room with him, and, thinking that he was looking far from well, I said to him, Dear Dean, let me say one word to you. We went a little aside, and I



said: I have been on the point of writing to you many times just lately, but I never like writing to a man about his sermons, and I held my hand; but now I have the opportunity, let me say that few things have touched and moved me more nearly than your sermon on the death of my dear old friend, John Thynne, and I cannot help saying so to you. His eye lighted up, he took hold of both of my hands, and said: I am very glad indeed that you have told me this. So we parted. The light on his face and the hearty kindliness of his words will never leave my memory. It is one out of a thousand instances of the same character. It is not only the great intellectual qualities of the late Dean of Westminster, and it is not many men who have qualities so great; but it is the heart of the Dean — his affections, his sympathy, his loving-kindness, which will long survive with us all the recollection of differences of judgment, however wide. No man has differed more with him than I have. No man has had more occasion and more reason than I have to carry with me to the end all that I feel now.'



CHAPTER XXII.

LAST ARTICLES.— DISAPPOINTMENT ABOUT THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S MONUMENT. — LAST WEEKS. — LAST SERMON. — ILLNESS. — DEATH. — FUNERAL SERVICES. — REMARKS. — PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF DEAN STANLEY. — HIS POSITION AS HISTORIAN, THEOLOGIAN, AND CHURCHMAN. — REMARKS OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. — OF J. P. HOPPS. — HIS OWN REMARKS ABOUT DEAN MILMAN APPLIED TO HIMSELF. — SUMMARY.

SEVERAL short essays were prepared by him in the last months of his life, among them was a short critical article on F. W. Robertson which appeared in 'Scribner's Monthly.' An article on the 'Revised Version of the New Testament' appeared in the same issue of the London 'Times' which contained his own obituary notice, showing us how he worked to the very last. He actually corrected the proof for an article on the 'Westminster Confession' on what was his deathbed.

Not long before his own death the Dean's desire to place a monument to the Prince Imperial of



France in the Abbey, with the following inscription —

'Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.'

was thwarted by the action of the House of Commons, who adopted a resolution, a year after the plan had been decided, 'declaring it inconsistent with the national character of the Abbey.' He said: 'When I assented to a monument in the Abbey to the Prince Imperial, I expected, after the sympathy shown at the time of the funeral at Chiselhurst, nothing but universal approval. I did it without consulting or hearing from anyone, and I still believe that a few years hence it would have been amongst the most generally interesting and attractive of the Abbey monuments.'

The annoyance of the Dean was marked, and he wrote what one London journal termed a 'peevish letter' on the subject, and dropped the project in consequence.

He attended the last annual meeting which he lived to see, of the Westminster Window Garden Exhibition in the Abbey precincts, within a few days of his death. The venerable Lord Shaftesbury presided at the meeting. It was an object



which had been very near the Dean's heart for years. For some time he must have realized the end was near, for on Good Friday he preached upon the text, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit,' saying, as he selected it, that he had preached it ten years before in the same pulpit, and he would like to preach it once again! On Saturday, the 9th of July, he closed his afternoon service with a short sermon, one of the course he was delivering on the 'Beatitudes.' He was taken ill during the recital of the Psalms for the day, and was forced to leave the Abbey. He returned, though very ill, to preach what proved to be his last sermon. He was unable to do more, and for the first time disappointed a party who were awaiting his escort round the Abbey. On his return to the Deanery he retired to bed, and never left it except for a little while on the following Wednesday.

Thomas Hughes says: 'The last time I saw him was on the Tuesday before he died. Calling to inquire, his old servant said he was sure he would like to see me, and I went up to the large, plainly-furnished room at the top of the Deanery in which he was lying. Without intending it, as I sat by his bedside, I betrayed some of that despondency



which the present aspect of affairs, both in Church and State, has produced in so many English minds; and once again, little thinking it was for the last time, heard him speak of the assured victory of good in the end, and came away with renewed hope from his presence. He was far better than I had expected to find him, and spoke with pleasure of getting up to tea, the doctors having given him leave.'

Neither the Dean himself, nor many of his friends, realized that he was so ill. The day after he saw Mr. Hughes, erysipelas set in, and he sank gradually until the night of the 18th of July, when he passed peacefully away.

When Bishop Frazer made his pathetic appeal in the Abbey to the congregation on Sunday, 'Pray for him, good people, pray while prayers may yet avail,' the shadow of death was upon him. We are told by one near and dear to him, the doctors had desired him not to speak, and with his usual wonderful patience he obeyed them, so there were few last words. Among the broken sentences which were caught by those who watched with tender care at his bedside, 'as far as I have understood what the duties of my office were supposed



to be, in spite of every incompetence, I am yet humbly trustful that I have sustained before the mind of the nation the extraordinary value of the Abbey as a religious, national, and liberal institution.' Again, 'the end has come,' he said, 'in the way in which I most desired it should come. I could not have controlled it better. After preaching one of my sermons on the beatitudes, I had a most violent fit of sickness, took to my bed, and said immediately that I wished to die at Westminster. I am perfectly happy, perfectly satisfied; I have no misgivings.' He desired to have Vaughan preach his funeral sermon, 'because he has known me longest.'

Communion was administered by Canon Farrar, and when he was about to give the blessing, the Dean took his hand in his own, and signified that he should wait; then slowly, but quite distinctly, he himself pronounced the benediction. Before midnight of the same day, Monday, he passed quietly away. The following Monday his slender form was laid by his wife in the chapel of Henry VII. by the Queen's orders. Dense crowds filled the church. The only orders he had given himself were, that a clergyman of the Scottish Church and an English



nonconformist should be among his pall-bearers, and the people should be allowed to freely enter the church. They thronged the nave, and surrounded the building when no more could enter. Others of his friends filled the chapel and choir.

'He was borne to his grave,' it was truly said, 'on the shoulders of the nation. He was followed by the Prince of Wales, as representative of the Sovereign, by other members of the Royal Family, by representatives of the three Estates of the Realm, of the Cabinet Ministers, the literature, arts, science, and religion of the country, and by a large concourse of the working-men of Westminster—the majority mourning for one who had been their personal friend. The coffin was covered with memorials and expressions of regret from high and low in England, Scotland, France, Germany, and America, and from the members of the Armenian Church. He rests in the same grave with his beloved wife, in the Abbey which he loved so dearly, which he cherished as the likeness of the whole English constitution.'

Near the monument of the Duke de Montpensier, says the Rev. Phillips Brooks, 'is the stone beneath which he now sleeps himself, and which for



years he never approached without a change in the step, which any one walking at his side could feel at once.'

His latest verses, published the week after his funeral, touchingly express his feeling when he says, —

'Death with his healing hand
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link, which none may sever,
Till through the only Good,
Heard, felt, and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.'

In a secluded spot, among the lovely hills of Western Massachusetts, stands a pillar bearing a globe with the inscription which indicates that four young men there pledged themselves to mission work; it bears these words, 'The field is the world.' Dean Stanley's parish, his 'field, was the world;' in all his large catholicism he embraced the love, the faith, the hope of Christianity in its most liberal sense. Of how few men of this day could a paper like the *Spectator* say, without exaggeration, his death 'leaves the public with the sense of having lost something rare and sweet.' No parish ever limited the sympathy, the work of

Arthur Stanley, and yet he never lost his sense of personal obligation to his fellow-men.

In the services of the church he was singularly happy, and memories of the look with which he administered communion; his tones, as beside an open grave he committed the spirit to its Maker, his thoughts and look soaring upward, giving ample indication of his trusting and serene faith,— will long linger in the hearts of those who were near.

During the crowded services he held in the nave of the Abbey, while he waited at the lectern to read the lesson of the day, the people would gather close around him, but he never seemed to be aware of their presence, so absorbed was he in his thought of the word he was to utter, so unconscious in his perfect simplicity of heart. He had a singular absorption in his duty, and was never more at his ease than in a crowded audience in the performance of a sacred or secular service. Many will recall his familiar action of passing his hand over his face, and then ruffling his white hair, as he stood waiting for the beginning of his services, apparently at home in his own library, so calm and unconscious was he of the waiting multitude.

The Dean was short and very slender, and his presence was one of refined and delicate beauty; his whole air indicated a mental and spiritual nature of the finest order. While entirely careless of personal appearances, and perfectly unconventional in his thought and manner, he never was wanting in true dignity, and his very simplicity of manner lent a singular charm to his elevated and broad culture. His features were clearly cut, and his brow was lofty and fine; over it the silvery hair clustered as the years whitened it, adding a more delicate beauty as age advanced.

Several years since a writer in the *Contemporary Review* said well, 'If we were to attempt a description of Dean Stanley's characteristics, we should name first, and chief of all, his intense love for the light. He is not the half-despairing cry of Goethe for 'more light,' but the happy, radiant hopefulness of the child whose great joy is 'to go out and see the sun.' He is all eye and all ear, quick to receive all knowledge from whatever quarter it comes. He has learned to

> Seize upon truth where'er 't is found,
> On Christian or on heathen ground.'

Matthew Arnold's well-known saying about 'sweetness and light' seems to suit the peculiar combination of heart and mind in Stanley exactly.

Some critics have found fault with Stanley for his want of logic. One of his opponents in church matters said that he 'had not an ounce of logic in his composition;' this statement, amplified and intensified, has formed the foundation for many attacks upon the Dean's writings; other writers accuse him of an 'effective, but dangerous style,' saying of his defects, he is 'an excellent rhetorician, and an excellent man, but he never really argues,' he 'addresses the sentiments, not the understanding,' persuading multitudes, however, by this very style of writing. As the Dean himself allowed that he was not an exact thinker, these remarks are surely superfluous. Strict, scientific reasoning, he was well aware he was not able to offer the public. To one who had presided when he lectured in a provincial town on Shakespeare, Calvin, and Galileo — as contemporaneous masters in letters, theology, and science, and had paid him the unwise compliment of ascribing to him proficiency in these provinces of learning, he said after-

wards, with a smile, 'I have not a grain of science in my composition.'

His own admirably clear statement: 'Breadth without accuracy, accuracy without breadth, are almost equal evils,' shows that he appreciated the thinker's power, but he was often carried away by the warmth of his feelings, and left the logical; the formal statements for other men. Those who wish to overthrow the power of Dean Stanley quote old Samuel Rutherford, the pastor of Anwoth, saying, 'In God's matters, there is not, as in grammar, the positive and comparative degrees; there is not a true, a more true, and a most true. Truth is an indivisible line that hath no latitude;' and Ebenezer Erskine's statement: 'Every pin of the tabernacle is precious,' is the truth. To them Stanley's appeals to the heart and the sentiments are false and dangerous. Stanley, in commenting on the narrow theology which dictated these statements, adds a remark which shows that while he loves the truth he sees farther than they did: 'To the better spirits of Christendom there has now penetrated the conviction that these maxims are not only not sound, but are unsound to the very core. There *is* a true, a more true, and a most true. Every pin

of the tabernacle is *not* equally precious.' His view is infinitely more suited to the present wants of the world. He well knew his own limitations, and when he was asked to write an introduction to Bunsen's God in History, he replied, 'I hesitated, among other reasons, because it relates so largely to philosophical and abstract questions, on which I do not feel myself competent to enter.'

He did not leave it for others to see that he was no metaphysician, no abstract thinker: he was fully aware of it. In his beautiful sentence about his 'Father's house,' he says it 'has as many entrances as mansions,' and his special method of entering the domain of truth was still an entrance, if he did not use the key of science or the gate of abstract reason. Humanitarian, poetic, and historical in his bias, he had not much to say on scientific themes, but he bowed to the genius of Herschel, Lyell, and others of that school, respecting strongly the mission of science. Like Lawrence Charteris, of whom Burnet speaks: 'He had gone through the chief parts of learning, but was most conversant on history as the innocentest sort of study, that did not fill the mind with subtility, but helped to

make a man wiser and better.' Like him, too, in other matters: 'He was a great enemy to large confessions of faith, chiefly when they were imposed in the lump, as tests, for he was positive in few things.' His was a catholic and historical spirit, and while he was severely criticised among the churchmen, honors paid him by the learned societies, like the Institute of France, of which he was elected a corresponding member, proved the worth and value of his studies.

We find one writer capable of saying of Dean Stanley, that 'he really was as great an iconoclast as Theodore Parker, but that he was a poetic iconoclast. He spiritualized all the dogmas, for he spirited them away. He did not flatly deny them, but he transformed and transfigured them till they had not a fragment of what is specifically orthodox left in them.' To those who see only an iconoclast in him we would like to say, What do you think of the eloquent and heartfelt tribute laid upon the grave of Stanley by the head of the Church — when the Archbishop of Canterbury, the friend of forty-five years, who stood by him during the days before he died and received his parting words, said of him in the scene of his own labors

as follows — in Convocation: 'There are, in a community like ours, a vast number of persons who hang loose to the dogmatical statements of ours, or of any Church, and there are those whose temptation is altogether in the direction of skepticism, and my own impresssion is that the works of Dean Stanley have confirmed in the faith of Jesus Christ vast numbers of such persons. I cannot help thinking that the historical element which pervades his writings has had a great effect in giving life to the belief of many.'

Justice was also done him by three of England's greatest preachers elsewhere, but this recognition must be peculiarly grateful to the multitudes who drank in the Dean's words as blessed and reviving to their faith, and yet were deeply pained by the harsh animadversions often spoken of their beloved teacher; words they were powerless to answer, though they felt their injustice and untruth. Coming from the undoubted authority of the spiritual head of the Church, one, too, whose own life had been so true, so exemplary, this vindication of the Dean's life-work carried great weight and the fullest measure of praise.

Essentially a popular thinker, Dean Stanley

never claimed to be otherwise than a translucent and clear medium of truth in its simplest forms. Where doubt had crept into the mind, many found his books a great assistance, and were helped by his vivid and animated words as no cold reasoning could have affected them. Where a profound thinker would have failed from his very depth, the works of Stanley contain exactly what the average reader requires and can assimilate. And yet it is not just to characterize the work of Stanley as slight or inferior in its conception or style. While not an original investigator, the literary skill and scholarship of the Dean is shown on every page. His tone is dignified, spirited, and picturesque, lending a charm to all he touches, while perfect simplicity and candor radiates from all his teachings.

Noble words of recognition of Dean Stanley's work came from many outside his own Church. The Rev. J. Page Hopps, at the 'Great Meeting' in Leicester, uttered the sentiments of many Dissenters when he said: 'Though a man of such broad sympathies, and so accustomed by instinct and habit to see the soul of good in things evil, he was nevertheless a man who never flinched from



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'He turned not to the right side or the left; only from whatever quarter of heaven or earth, of science or religion, he seemed to catch any new ray of light, thither he turned, with the eagerness and, we must add, with the humility of a child. . . . Never fascinated by the love of popularity, nor deterred by the fear of unpopularity, from sympathy with an unpopular cause or an unpopular name. Against injustice and intolerance everywhere was raised the protest, sometimes of his indignant voice, sometimes of his no less indignant and significant silence. . . . To him want of charity and want of truth were the worst of heresies. . . . Many have been the younger and the weaker brothers whom he has cheered, strengthened, sustained, along the dark and perilous way; not, it may be, with the heroic energy of Arnold, or with the soul-stirring fervor of Robertson, but with the hardly less assuring encouragement, because more unexpected, of the world-old, world-wide experience of one who, under his multiform familiarity with many men and many cities, had still retained a sympathy and an intelligence for whatever moved the conscience or sought the light, from whatever quarter.

So long as he lived, secure in his high position, there was a lasting pledge for the freedom, the generosity, and the justice of the English Church. So long as that frail and bent, but venerable figure was seen moving in and out amongst us, so long as that keen, bright eye looked out from beneath those kind yet solemn brows, there was a certainty of welcome for every fresh aspiration after life and knowledge; there was a pledge that the catastrophe which he so much dreaded, the severance of the thought of England from the religion of England, would not be wholly accomplished.'

Of his future fame as theologian, historian, poet, and churchman it is not our province now to speak, however; the name of Stanley will surely rank high among the names of England's religious writers, and if Time, the great leveller, places him in a somewhat less popular position, it will not be less permanent. In his own hymn on Ascension Day he wrote: —

'Toward their goal
World and Church must onward roll.
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast.

Still His words before us range
Through the ages as they change;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.'

In this hope he lived, and in it he died 'satisfied, perfectly happy.' In reviewing his life, one is struck by the happy circumstances which attended it. His childhood and early youth were tenderly watched and guarded by his mother's love and Dr. Arnold's care. In opening manhood he found his vocation after small probation; weary waiting, armed for his work, was not his fate. His maturer years brought honors well earned, but unsought. Happy in his life, he was also happy in his death. Trials and sorrows came to him, as they do to all tender-hearted and loving souls. Not exempt from the common lot of humanity, in seeing his loved ones die, he was spared the clouds and mists which darken the hope, the love of many lives. Of a delicate and fragile frame, ill-health rarely prevented his constantly working, and he was spared the long, weary waiting which many with stronger frames endure; the labor and sorrow incident to the 'fourscore' years of the Psalmist. He might have said

of his departure, in Charles Wesley's beautiful words:—

'Weary of all this wordy strife,
These notions, forms, and modes and names,
To Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Whose love my simple heart inflames—
Divinely taught, at last I fly.'

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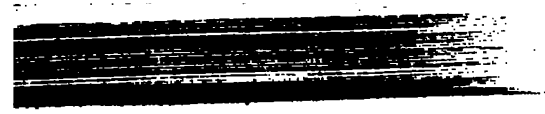
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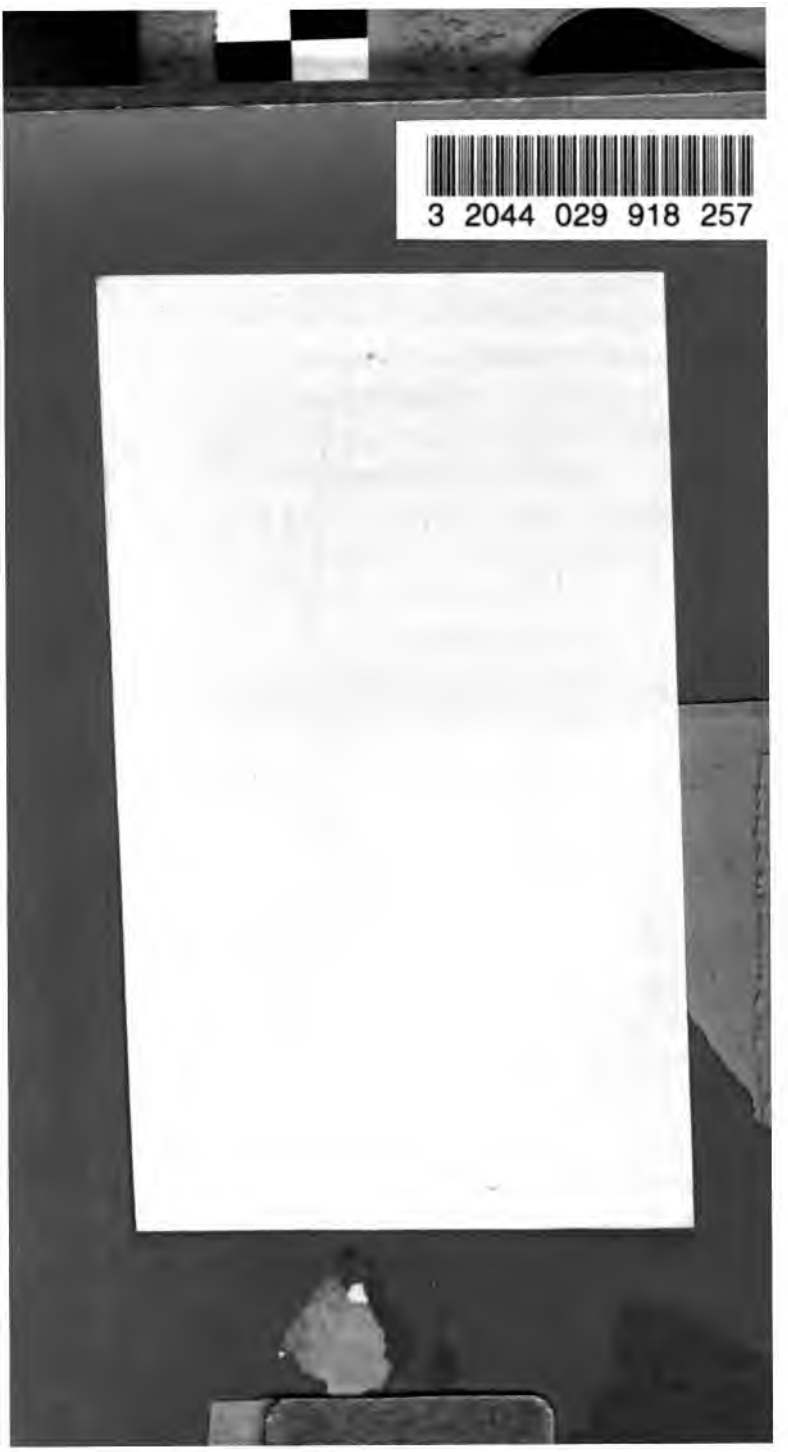











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